







INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW FORD TAURUS.

Welcome to a new sedan and wagon that fulfill the promise made by their respected name. With design that captivates. Performance that inspires. Quality that assures. This is the only new car that could wear the name Taurus.



The powerfully efficient new 24-valve DOHC Duratec V-6*; responsive new suspension and longer wheelbase take Taurus performance to an exciting new level.



A steel safety cell, standard dual air bags,**
dynamic side impact protection and
available ABS are all just part of Taurus'
comprehensive safety package.



Soft-touch surfaces. Well-lit, well-positioned controls. Advanced technology, beautifully designed.



Taurus LX has standard bucket seats with available leather seating surfaces, while Taurus GL offers plenty of room for up to six adults.



Handy split-fold rear seats offer extra cargo room when you need it.



The patented 3-way flip/fold console changes from a seat, to an armrest, to a convenient storage area for tapes, cups or a phone.







FT'S WELL-ROUNDED

DESIGN THAT SOFTENS

THE HARD EDGE

OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY.

IT'S A LOOK YOU'VE

NEVER SEEN.

IT'S A NAME YOU

KNOW WELL.







CONTENTS

DEC. 25, 1995-JAN. 1, 1996-VOLUME 83, NO. 27

PRO BASKETBALL He's Back

Orlando's Shaquille O'Neal returned to action and immediately began throwing his weight around • by Phil Taylor

26 Full of Fight

Mike Tyson made short work of Buster Mathis Jr. and then set his sights on bigger game • by Richard Hoffer

26 Lion Pride, Buffalo Revival

With six straight wins, Detroit saved coach Wayne Fontes's job and roared toward the playoffs • by Peter King

By beating Miami, the Bills clinched the AFC East title and silenced critics who had buried them • by Austin Murphy

40 Living Legends

When the most successful coaches in prep hoops faced off, everyone came out a winner • by Alexander Wolff

46 WOLLEYBALL Midwest Express

Nebraska defeated Texas in an NCAA final that proved the West Coast no longer dominates the game • by Dana Gelin

Peacock Power

Dick Ebersol of NBC Sports has grabbed five more Olympics—in the years 2000 to 2008 • by Sally Jenkins

Fiesta Bowl Preview

As history shows, when the two top-ranked teams meet in a bowl, the winner becomes national champion • by Tim Layden In a match of opposites, Florida will air it out, Nebraska will grind it out—and the Gators will prevail • by Tim Layden Nobody has gotten his teeth into being a Florida Gator more than star receiver Chris Doering • by S.L. Price

Nebraska's Jared Tomich has some trouble with words but can speed-read the opposition's quarterback • by Michael Bamberger

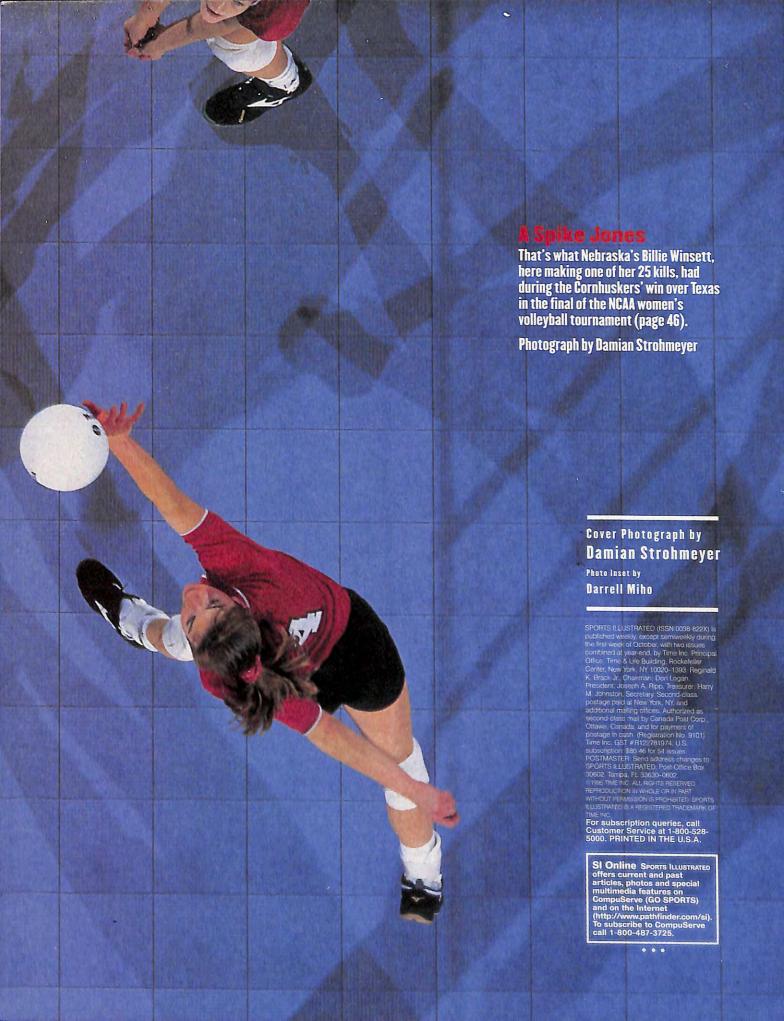
96 Purple Haze

In an improbably sensational season, Northwestern earned a New Year's trip to sunny Pasadena hy Rick Telander



DEPARTMENTS

- 8 Letters
- 13 Faces in the Crowd
- **15** Scorecard
- 119 Inside the NFL
- 122 Inside College Football
- **126 Point After**







Buy 3 bottles of STP Gas
Treatment (any type, any size, any
combination) and get a free
cassette of mainsteam, classic and
alternative music. Both will have
you rockin' down the highway.



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH REQUIRED PROOFS OF PURCHASE FOR YOUR FREE "ROCK WHILE YOU ROLL" MUSIC CASSETTE featuring some of the best Rock classics, Mainstream and Alternative music.

To receive a FREE "Rock While You Roll" music cassette, mail this completed form along with the dated store-identified cash register receipt(s) with (1) purchase price(s) circled, and (2) the foil seal from the mouth of 3 bottles of STP Gas Treatment (Regular, Super Concentrated, Oxygenated) – any type, any size, any combination, to: STP "Rock While You Roll" Offer, P.O. Box 7261A, Clinton, IA 52736-7261

Concentrated, Oxygenated) – any type, any size, an combination, to: STP "Rock While You Roll" Offer, P.C Box 7261A, Clinton, IA 52736-7261
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP Limit two music cassettes per household or organization. Offe only in U.S.A. Promotion request cannot be combined with an other STP offer. Void where prohibited, licensed, restricted taxed. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of cassette. Coupon cas value 1/20c. Requests received after offer ends void. OFFE ENDS FEBRUARY 29, 1996. Printed in U.S./

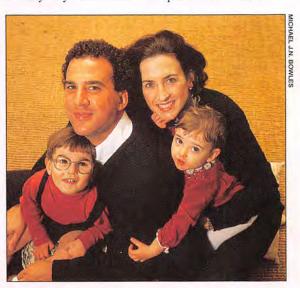


MICHAEL BAMBERGER, SI's newest senior writer, is no armchair journalist. Ten years ago, when he wanted to learn what life was like on the PGA Tour, he joined it—as a caddie. Three years out of the University of Pennsylvania and after a stint as a reporter on Martha's Vineyard for the *Vineyard Gazette*, Bamberger left small-time New England for big-time professional sports. First client: Brad Faxon. "I lasted exactly a week before getting fired for total incompetence," Bamberger says mirthfully. Luckily, he was a fast learner. Bamberger went the rest of the season without incident, working for, among others, Bill Britton and Al Geiberger, and then, after putting away his yardage books and caddie bibs, *The Green Road Home*, his account of life as a professional looper, was published.

The Tour was not Bamberger's introduction to the wonderful world of caddying. As a teenager growing up in Patchogue, N.Y., Bamberger caddied on weekends for his Patchogue-Medford High School principal. "My chief responsibility," he says, "was holding Mr. Juzwiak's pipe between shots." Although Bamberger was captain of the high school golf team—"Anybody who owned even a partial set of clubs

qualified for the team," he says—he grew up with other loves as well, including skiing and bodysurfing.

But Bamberger had his first brush with journalism at a baseball game. As adolescents, he and his brother, David, had an April ritual: cutting school to see the Mets on Opening Day. On the first day of the 1973 season, New York Times sportswriter Steve Cady was roaming through the stands at Shea Stadium looking for young fans willing to comment on the home team. The next day the Times carried Bamberger's first "editorial": "Jim



The foursome: Michael, Christine, Ian (left) and Alina.

From 1986 until his arrival at SI in September, Bamberger, whose story on the Nebraska football team begins on page 88, honed his skills as a general-assignment reporter and sportswriter for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, where he covered everything from spot news to the Phillies to the outdoors. He also persuaded Steve Carlton, the Hall of Fame pitcher who refused to talk to reporters for much of his career, to grant a rare interview. Along the way Bamberger, who lives in the West Mount Airy section of Philadelphia, took time out to get married (Christine), have two children (Ian and Alina) and try caddying again, only this time on the European tour (those experiences are chronicled in a second book, *To the Linksland*, which was published in 1992). And Bamberger still has not found his limits as a writer. Next March, *Bart*

Fregosi will never be a third baseman," the 12-year-old was quoted as saying.

Bamberger says that it is unlikely that he'll strap someone else's golf bag across his back anytime soon. "I think maybe when I'm about 60 years old I could do it again," he says. "For now, though, the bug is out of my system."

& Fay, his play based on the longtime friendship of the late Bart Giammatti and Fay

Vincent, will be produced in Philadelphia.

Mark Mulvory

Cool cars shouldn't have frozen fuel lines.



No matter what kind of car you drive, STP Gas Treatment helps remove the water that leads to gas line freeze. And unlike gas line antifreeze, our unique gas treatment formula works to reduce intake valve

deposits and prevent clogged injectors.

Just one bottle in your tank every time you fill up is the perfect antidote to winter.

Whether your car is cool, not-so-cool, or just really cold.

DRIVE A BETTER CAR





There are three definites in life: death and taxes and Mike Keenan crashing and burning on every job he takes.

MIKE SHORE, SUFFERN, N.Y.

Singing the Blues

St. Louis hockey fans need to stop their crying and start supporting the man who is trying to lead their hockey team to the promised land. Keenan has one mission: to assemble a group of guys who have the ability to win every time they step on the ice. Granted, he often has as much heart as a chunk of coal, but everyone knew that when he was brought in. The only things that matters is that all three of Keenan's previous teams went to the Stanley Cup finals.

CHRIS WILDER, Glendale Heights, Ill.

Mike Keenan is trying to build the Blues the way Jimmy Johnson built the 1990s Cowboys. Blues fans should have a lot to look forward to.

MARCY NUNNS, Irving, Texas

Mamo Wolde

In his story about the imprisoned Ethiopian runner, Mamo Wolde (*The End of the World*, Dec. 4), Kenny Moore has again proved to be an insightful and sensitive observer of the human condition. Having lived in Addis Ababa during the last years of the Mengistu regime, I met many intelligent and humane people who were in government service. When faced with Ethiopia's abject poverty, few of us would have made another choice.

Mamo Wolde was a pawn in Mengistu's cruel hold over Ethiopia. We should all cry out for his release, even as we ask our leaders to press Zimbabwe, where Mengistu fled, for the delivery of Mengistu to the International War Crimes Tribunal.

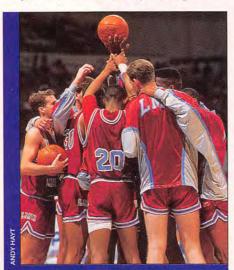
TED GRENDA, Snowmass Village, Colo.

I congratulate you on an article that captures the essence of the Olympic spirit, the spirit that brings together people from different countries and cultures and puts them in an arena where the common experience is more valuable than the medals.

BILL WILDE, Carol Stream, Ill.

Travis Roy

Once again SI has reminded us that there is so much more to athletics than the tales the scoreboards tell. Travis Roy's story (*Eleven Seconds*, Nov. 20), although heart-



Potent Potion

All who try to understand college basketball and its maddening March upsets had to enjoy Alexander Wolff's Chemistry 101 (Nov. 27). However, left out was the most combustible team of all time: the 1990 Loyola Marymount NCAA tournament team (shown above, moments before the tip-off). The Lions destroyed, by a score of 149-115, the heavily favored defending national champion Michigan Wolverines. Of course, Lovola was influenced by the most powerful chemical of all-selfless love for a fallen teammate, Hank Gathers.

DAVE WILKINS, Newark, Del.

wrenching, is a tribute to the off-the-field necessities for any great athlete—love, hope and an unyielding spirit. Our hearts are with Travis as he struggles to recover, and with his family as they remain strong. Thanks, SI, for continuing to focus on what is really important.

NIKKI MAGAZINER, Lexington, Va.

Not Your Ordinary Joe

After reading Peter King's article about the NFC's Super Bowl domination of the AFC (What Parity? Dec. 4), I thought my issue must have been missing a page or two-or at least a couple of columns. There were paragraphs galore about the three "geniuses" responsible for the NFC's winning 11 straight Super Bowls, Bill Walsh, Bill Parcells and Jimmy Johnson, but hardly any mention of a coach who, in the minds of many, was as good as any of them-Joe Gibbs. Gibbs's Washington Redskins won two of those 11 Super Bowls and was arguably the second-most-dominant team-after the 49ers—of the 1980s and early '90s, but his name appeared exactly twice in the whole article. "Throw in Joe Gibbs" was how King worked his name into one paragraph. Joe Gibbs is much more than that. And his '83 Redskins, known mainly for being the last NFC team to lose a Super Bowl, was one of the most dominant teams of all time. They set the record for most points in a season (541) and had one of the NFL's most impressive defenses (a plus-43 turnover differential).

Gibbs was the architect of that team, and his three Super Bowl victories (with three different quarterbacks) are a testament to his coaching prowess. He deserves more than an oh-by-the-way kind of reference in any article about coaching geniuses.

PAUL STUTZ, Syosset, N.Y.

Letters to Sports Illustrated should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer. They may be mailed to The Editor, Sports Illustrated, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393. E-mail may be sent via CompuServe, or through the Internet to Letters*SI@cis.compuserve.com.

SI Online Sports ILLUSTRATED offers current and past articles, photos and special multimedia features on CompuServe (GO SPORTS) and on the Internet (http://www.pathfinder.com/si).

This week: Latest News, Scores and Stats



Clockwise from top left, that's Jack Daniel, Jess Motlow, Lem Tolley, Frank Bobo and Jess Gamble. (Jimmy's in the middle)

JACK DANIEL'S HEAD DISTILLER, Jimmy Bedford, has lots of folks looking over his shoulder.

Since 1866, we've had only six head distillers. (Every one a Tennessee boy, starting with Mr. Jack Daniel himself.) Like those before him, Jimmy's mindful of our traditions, such as the oldtime way we smooth our whiskey through 10 feet of hard maple charcoal. He knows Jack Daniel's drinkers will judge him with every sip. So he's not about to change a thing. The five gentlemen on his wall surely must be pleased about that.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY



Coaching Your Own Kid Offers Lots Of Rewards

BY RICK WOLFF

To coach, or not to coach your own child's team, that is the ultimate question. Let's consider the pros and cons.

As coach, you can help your kids and their friends enjoy sports. You'll get to know all of them better, and you can spread the good word about sportsmanship and achieving team goals. You can teach how hard work and the mastery of various drills and exercises will improve them athletically and make them feel better about themselves.

Despite these selling points, many Moms and Dads have a catalogue of excuses: I work on Saturday mornings. I don't know the sport. I'm not good with kids. I get too excited during games. I was a lousy athlete as a kid.

Quite honestly, I'm always surprised that more parents don't sign up. It's teaching. It's fun. It's quality time with your kids.

Of course, it does bring some serious responsibilities. And they occasionally upset the delicate balance of being a coach, a neighbor and a parent. So here's a quick tip sheet on how to keep that balance in place:

• Start with the premise that most parents will assume you're going to give your own kid the most playing time and the best positions. So be careful when selecting your lineup. My suggestion? Even though it may be clear to everyone that your child is the most talented athlete on the team, you should treat him or her the same as any other child. This means making sure that everyone plays the most—and least—desirable positions. It means that everyone must take turns coming out of a game in a normal substitution rotation.

It might help to keep a chart or scorebook to record who

plays where and how often during each game. And maintain this chart for every game.

• Encourage other parents, who are often your neighbors, to be open with you. It's important you maintain clear lines of communication. Invariably, it's the lack of communication between parents and



MAKE SURE YOUR CHILD UNDERSTANDS YOU WON'T PLAY FAVORITES.

coach that can cause problems—especially if other people believe you are playing favorites, i.e. giving special considerations to your own kid.

Make yourself accessible to other parents. Answer their questions. Understand their concerns. Return phone calls. You'll find that openness will cure a lot of problems.

As an antidote to parents who do become troublesome, ask them to help you out as a volunteer assistant coach. If they say yes, they'll be agreeing to "work" for you on practice and game days. If they decline, they won't be in any position to protest anymore.

• Ask your kids if they like the idea of your being their coach. For the vast majority, it's a dream come true. But not for everyone. Check with them first before you sign up.

Also explain that you must treat them just like everybody else, that they won't get any special privileges. Remind them that there's nothing more democratic in the world than sports, and that policy starts with you, the coach.

Sports psychology expert Rick Wolff is the father of three children and the author of Good Sports (Dell), a parents' guide to youth sports. You can send questions to Mr. Wolff at Parents' Guide, P.O. Box 5574, New York, N.Y. 10185-5574.

Some Friendly Advice...

- ✓ Hey, Moms! Why aren't you coaching? Volunteer
 to be a head coach—and don't limit yourself to your
 daughter's teams. Consider coaching your son's teams.
- ✓ If you aren't knowledgeable about a sport, go to the library and read some books. You can learn rules and basic drills for most sports in less than an hour.
- ✓ Most leagues have pre-season coaching clinics or certification seminars. Make the effort to go. It will be well worth your time.

Walk around to the driver's side of the Plymouth Grand Voyager and you'll find an industry exclusive: an available second sliding door. Now, getting in and out of our minivan is easier than ever. 6And wait 'til you see what's behind door number two. Rear bench seats that glide on wheels, making them a cinch to move and roll away. We call them Easy Out Roller Seats, and they're another industry exclusive. And depending on which seating package you choose, both bench seats now fold flat, allowing you to carry a 4' x 8' piece of plywood with

Where do you find the newest thing in a minivan?



Second door on the right.

the seats in and the liftgate closed—another industry exclusive. Front cup holders adjust to accommodate everything from a four-ounce baby bottle to a full one-liter jug—another...well, you get the picture. § Simply put, the new Grand Voyager is the next generation of the minivan. All of which says nothing of Grand Voyager's safety features. Like dual air bags,† ABS brakes and available integrated child safety seats. § The all-new Plymouth Grand Voyager. For more information, see your local Chrysler and Plymouth dealer, call 1-800-PLYMOUTH, or visit Plymouth Place™ on the Internet's World Wide Web at http://www.plymouthcars.com.

Plymouth Grand Voyager







SET YOUR -SITES





Next time you check out the Net, set your browser to PATHFINDER and discover an entire world of entertainment and information -all in one super-site. Play in an interactive fantasy league game with SPORTS ACCESS from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Let your kids test their sports trivia knowledge in the SI FOR KIDS CHALLENGE. Tour LIFE's VIRTUAL GALLERY to witness the world's most impressive photo exhibitions. Find out the local weather forecast anywhere in the country with THE WEATHER CHANNEL on NEWS NOW. Or keep up with the candidates on the campaign trail with CAMPAIGN '96. Set your sights on PATHFINDER today and see why we're fast becoming the hottest site on the Web.



TIME WARNER'S

*****ATHFINDER

Your Home On The Net

http://pathfinder.com



Tami Bennett

KENT, WASH.

Tami, a junior midfielder on the Seattle Christian High girls' soccer team, broke the Washington girls' high school career scoring record of 103 goals, set by Michelle Akers in 1984. Tami has 109 goals for the 15-0-1 Warriors, who have won three straight state Class A-B titles.



Andrew Haywood

NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS

Haywood, 18, finished second in the men's A division of the national singles racquetball championships, losing to Rocky Carson of Santa Maria, Calif., in a tiebreaker. Haywood, a freshman at Stephen F. Austin State, last year shared the national high school doubles title.



Misty Hyman

PHOENIX

Misty, a junior on the Shadow Mountain High girls' swim team, has the fastest high school time in the nation this season in two events, the 100-yard butterfly (53.49) and the 100 breaststroke (55.02). Her time in the fly set a girls' national high school record.



James Mungro

EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.

James, a junior running back on the East Stroudsburg High football team, broke the Pennsylvania high school rushing record with 3,083 yards on 359 carries. He also scored 47 touchdowns, one short of the state record, and caught four passes for 172 yards for the 13–1 Cavaliers.



Dan Wingate

WOOSTER, OHIO

Wingate, a junior guard on the Malone College basketball team, scored 53 points on 20-for-22 shooting in the Pioneers' 95–68 win over Wilberforce (Ohio) College. Wingate was 9 for 10 from the free throw line and 4 for 5 from beyond the three-point arc. He also had 12 rebounds.



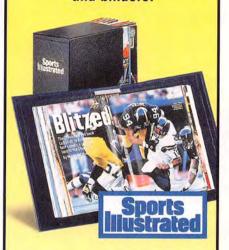
Jeremy Wurtzman

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Jeremy, 13, who was seeded third, won the U.S. Tennis Association boys' 14-and-under national indoor championship 6–4, 4–6, 6–1 against top-seeded Dustin Friedman of Owings Mills, Md. Jeremy also made it to the doubles final with partner Scott Lipsky of Merrick, N.Y.

BECOME A SPORTS COLLECTOR FOR JUST \$8.95

Keep your issues of SI in mint condition with our protective cases and binders.



For as little as \$8.95, you can start a collection of SI that you'll enjoy for years to come. Because our binders and cases will preserve your issues from wear and tear, so they'll always be in perfect shape whenever you want to relive your favorite sports moments.

SI's protective cases and binders are perfectly cut to fit your issues. They are heavily reinforced and specially constructed to <u>last</u>. Order today!

Cases: 1-\$8.95 3-\$24.95 6-\$45.95 Binders: 1-\$11.25 3-\$31.85 6-\$60.75

Add \$1.50 per case/binder for postage & handling.
Outside Continental U.S. (including AK & HI)
53.50 per case/binder (U.S. funds only). PA residents add 7% sales tax.

CALL TOLL FREE 7 DAYS, 24 HOURS 1-800-825-6690

Ask for Dept. 95SI

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery



YOUR BASIC DESTINATION



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Philip Morris Inc. 1995

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Scorecard

EDITED BY JACK MCCALLUM AND KOSTYA KENNEDY

Ted's Tunnel of Love

Ted Williams, aging more crustily than gracefully-which is exactly how you would want him to age-returned to the town he loved and loathed last Friday. "Everyplace I go, they're waving at me, sending out a cheer," Williams, 77, told a crowd of 3,000 Bostonians who came to watch the dedication of the Ted Williams Tunnel, the third tunnel under Boston Harbor. "And I can't help but be thinking, Jeez, for people to be so nice and respectful and enthused . . . I've only seen that when somebody looks like they're gonna die. Or they are gonna die. And I'd just like to say this one thing today: I'm a long way from that."

Williams's words had added resonance because of his declining health, the result of two strokes. His motor skills have weakened, and this most boyish of immortals at last looks his age. But Teddy Ballgame's hold over Beantown, where he played for every one of his 19 Hall of Fame years, remains absolute. Of the many and varied tributes Williams received on Saturday. none was more powerful than the one delivered just before midnight by 10-year-# old Kate Shaughnessy at the end of the Jimmy Fund Show at the Park Plaza Hotel, the last stop in Williams's fete-filled day. Two years ago Kate, the daughter of Boston Globe columnist Dan Shaughnessy, learned she had leukemia. The Jimmy Fund, with which Williams has been associated for many years, has helped her and her family fight the disease. Here is the poem that

Kate wrote for Williams and read at the end of the show on Friday.

Ted Williams is a really, really great guy.

He really likes kids, but he hates wearing ties;

He won two Triple Crowns and was the MVP twice.

He feuded with sportswriters, but to kids he was nice.

521 homers, he's in the Hall of Fame, He's The Kid, The Thumper, and Teddy Ballgame.

He would do anything for the Jimmy Fund,

And I'd like to say thank you for all that he's done.

in 1990 by former S.I.D.'s wanting to promote information directing. The award goes to the college or university publicist "who personifies the hyperbolic nature of the Heisman."

To boost Heisman interest in Aggie junior running back Leeland McElroy, Cannon used not only conventional methods of hype (he sent out 20,000 'Lectric Leeland postcards and distributed 250 videotapes of McElroy highlights) but also broke ground when he helped set up a McElroy page on the World Wide Web. Alas, the site was not updated after Oct. 30, by which time he was out of the Heisman race. Said one Hypesman voter, "Cannon made a wrong turn on the Information Super Highway and ended up in a cul-de-sac."

A Supreme Test

On Dec. 8 the Supreme Court agreed to hear a case, *Brown* v. *Pro Football, Inc., et al.*, that could change the labor landscape in pro football, basketball and hockey. *Brown* is a class action suit filed on behalf of development squad players whose earnings were unilaterally capped by the NFL at \$1,000 a week in 1989. The league was then involved in a prolonged battle over a new contract with its players' union; technically no contractual relationship existed between the NFL and

Off-line Heisman

Though Ohio State running back Eddie George's margin of victory in the Heisman Trophy race was convincing, it paled next to a historic performance by Alan Cannon, the sports information director at Texas A&M, in the Hypesman Award balloting. Cannon was the first unanimous winner of the Hypesman, a tongue-incheek honor given annually by the Dead Sports Information Directors Society, a group founded



The Babe and the Brownies

TO HELP promote two new lines of cookies that will go on sale next month, the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. have sent out this 1923 photo of one of their own standing happily next to Babe Ruth. (The scout's the one without the stogie.) Next year marks the 60th anniversary of Girl Scout cookies, and that, the scouts reasoned, was a good tie-in with the Bambino, baseball's 60-homer man. A less fitting tie-in? The new cookies are "reduced fat."

Scorecard

the NFL Players Association at that time.

The central issue is this: At what point in the collective bargaining process can players begin an antitrust suit against a league? Currently, franchise owners in football, basketball and hockey are exempt from some provisions of antitrust law—thus under certain circumstances they are allowed to act in concert with one another, even after a contract with a players' union expires. This waiver is derived from the courts' longtime reluctance to intrude in the collective bargaining process. (Baseball is also exempt from antitrust law but falls under a separate exemption, which cannot be affected by this case.)

Naturally, owners and league executives are in love with this so-called non-statutory labor exemption, but in *Brown* and other cases, the courts have made contradictory rulings concerning its survival. In 1992 the case was tried in Federal District Court in Washington, D.C., and the court found for the players, ruling that team owners could not claim exemption from antitrust law once a contract with the players had expired. The 235 plaintiffs were awarded \$30 mil-

lion. Then, last March, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington overturned the verdict, reaffirming the exemption for all facets of the collective bargaining process. Now the matter rests with the Supreme Court.

Under current precedent, a union must abandon the bargaining process and decertify if it wants to file an antitrust suit. In the recently completed NBA labor negotiations, for example, the players would have had to decertify their union to sue the league for violation of antitrust laws. Breaking up a union is never easy, and, sure enough, the NBA players voted not to decertify. Having lost much of its leverage, the union also lost the war: A new contract was quickly approved, with much of the league's wish list intact.

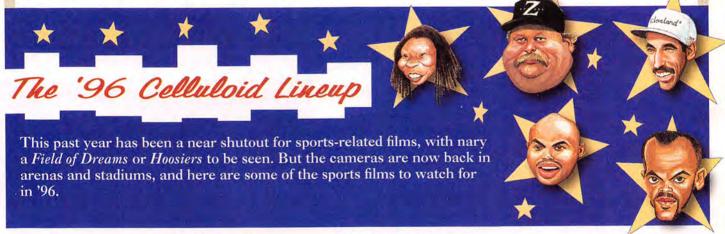
It is that kind of hammerlock power, now held by the leagues, that the Supreme Court can remove. If the high court rules for the plaintiffs in *Brown*, a union could file an antitrust suit without decertifying and could sue earlier in the collective bargaining process, a right that would significantly increase its power and leverage.

Want Torch, Can't Travel

The Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games has been fielding letters from all kinds of people wanting to be among the torchbearers in next summer's 15,000-mile, 42-state relay, but one recent request seemed particularly presumptuous. Jim Deupree, identifying himself as a "retired" commercial printing executive, wrote to suggest that he carry the flame on the grounds of Union Correctional Institution near Raiford, Fla., where, he added, he is doing time for a "nonviolent, alcohol-related Florida bank robbery."

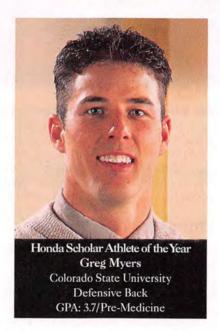
One Bodacious Champion

A collective sigh of relief could be heard last week among that fraternity of hard guys who ride bulls for a living: Bodacious, all 1,800 angry pounds of him, has been retired. "Of all the bulls I've ever seen, he's the most dangerous," said one rodeo cowboy, who is so tough his *name* is Tuff. How dangerous is Bodacious? Well, on Dec. 7 at the National Finals Rodeo in



Movie	Who's In It	What Happens	Comment
THE FAN	Robert DeNiro, Wesley Snipes.	It's based on Peter Abrahams's 1995 novel of the same name. DeNiro plays a deranged fan who stalks a baseball player.	The fan had better hope the player isn't Albert Belle.
SPACE JAM	Michael Jordan, Charles Barkley and the Looney Tunes crew.	Bugs Bunny and Michael ward off an invasion from outer space by beating aliens in a basketball game.	Aliens are in the cast and Dennis Rodman isn't?
Eddie	Whoopi Goldberg, Gary Payton, John Salley.	A basketball team gets taken over by a sleazy promoter.	The ABA lives!
TIN CUP	Kevin Costner, Rene Russo, Corey Pavin, Craig Stadler.	Costner plays a pro golfer who gets romantically involved with his archrival's girlfriend.	Nick Faldo was apparently too busy with his special blonde friend to read for a part.
THE CINCH	Cast has not been announced.	A corrupt U.S. government starts gambling on Monday- night football games and predicts outcomes expertly with the help of a computer.	Do you have a better idea for balancing the budget?
THE GREAT WHITE HYPE	Samuel L. Jackson, Jeff Goldblum.	A charismatic reverend played by Jackson doubles as a hustling boxing promoter who sets up a scam title bout.	The over/under on the height of the reverend's hair: four inches.

For some, making the grade is just as important as making the play.



Meet our Scholar Athlete of the Year, Greg Myers. Someone who's proven himself consistently in the classroom as well as on the field. For this display of excellence, we at Honda have presented Greg with a trophy and a \$5,000 check to his school's general scholarship fund. And he's in good company. Over the course of the NCAA College Football season, nine other Scholar Athlete winners were selected, with a \$3,000 donation going to each of their schools. We would like to congratulate every one of them. For knowing what it takes to succeed, and making it happen.

The Honda Scholar Athlete Award Winners

Aaron Graham University of Nebraska Tim O'Brien Boston College Michael Reeder Texas Christian University Russell Babb University of North Carolina

Grant Baynham Georgia Tech

Matt Hawkins Auburn University Patrick Jeffers University of Vırginia Joshua La Rocca Rice University Pat Fitzgerald University of Texas Las Vegas, Tuff Hedeman, a three-time champion bullrider from Morgan Mill, Texas, declined to ride Bodacious when he drew the 7-year-old snorting assassin.

And no one blamed Hedeman. At the Professional Bull Riders Finals in October, Bodacious took the measure of Hedeman with a, well, bodacious move that cowboys have come to fear. He arched his back and slammed the back of his head flush into Hedeman's face, breaking Tuff's left cheekbone into six pieces, his right cheekbone into five pieces and also fracturing his nose. Six titanium plates were inserted into Hedeman's head in an operation that lasted six hours. "Hell, he looked like Frankenstein, all wired together," said Hedeman's friend Ron Pack. It was after that incident that Hedeman said he would never again climb on Bodacious.

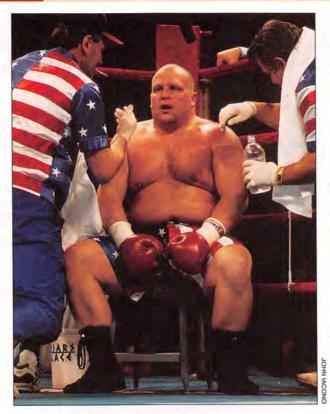
Two nights after Hedeman took a pass in Las Vegas, bullrider Scott Breding, needing points to stay in contention,

decided to give Bodacious a try, albeit while wearing protective face gear that resembled a catcher's mask. Breding's ride was a rerun of Hedeman's October nightmare. The bull roared from the chute, then did his patented arch and slam move, shattering Breding's mask. Breding suffered facial lacerations and a concussion and spent the night at University Medical Center.

The following day, Bodacious's owner, Sammy Andrews, announced that he was retiring the bull. But riders shouldn't celebrate too soon. Andrews plans to use Bodacious as a stud at his north Texas ranch, which means that someday there might be a Bodacious II.

Holy Toledo!

You know about the achievements of one football team located on the shores of a Great Lake (page 96), but how about the one that's not Rose Bowl bound? Unlike 10–1 Northwestern, the University of Toledo ended up undefeated (11-0-1) after beating Nevada in the Las Vegas Bowl 40–37 last Thursday. And while Wildcat tailback Darnell Autry deserved the 87 first-place votes he received while finishing fourth in the Heisman race, don't forget his Rocket counterpart. Wasean Tait was second



Against Rose, Butterbean was as nonviolent as Buddha.

in the nation in rushing (173.2 yards per game) but did not get a Heisman vote. And then there's Miami of Ohio, the spoiler of '95. By beating Northwestern and tying Toledo, it ruined both teams' perfect seasons.

Lard of the Ring

Senior writer Franz Lidz takes a look at the career of a lovable palooka:

The Butterbean futures market took a tumble last Friday at Madison Square Garden when an unbeaten, pork-bellied baldy named Eric (Butterbean) Esch got squashed by a tomato can. Tabbed the Great Big White Hope, the 300-pound mauler was cruelly exposed as just another great big white dope.

The Legend of Butterbean began to unfold in 1992, when Esch was making his living by assembling floors in a Jasper, Ala., mobile-home factory. His buddies dared him to enter a local Toughman contest. At the time he was a 420-pound butterball. To get down to the 400-pound weight limit, he went on a crash diet, living on nothing but butter beans and water. Hence his nickname.

He won that tournament and 17 more. His only losses came in the finals of the 1992 and '93 Toughman World Championships. "People loved him," says Toughman promoter Art Dore. "He could punch a ton and take a good shot." With Dore as his manager Butterbean became a boxer in '94. He was king of the four-rounders, running off 14 straight victories, including 11 knock-outs—10 over opponents and one over a referee who got in the way of one of his roundhouse rights. "Strange things happen when you put on boxing gloves," Butterbean explains.

At the height of his fame the Mean Bean Machine was a character in Sega's Toughman video game. The accompanying "data sheet" gave his vital statistics:

Height: 6 feet.

Weight: Enough to crush you. Neck: None.

Turn Ons: The sensation you get running into a wall head-first.

Best Job: I was a jack at the tractor pulls.

Favorite Fashion Statement: The nails that hold up my socks.

Plate in Head: Double reinforced steel, two inches thick.

"Actually, the only plates I have are the ones I eat on," said Bean

during a prefight breakfast at Blimpie's. Asked to detail the biggest meal he ever ate, Butterbean said, "Seven whole chickens."

"Five dead," added Dore.

The turkey fed to Butterbean on Friday night was 1-6-1 journeyman Mitch Rose. At the opening bell Butterbean rushed Rose as if he were a dessert tray at a buffet. But Rose shelled Butterbean with rights in Round 1, and 48 seconds into Round 2, with Butterbean huffing helplessly, the fight was called.

Suddenly, Butterbean was a has-bean.

This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

The Rosamond (Calif.) High football team was disqualified before its divisional title game because it had erased all its scoring plays from a tape it sent to opponent Orange Lutheran High.

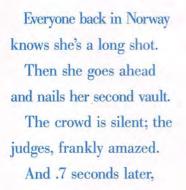
They Said It

Charlie Weatherbie

The Navy football coach, on why the Midshipmen had two mascots on the sideline at their game against Army: "We're deep at goat."

JUST ADD BACARDI





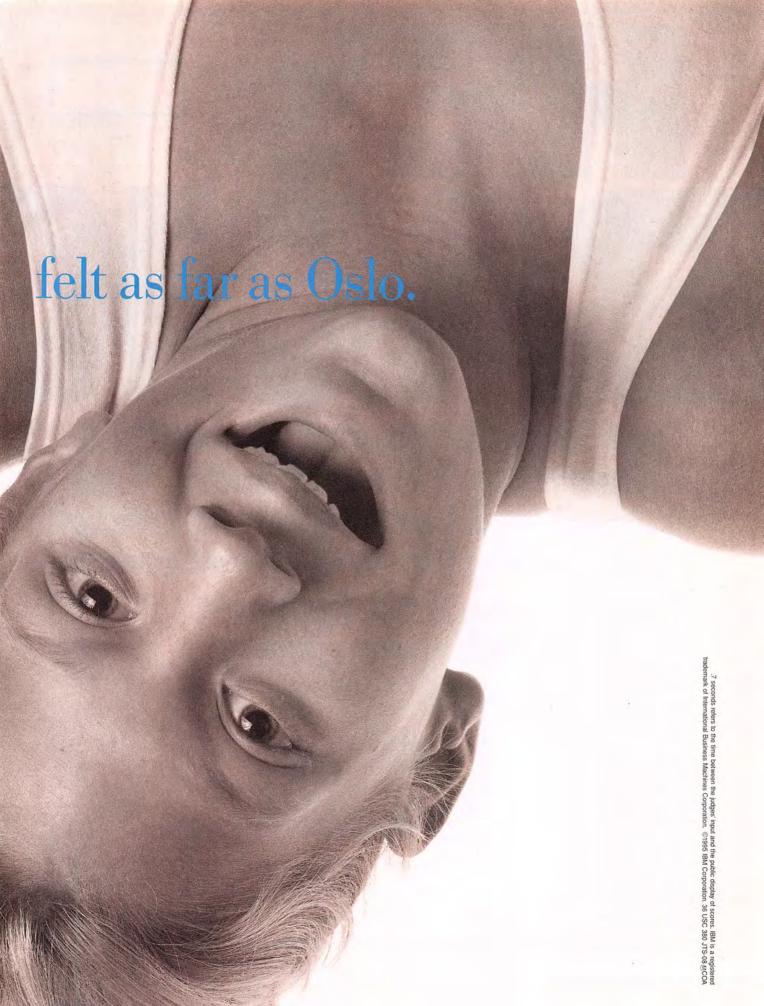
the aftershock of her landing is

IBM systems will take input from Olympic judges in Atlanta, calculate standings and instantaneously speed the scores to spectators and the media—even to Oslo via the Internet.

That takes a lot of smart, fast technology with no margin for error. Smart, fast technology? Hey, that's our best event.

Join us today at www.atlanta.olympic.org





His thumb healed, Orlando's Shaquille O'Neal returned to action and immediately began throwing his weight around

by Phil Taylor

IT'S NOT like he was ever really gone. His television commercials, magazine ads, videos, books, compact discs and appearances at celebrity functions ensure that the public is never more than moments away from its next Shaq sighting. But son of a gun, we missed the big lug anyway. And it wasn't until Orlando Magic center Shaquille O'Neal returned last Friday from the thumb injury that caused him to miss the first 22 games of the season that we

realized just how much his absence had been felt. Shaq is back, and the NBA just became a lot more fun.

There he was against the Utah Jazz in his first game of the 1995–96 season, knocking the basket support loose with a ferocious rebound-dunk and threatening to do the same with some of his free

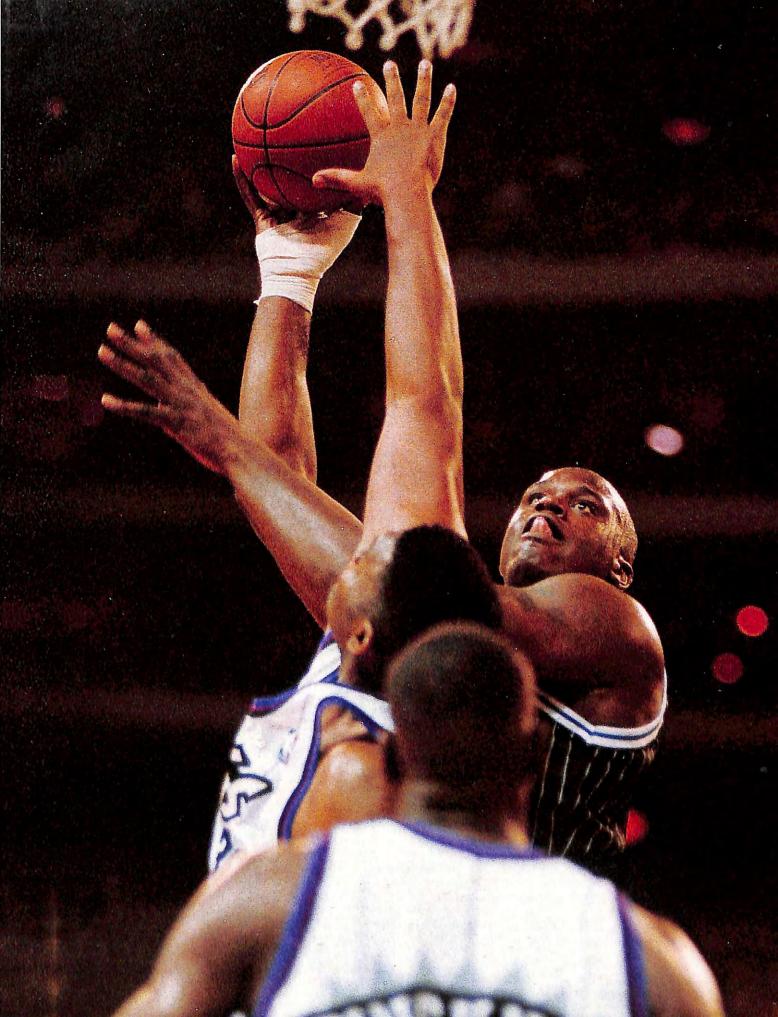


throws. It was, to borrow the title of O'Neal's second rap recording, Shaq Fu: Da Return. And even though point guard Anfernee (Penny) Hardaway had been brilliant in O'Neal's absence, leading the Magic to a 17–5 record, second best in the league to the Chicago Bulls' 18–2, O'Neal's performance reminded everyone that he remains Orlando's rapmaster. "We got used to playing without Shaq, and it's great that we proved we can do that," says

Orlando power forward Horace Grant. "But it's a little bit like when you're reading and you think the light's fine, and then somebody comes along and turns on a big, bright lamp. You say to yourself, Wow, that's much better, isn't it?"

That's not what the rest of the league is saying. As if it wasn't

The splint was splendid for O'Neal, who bulled over Oliver Miller for two of his 32 points in 35 minutes against the Raptors.



Shaq's Return

disheartening enough to the other teams that the Magic adjusted so smoothly to life without O'Neal, it now appears that Shaq will be easily sliding back into the Orlando offense, as his efficient performance in the 111–99 victory over the Jazz indicates. He came off the bench and played only 24 minutes yet finished with 26 points and 11 rebounds. (He followed that up on Sunday in Toronto with 32 points and 11 rebounds in 35 minutes even though, in one of those weird regular-

season NBA role reversals, the potent Magic was drubbed by the expansion Raptors 110–93.) "The rest of the league is scared," says Orlando forward Dennis Scott. "Got to be."

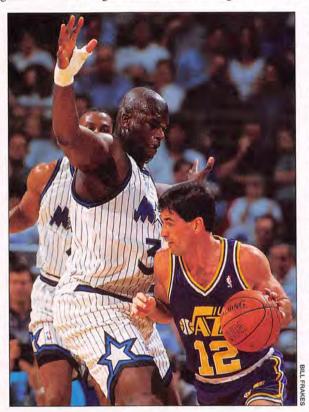
O'Neal's triumphant return makes it even harder to believe that there were those who had the absurd notion that he would be a 7' 1" speed bump slowing down the streaking Magic. Without Shaq, the thinking went, Orlando was a fast-breaking, free-flowing team. With him in the lineup, there was supposedly the danger that the offense would become bogged down trying to feed him the ball in the low post. After the Magic beat the Bulls 94-88 on Nov. 14 in Orlando, local talk-show callers began debating in earnest whether the Magic might actually take a step backward when Shaq returned. And even Chicago forward Scottie Pippen said he was disappointed that O'Neal didn't play when the Bulls gained revenge on Dec. 13 with a 112-103 win over the Magic in Chicago. "I was kind of hoping he would play, because I figured they might have

a little trouble working him in again," Pippen said.

O'Neal seemed amused by that thinking, and with tongue tucked firmly in cheek he indicated that he was coming back to be little more than a caddie for Jon Koncak, who was the starter last Friday night, as he had been when O'Neal was on the shelf. "I'm just a role player," Shaq said before the Utah game. "I'm going for the Sixth Man award." He no doubt will cherish the first Subway Sub of the Game award of his career, an honor bestowed after each Magic game and which he earned with his performance against Utah.

Actually, it looked as if O'Neal might have sampled the Subway menu a bit too often while he was recovering from the Oct. 26 surgery that reattached a ligament and repaired a fracture to his right thumb. His 332-pound body, partly bulked up through off-season weightlifting and 22 pounds heavier than it was at the end of last season, seemed a trifle thicker around the middle than it had been during the exhibition season. That probably resulted from his routine while on the injured list, which he jokingly described as "eating steak, going to movies, waking up and not doing anything."

The Magic offense didn't change its



Utah's John Stockton found Shaq as immovable as ever.

focus to accommodate O'Neal-"We only ran about two or three plays for him all night," Orlando coach Brian Hill said-so he picked up most of his points on offensive rebounds (five in all) and free throws, which, as always with O'Neal, were an adventure. After making his first four foul shots, he finished with eight of 16, which was roughly in keeping with his career 55.8 percentage. But with O'Neal the raw numbers are almost secondary. Shaq at the foul line is reminiscent of Reggie Jackson in the batter's box; he can be more entertaining when he misses than when he doesn't. And O'Neal didn't even offer the alibi that the splint he employed to protect his thumb had affected his touch. "I was thinking it might even help," he said.

O'Neal's absence may not have caused a decline in the Magic's record, but it did have an impact on fan enthusiasm. That changed with 7:16 to play in the first quarter Friday night, after Koncak picked up his second foul, when O'Neal entered the game to a raucous standing ovation. "The big fella has something, I don't know what it is, but he gives the place a shot of electricity," said Scott after the game against Utah.

The injury was the first serious one of

O'Neal's career, and, despite the Superman tattoo he displays on his arm, it discouraged the view that he is an invulnerable, largerthan-life figure. That could be a blessing in disguise when it comes to his treatment by referees. Hill and Magic vice president of basketball operations John Gabriel have long complained about what O'Neal's opponents are allowed to get away with, and their objections took on new vehemence after the game in which O'Neal injured the thumb, an Oct. 24 exhibition against the Miami Heat. Miami center Matt Geiger, since traded to the Charlotte Hornets, caused the injury with a karate chop of a foul against O'Neal. Many Magic players insist that officials previously did not protect O'Neal because the refs believed that his immense strength enabled him to play through excessive contact. But the sight of him on the bench wearing a cast and street clothes may have done more to erase that notion than a year's worth of complaining to the league office.

The other enduring benefit of O'Neal's absence is that it forced

some of Orlando's secondary players to step into the foreground, including Scott, who is slowly developing from a strictly long-range gunner into an all-around player. While O'Neal was hurt, Scott was second to Hardaway in scoring, with 20.7 points per game (he averaged 12.9 in 1994–95). And he even worked on his defense, which he previously seemed to think was just an opportunity to rest his shooting arm.

Hardaway's performance during O'Neal's absence was nothing short of spectacular, the kind of effort that should be remembered next spring when the Most Valuable Player ballots are filled out. "Asking Penny to take on this burden [of leading the team without O'Neal] two

in O'Neal's absence, Hardaway rose not only to the challenge but also to a level above virtually all foes.

years ago would have been too much to ask," says Hill of his third-year star. "Right now he's playing veteran basketball. The emotional part of his game has caught up with the physical part."

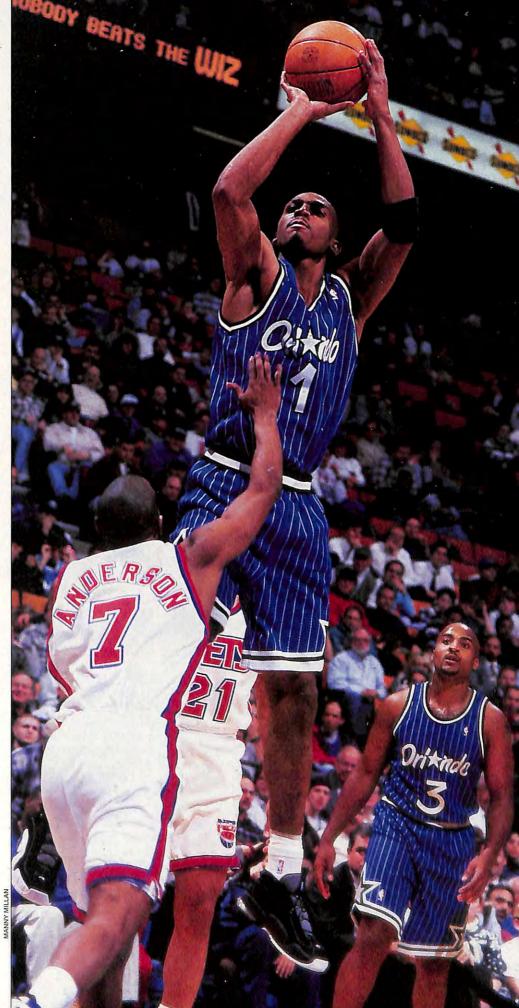
Hardaway's averages in the 22 games before O'Neal's return were 26.4 points, 6.8 assists and 5.3 rebounds, but even those numbers don't measure his impact, nor do they describe the effortless grace with which he performs. Against Utah he caught an alley-oop pass going away from the basket, spun in the air and shot, and then, when his shot rolled off the rim, recovered quickly enough to be the first player back in the air for a tip-in. A remarkable play, but it happened so fast that it barely caused a ripple among the crowd.

This year the 6' 7", 207-pound Hardaway has power to accompany the grace. An off-season weightlifting program added about 20 pounds, which makes him a more imposing figure around the basket. On one baseline drive last Friday against the Jazz, Karl Malone, Utah's 256-pound power forward with biceps the size of bowling balls, moved over to challenge him, then thought better of it and pulled his arm back as Hardaway dunked.

O'Neal's absence allowed Hardaway to move to an even higher station among the NBA's elite. He even got the better of the Bulls' Michael Jordan, outscoring him 36 points to 23, in Orlando's November win. When the Magic came to Chicago last week for the rematch, Jordan responded with 36 points—Hardaway had 26—in the Bulls' victory. It's hard to miss the signs that Hardaway is poised to assume Jordan's mantle. Nike's Air Penny basketball shoe is the first the company has named after an NBA player since, you guessed it, the Air Jordan. Even Hardaway's latest Nike commercial, in which he talks with a puppetlike character named Little Penny, seems like an updated version of Jordan's ads with Spike Lee as Mars Blackmon.

As Hardaway's star continues to rise, a close watch is being kept on the egos of the two Magic superstars. But no one seemed happier to see O'Neal's return than Hardaway. "I can go out and play my normal game," he said.

As for the Magic's normal game, they haven't played it yet. That won't happen until O'Neal is less rusty. But his injury helped Orlando prove that it does not have to play its normal game to win. "I know," says O'Neal. "Scary, huh?"

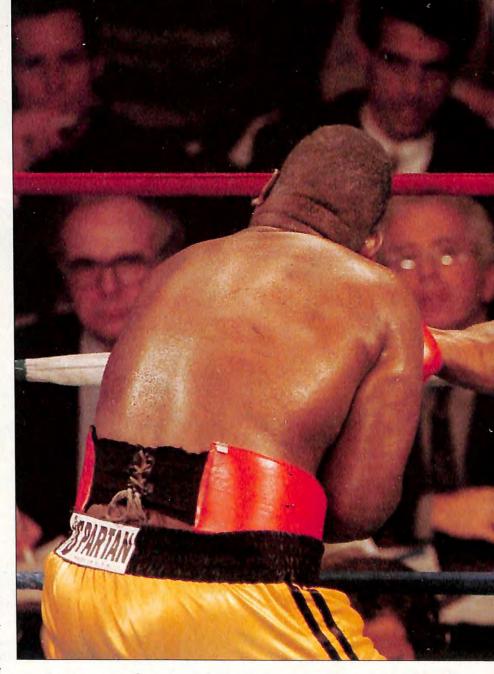


Full Of Fight

Mike Tyson made short work of Buster Mathis Jr. and set his sights on bigger game by Richard Hoffer

THE THREE heavyweight champions sat ringside at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, trying very hard not to look like ducks in a row. They were dressed splendidly and radiated confidence in their royalty. But, for all that it matters, they might as well have been introduced to last Saturday night's fight crowd of about 8,000 as Huey, Dewey and Louie. With Mike Tyson's sputtering preliminaries now behind him, champs Frank Bruno, Bruce Seldon and Frans Botha suddenly had the look of obvious targets, becoming dates on a calender, victims in waiting. Lined up, all of them, one after the other, quacking in their boots.

Tyson's comeback—his quest to unify the division that he once dominated—now begins in earnest. His third-round knock-out of Buster Mathis Jr. announced an end to his ring rehab and, whether he's ready or not, guaranteed that his next fight would be against a world titleholder. Don King, who patiently assembled a makeshift cast of champions under his promotional umbrella while Tyson was inside an Indiana prison serving a three-year sentence for rape, has already said that first up is Bruno,



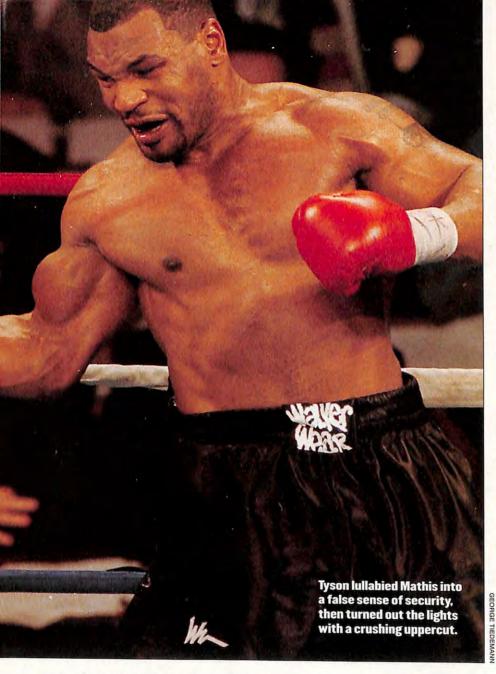
the WBC champion, on March 16 in Las Vegas. Next is Seldon, the WBA champ, on June 22, same place. Finally, on an unspecified day in September, Tyson is expected to fight Botha, possibly in the IBF champion's native South Africa. Then, with the titles presumably consolidated, a Nov. 2 fight back in Las Vegas, perhaps against Riddick Bowe or Lennox Lewis.

So circle those dates, put aside some money for the pay-per-view (forget about this free-TV deal you just enjoyed) and pretty much get your year in order for Tyson's return to glory. This thing is planned. Face it. If there were even one more duck in a row, the fight would have to be sanctioned by the Fish and Game people, not a boxing commission.

This all assumes you are sufficiently

encouraged by what amounts to 10 minutes of boxing by Tyson over the last 4½ years to size him up as a guy capable of doing what he did eight years ago in picking off the three heavyweight champions. Of course, Tyson was just 21 then, a force of nature, an X-Files kind of creation. He was promoted more as a monster than a boxer in those days, and he did little, in or out of the ring, to dispel that image. But he's 29 now, has known defeat in the ring and humiliation in public. He's altogether more human and perhaps a little less dangerous to all that pugilistic poultry out there.

However, his Mathis fight was somewhat persuasive. In the ring with a proven fighter this time instead of an opportunist, Tyson displayed the kind of power that causes fans to cheer his comeback, to return



their faith to a badly damaged sport. Tyson was wild, yes, almost in the same way he was against Peter McNeeley last August, Tyson's first fight after his release from prison. In fact, he may not have connected with a single hard punch in the first round last Saturday. "I was lullabying him," he said afterward. But every missed right hand promised Mathis's eventual demise. Tyson wasn't going to miss *every* one of them.

Mathis, however badly outgunned in this match, at least knew how to protect himself. From the opening bell he bore in on Tyson, choosing the safety of an inside game where he could alternately clinch and pepper Tyson with quick but light hands. This was his announced strategy, and he kept to it and was effective, bobbing and weaving, for two rounds. "The problem,"

admitted Mathis's trainer, Joey Fariello, "is Buster fires BBs and Tyson fires bombs."

And in the third round Tyson unloaded one from the right side, an uppercut that landed squarely on Mathis's cheek and did all the damage. Two punches later Mathis was on the seat of his pants, wondering what had happened. "When I looked up," Mathis recollected pleasantly at the postfight press conference, "the referee was at five. I thought, Damn, this man is counting fast." Referee Frank Cappuccino was at 10 before Mathis could properly formulate an action, and the fight ended 2:32 into the round. A half hour later Mathis still seemed a little goofy. Following Tyson into the press conference, where the winner was holding forth under a black homburg, all Mathis could think to say to Tyson was, "You O.K.?" Tyson smothered a smirk and assured him he was fine.

If this was evidence of Tyson's old concussive kinetics, great. He was back. Even Tyson seemed to take pleasure in the event, as if finally satisfied that he still has what it takes. At times he remained suspicious and irritable, as he was when asked about the final combination. He said, "It just manifested itself. I can't articulate the particular science of it." But at other moments he seemed very comfortable with himself. Talking about missed haymakers, during which he was "lullabying" Mathis into a false sense of security, he said, "It was a plot, a setup. Just like society." He was pleased with that remark.

Predictably, not everybody was taken aback by Tyson's dismantling of Mathis. Huey, that is to say, Bruno, thought Tyson was "very, very rusty." Tyson KO'd Bruno in the fifth round in 1989, but Bruno, who won the WBC title from Oliver McCall last September, says the rematch will be different. "He will not live with me for five rounds."

Dewey, or rather Bruce Seldon, thought Tyson lacked timing, but he was too respectful of the millions a Tyson fight would bring him to say anything more. Louie, who is promoted as the White Buffalo (but whom we know as Frans Botha, the Luckiest Man on Earth, since his IBF title, won in a controversial decision over Axel Schulz on Dec. 9, puts him in line for some of the Tyson loot), chose not to lurk during the press conference.

Mostly everybody seemed relieved that this phase of Tyson's buildup was over. Mathis, who earned \$600,000 to Tyson's \$10 million, was an able boxer if not a powerful puncher; his record of 20-0 included just six knockouts. In short, he was respectable. But his credentials got overlooked in the fight's postponement (the original Nov. 4 date was lost when Tyson revealed a broken right thumb) and the ensuing search for a new site. On top of that, Mathis suffered some bad-natured razzing. He grew up fat and unpopular-he weighed 300 pounds by the age of 14—and only got his self-confidence later in life through boxing. And so here were people making fun of him at the weigh-in ("Take off your shirt, Buster," a photographer yelled), and of his admittedly squeaky voice ("Put some bass in it, baby," said someone from Tyson's entourage. What? Tyson sounds like Barry White?). It got so bad that Mathis was finally withheld from the press. His manager said he was tired of hearing his fighter being called a "boiled chicken wing."

Of course, all of Tyson's opponents bear some resemblance to poultry now. The prelims over, they're all ducks in a row.



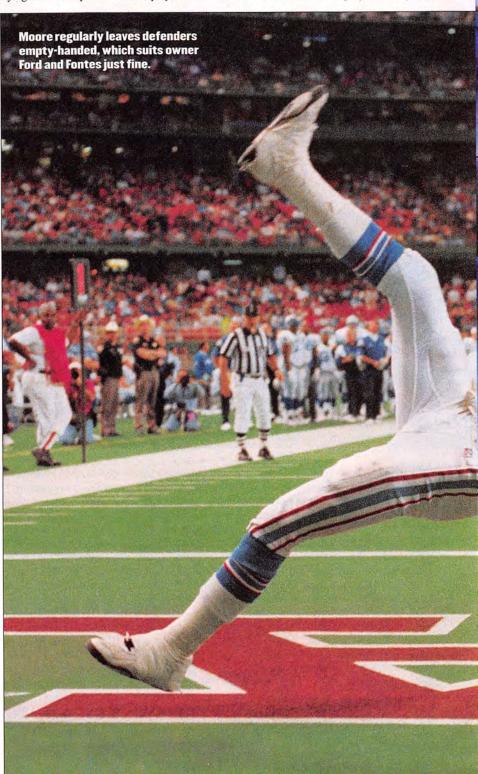
WHAT IS it with Detroit Lion coach Wayne Fontes? This is a guy who shrugs and smiles when given a public ultimatum by his owner: Win or walk the plank. This is a guy who responds to barrage after barrage of heavy artillery from the media by singing Christmas songs to his critics. This is someone from whom his players have yet to hear a discouraging word.

"Wayne's the type of guy who's always trying to fire us up and make us play better," Detroit wide receiver Herman Moore says. "But then we go 3–6, and the press is killing us, and the owner comes out and says, 'Wayne's going to be fired if we don't make the playoffs.' So we come out to practice that week, and I see Wayne standing off to the side looking worse than I'd ever seen him. I go over and tell him, 'You're feeling down right now, so for once in your life as a coach, don't worry about us. We're going to turn it around. The players are going

Wayne's World Turns

With six straight victories, Detroit has saved coach Wayne Fontes's job and is roaring toward the playoffs

by Peter King



to rise to the occasion and do it-for you."

And so they have. Since owner William Clay Ford's ultimatum, the Lions have won six consecutive games, and Monday night they clinched a playoff berth when the San Francisco 49ers defeated the Minnesota Vikings. Detroit can win the NFC Central title if it beats the Tampa Bay Buccaneers this Saturday and if the Green Bay Packers lose to the Pittsburgh Steelers the next day.

Strange team these Lions. Every No-

vember the players say to one another, "Hey, this coach who's pretty easy on us is going to get fired if we don't get our butts in gear." Then they get their butts in gear. In Fontes's seven seasons of running this periodically underachieving lot, Detroit has won only 34 of the 77 games it has played before Thanksgiving but 26 of the 39 games played on the holiday and thereafter.

"I tell guys in the locker room, 'Who knows what kind of coach we'll get if Wayne

goes?" says wideout Brett Perriman. "Some coaches are psychotic maniacs who kill you just to prove they're in charge. I ask guys, 'Do you know how good we have it? Wayne's a coach we love to play for. Don't blow it.'

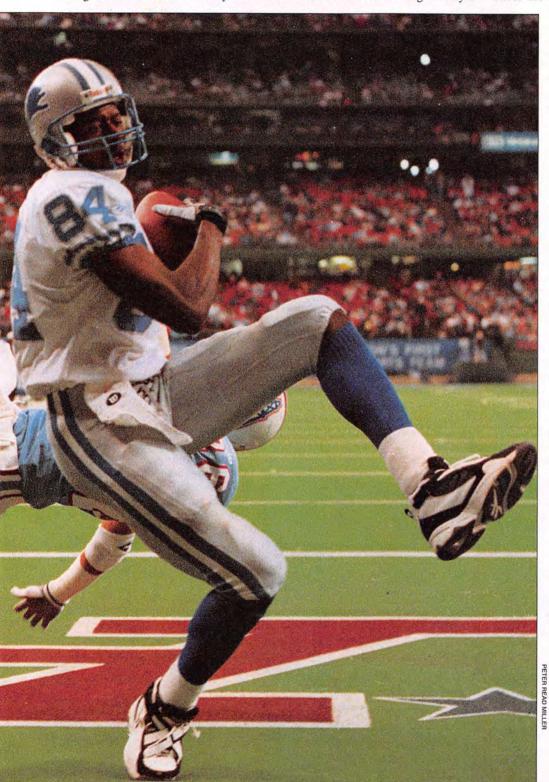
So the recurrent revival of the Lions can be interpreted as an indictment of Fontes as much as it can be seen as an endorsement of his coaching.

There are so many good stories on this

team. There's an offense that, if it can learn to handle the blitz, would scare all potential playoff opponents, including the Dallas Cowboys and the 49ers. There's the man who seems to have epoxy on his hands, the 6' 3" Moore, who lives in the long shadows of his NFC brethren Jerry Rice and Michael Irvin, even though he has 1,581 yards in '95 and is just 10 catches short of breaking the single-season reception record. There's his fiery sidekick, Perriman. Moore and Perriman are the first receiving duo to catch 100 balls each in an NFL season and to have a combined 2,934 receiving yards. There's the quarterback, Scott Mitchell, the once controversial free-agent signee, finally paying some very big dividends. There's the soul of the defense, linebacker Chris Spielman, playing most of the season with a torn chest muscle that swells and requires painful draining each week.

Then there's Fontes. For the third consecutive year, nearly every reporter with a computer and every talk-show host with an agenda began calling for his head in midseason. That didn't stop Fontes from serenading the Detroit press corps with a few bars of *Frosty the Snowman* a few weeks ago.

Can Fontes really be that upbeat, or down deep is he bitter about the way he has been ripped? That question is posed in the lobby of a Houston hotel before the Lions beat the Oilers 24–17 on Dec. 10. Fontes takes a step away, and he stops. "Am I bitter?" he says. "Well . . . I hear things. I read things. I



Detroit Lions

know what everybody's saying. But all I've ever said is, 'Let's play the full season and see what happens.' You can't judge a team after three games, or nine games.

"Look what we've done at the end of the year, with the season on the line, since I've been the coach. Who's got a better record? George Seifert? Marv Levy, maybe? Doesn't December count?"

Let's see. In regular-season games played on Thanksgiving Day and after since 1989, only the 49ers' Seifert (29-6 after Monday night's game) has a better record than Fontes (25-11). Levy of the Buffalo Bills is back in the pack at 17-17. There may be a more subtle reason that Fontes's team succeeds with the season on the line than the fact that his players turn their intensity up a notch to save his job. Compared with other NFL coaches Fontes runs fairly easy practices, with few sessions in full pads. This

leaves the Lions softer than some foes in September. But this approach also has Detroit fresh for strong December pushes.

One of the big reasons for this season's strong finish dates back to a gutsy personnel call that Fontes and general manager Chuck Schmidt made in 1994. Detroit has had its share of mediocre quarterbacks—Eric Hipple, Erik Kramer, Dave Krieg, Chuck Long, Rodney Peete and Andre Ware, among others, have all started for the

Mitchell has been averaging 275 yards passing since Detroit added Morton to a three-receiver set.



Lions since 1986. Fontes and Schmidt figured Detroit couldn't win a Super Bowl with guys like that. So after the 1993 season they pursued Mitchell, a 6' 6", 230-pound free agent who had started only seven NFL games, for the Miami Dolphins, but who had shown considerable promise on those occasions when he replaced Dan Marino. "Chuck, this guy's the stallion we need to build around," Fontes told Schmidt. So the Lions gave Mitchell \$11 million over three years, including a \$5 million signing bonus. Mitchell promptly divebombed in 1994, completing a mere 48.4% of his passes and throwing more intercep-

tions (11) than touchdowns (10) before breaking a bone in his right wrist in Week 10. Krieg replaced him and led the Lions to last season's playoffs. Says Mitchell, "What hurt me most was that never in my life, in anything I did, was I the problem, the weak link. And while watching Dave lead us into the playoffs, I felt I was the problem. But I've never been defeated at anything in my life. This off-season I completely committed myself to my job. I was going to be the quarterback Detroit thought it got when it signed me."

In their 62 years the Lions hadn't had a quarterback throw as many as 30 touchdown passes until Mitchell did so this year. They last had the league's top-rated offense in 1936, but they're No. 1 this year with a week to go. "I can't begin to tell you how happy I am here now," Mitchell says.

He wouldn't have said that in mid-September. After three weeks Detroit was 0–3, and its high-powered offense had a measly five touchdowns. So the offense engineered a bloodless coup d'état. Several starters—including Mitchell, Moore and Perriman—met after a Sept. 17 loss to the Arizona Cardinals and concluded that the Lions were playing too many two-tight end and two-back sets. They favored a three-wideout set (Perriman, Moore and Johnnie Morton at receiver, Barry Sanders at running back and either Rodney Holman or David Sloan at tight end).



2

We got games

You can't get NBA coverage like this anywhere else. Call 1-800-522-4388.

See all the actionover googames.

Our NBA LEAGUE PASS™ is your best ticket to the NBA. With DIRECTV® and the 18" DSS® dish of your choice, you'll get more games and more in-your-face NBA action than ever before.

Follow your favorite teams.

Want only your favorite team? Well, now you can get it. Our

NBA TEAM PASS[™] gives you at least forty games from the

out-of-town team of your choice. Only DIRECTV gives you
this kind of exclusive team coverage*. So when it comes
to the NBA, we definitely got game. And now so do you.



IT'S PERSONALIZED TV

Detroit Lions

"We brought [offensive coordinator] Tom Moore in," Herman Moore says, "and we told him what we wanted to do." Tom Moore, who helped run Pittsburgh's powerful offense of the late '70s, did what any intelligent coach confronted with the combination of a losing system and superb players should do: He bought into the proposed changes. "I can listen," he says, "and I wasn't upset by what they said. It's my responsibility to put our best 11 on the field, and so we did." Morton was inserted into a prominent third-receiver role and has since caught 37 passes, seven for touchdowns. Mitchell concentrated on getting the ball to prime targets Moore and Perriman, which meant fewer carries for Sanders, and the emphasis on the two-tight end set was reduced. Detroit scored 27 points on San Francisco and 38 on the Cleveland Browns in the ensuing two games, and it has been clicking more effectively ever since.

Surprisingly the Lions have turned their season around without relying as heavily on the running game as they had in the past. Detroit is throwing the ball on over 60% of its plays, third in the league. Sanders has rushed for 1,452 yards and passed the career 10,000-yard mark two weeks ago at the ripe old age of 27—but it's possible that Moore and Perriman will outgain him this season. Perriman, a trash-talking feisty

Despite a muscle pull in his chest, Spielman (hidden) can still put the arms on opposing backs. receiver, gives Mitchell an excellent alternative to Moore. He had 36 balls thrown at him in a recent two-game stretch. This list of Mitchell's intended receivers on his first 13 throws against Houston shows how conscious he is of keeping both receivers involved: Moore, Perriman, Moore, Perriman says.

Moore high-jumped 7' 23/4" five years ago while a student at Virginia, so no cornerback can disrupt the high balls Mitchell routinely sends his way. His 210-pound frame seems sculpted from stone, the better to take over-the-middle batterings. And what hands. On TV, with his blackand-white gloves, Moore's hands look a mile long. "Everybody tells me that," Moore says. "But look." He holds his left hand out, fully extended, and a visitor who's of average size places his right hand against Moore's. Moore's fingers are a quarter inch shorter. "See. My hands are actually small," he says. "The key thing is, my fingertips are really strong. I was never taught to cradle the ball into my body, like some receivers are. I was always taught to look it in and catch it with my fingers."

While the Detroit offense has been productive since late September, the defense has struggled. Some improvement has come since halftime of the Lions' Nov. 12 game with Tampa Bay, after the Bucs shredded Detroit for 258 first-half yards. The Lions

moved strong safety Bennie Blades closer to the line of scrimmage and made run defense his primary job. They held Tampa Bay to 43 second-half rushing yards, and their defense has been better since.

Spielman, the perennial Detroit leader in tackles, tore a pectoral muscle in the second quarter of the season opener. The Lions consulted numerous surgeons and muscle specialists on how to treat the tear and discussed whether Spielman could suffer permanent damage by continuing to play. "The pain was one thing, and there were times I was throwing my arm around like a wet noodle," Spielman says. "But worse, I kept getting this softball-sized lump under my arm, which was the blood and fluids accumulating from the injury. They probably took 500, 600 cubic centimeters of the stuff out of me this season."

Has the pain been worth it? Spielman scoffs. "When you sign on for this deal, you know you're going to leave some of your body parts out there on the field," he says.

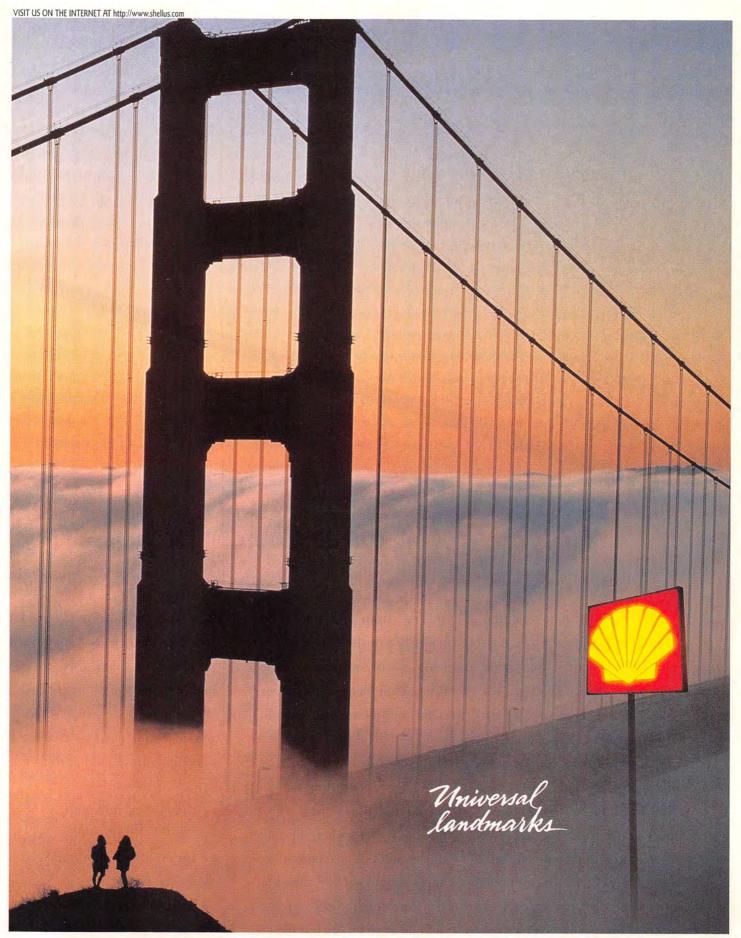
So here Detroit comes again, roaring into January. The key to its postseason will be Mitchell, who, depending on what teams make the playoffs, could be the only NFC quarterback in the postseason with no playoff experience. Facing the blitz clearly unsettles him; he was an unimpressive 16 of 36 against Houston, which blitzed on 90% of all passing downs. Walking off the field after the win over the Oilers, Herman Moore was reminded that Houston had just given future Lion foes a blueprint of how to attack Detroit—blitz, blitz and blitz some more. "I know," Moore said ruefully.

To beat the Lions, says Houston coach Jeff Fisher, "you've got to have two things: a physical left corner to play Herman Moore in tight coverage and a blitz coming from everywhere to take advantage of Mitchell's inexperience and Detroit's poor blitz-pickup scheme."

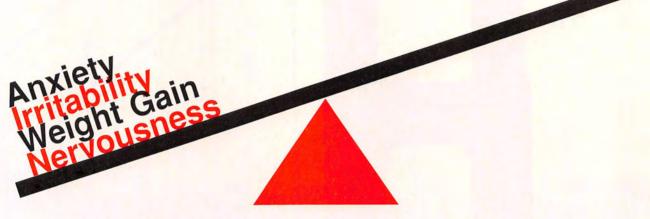
"I don't think playoff football would be a big change for me," Mitchell says. "I mean, if you lose, it's over, right? That's what we've been playing with here, every week, since the middle of November. Same thing with playoff football. We've already lived it. I've lived it."

Detroit owns three-point wins over San Francisco in 1995 and Dallas in '94, so the Lions know they can play with anyone. Historically they have not done so during the playoffs. The Lions are 1–3 in the postseason under Fontes. Perhaps that will change. If so, Fontes again will have walked the tightrope and, this time, found safety in the NFL's promised land. But don't count on it.





Shell. The world's best-selling gasoline.



Stopping smoking can be a burden for you.

When you stop smoking, you're likely to feel tense, nervous, irritable, anxious — even eat more. You may think it's purely psychological, but it's also physical. It's caused by your body craving nicotine — physically craving nicotine. And Habitrol can help relieve those cravings.

Habitrol is a nicotine patch, available only by prescription from your doctor. It replaces some of the nicotine you're not getting from cigarettes and helps lessen the effects of your withdrawal symptoms. When used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program, Habitrol has been clinically proven to increase the chances of quitting smoking in the critical first three months. That's when the nicotine withdrawal symptoms force many people back to smoking.

Remember how stressed out and anxious you felt the last

time you tried to quit? And how you thought it was purely psychological and there was nothing that could help you? Well, now you know it's also physical and there is something that can help you. Habitrol.

Important Information You Should Know

Habitrol is a drug indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Its effectiveAnxiety Irritability Weight Gain Nervousness





Habitrol helps lighten your load.

ness has been established only as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program. It won't work for everyone. In studies during the first 3 months after quitting, Habitrol has been shown to increase the chances of stopping smoking. Long-term studies of Habitrol haven't been conducted. It shouldn't be used for more than 3 months.

Habitrol, like cigarettes, contains nicotine, so stop smok-

ing completely before starting Habitrol. And do not smoke or use anything with nicotine while on it. If you're pregnant or nursing (nicotine could cause fetal harm) or have heart disease, or other conditions, ask your doctor about other ways to stop smoking. If you're taking prescription medicine or under a doctor's care, ask your doctor about the potential risks of Habitrol. Habitrol hasn't been studied in pregnant

women or in patients under 18. Used and unused Habitrol systems should be kept out of the reach of children and pets.

Turn page for additional important information.



Habitrol® (nicotine transdermal system)

Systemic delivery of 21, 14, or 7 mg/day over 24 hours

BRIEF SUMMARY. FOR FULL PRESCRIBING INFORMATION SEE PACKAGE INSERT

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

Habitrol treatment is indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Habitrol treatment should be used as a part of a compre hensive behavioral smoking cessation program. The use of Habitrol systems for longer than 3 months has not been studied. CONTRAINDICATIONS

Use of Habitrol systems is contraindicated in patients with hypersensitivity or altergy to nicotine or to any of the components of the therapeutic system

WARNINGS

Nicotine from any source can be toxic and addictive. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may adversely affect the fetus and the pregnant woman. For any smoker, with or without concomitant disease or pregnancy, the risk of nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program should be weighed against the hazard of continued smoking while using Habitrol systems, and the likelihood of achieving cessation of smoking without nicotine replacement.

Pregnancy Warning

Tobacco smoke, which has been shown to be harmful to the fetus, contains nicotine, hydrogen cyanide, and carbon monoxide. Nicotine has been shown in ani-mal studies to cause fetal harm. It is therefore presumed that Habitrol treatment can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman. The effect of nico-tine delivery by Habitrol systems has not been examined in pregnancy (see PRE-CAUTIONS, Other Effects). Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. If Habitrol therapy is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while using Habitrol treatment, the patient should be apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

Safety Note Concerning Children
The amounts of nicotine that are tolerated by adult smokers can produce symptoms of posoning and could prove letal it Habitrol systems are applied or ingested by chil-dren or pets. Used 21 mg/day systems contain about 60% (32 mg) of their initial drug content. Therefore, patients should be cautioned to keep both used and unused Habitrol systems out of the reach of children and pets.

PRECAUTIONS

General

The patient should be urged to stop smoking completely when initiating Habilrol therapy. Patients should be informed that if they continue to smoke while using Habitrol systems, they may experience adverse effects due to peak nicotine levels higher than those experienced from smoking alone. If there is a clinically significant increase in cardiovascular or other effects attributable to nicotine, the Habitrol dose should be reduced or Habitrol treatment discontinued (see WARNINGS). Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions).

The use of Habitrol systems beyond 3 months by patients who stop smoking should be discouraged because the chronic consumption of nicoline by any route can be harmful and addicting.

Allergic Reactions: In a 12-week, open-label dermal irritation and sensitization study of Habitrol systems, 22 of 223 patients exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, 3 patients exhibited mild-to-moderate contact allergy Patients with contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. In the efficacy trials, erytherna following system removal was typically seen in about 17% of patients, some edema in 4%, and dropouts due to skin reactions occurred in 6% of patients.

Patients should be instructed to promptly discontinue the Habitrol treatment and contact their physicians if they experience severe or persistent local skin reactions at the site of application (e.g., severe erythema, pruritus or edema) or a generalized skin reaction (e.g., urticaria, hives, or generalized rash).

e: Habitrol systems are usually well tolerated by patients with normal skin, but may be irritating for patients with some skin disorders (atopic or eczema-

Cardiovascular or Peripheral Vascular Diseases: The risks of nicoline replacement in patients with certain cardiovascular and peripheral vascular diseases should be weighed against the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smok-ing cessation program for them. Specifically, patients with coronary heart disease (history of myocardial infarction and/or angina pectoris), serious cardiac arrhyth-mias, or vasospastic diseases (Buerger's disease, Prinzmetal's variant angina) should be carefully screened and evaluated before nicotine replacement is prescribed

Tachycardia occurring in association with the use of Habitrol treatment, was reported occasionally. If serious cardiovascular symptoms occur with Habitrol treatment, it should be discontinued.

Habitrol treatment should generally not be used in patients during the immediate post-myocardial infarction period, patients with serious arrythmias, and patients with severe or worsening angina pectoris.

Series or indisenting anjung becaus; Reman or Happatia Insufficiency: The pharmacokinetics of nicotine have not been studied in the elderity or in patients with renal or hepatic impairment. However, given that nicotine is extensively metabolized and that its total system clearance is depen-dent on liver blood flow, some influence of hepatic impairment on drug kinetics. (reduced clearance) should be anticipated. Only severe renal impairment would be expected to affect the clearance of nicotine or its metabolites from the circulation Endocrine Diseases: Habilrol treatment should be used with caution in patients with hyperthyroidism, pheochromocytoma or insulin-dependent diabetes since nicotine causes the release of catecholamines by the adrenal medulta

Peptic Ulcar Disease: Nicotine delays healing in peptic ulcar disease; therefore, Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in patients with active peptic ulcars and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks.

Accelerated Hypertension: Nicotine constitutes a risk factor for development of malignant hypertension in patients with accelerated hypertension; therefore, Habitrol treatment should be used with caution in these patients and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks.

Information for Patients

A patient instruction sheet is included in the package of Habitrol systems dispensed to the patient. It contains important information and instructions on how to use and dispose of Habitrol systems properly. Patients should be encouraged to ask ques-tions of the physician and pharmacist. Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets

Drug Interactions

Smoking cessation, with or without nicotine replacement, may after the pharmacokinetics of certain concomitant medications

May Require a Decrease in

Dose at Cessation of Smoking Acetaminophen calleine imipramine, oxazepam, pentazocine, propranolol, theophylline

Possible Mechanism Deinduction of hepatic enzymes on smoking

cessation

Increase of subcutaneous insulin absorption with smoking cessation

Adrenergic antagonists (e.g., prazosin, labetalol)

Decrease in circulating calecholamines with smoking cessation

May Require an Increase In Dose at Cessation of Smoking

Adrenergic agonists (e.g., isoproterenol. phenylephrine) Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

Possible Mechanism Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation

Nicotine itself does not appear to be a carcinogen in laboratory animals. However, nicotine and its metabolites increased the incidence of tumors in the cheek pouches of hamsters and forestornach of F344 rats, respectively, when given in combination with tumor-initiators. One study, which could not be replicated, suggested that coffnine, the primary metabolite of nicotine, may cause lymphoreticular sarcoma in the large intestine in rats.

Nicotine and cotinine were not mutagenic in the Arnes Salmonella test.

Nicotine induced repairable DNA damage in an *E. coli* test system. Nicotine was shown to be genotoxic in a test system using Chinese hamster ovary cells. In rats and rabbits, implantation can be delayed or inhibited by reduction in DNA synthesis that appears to be caused by nicotine. Studies have shown a decrease in litter size in rats

page at the declared by Hindmin. Southers need with a declared with hisotine during gestation.

Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS)

The harmful effects of cigarette smoking on maternal and fetal health are clearly established. These include low birth weight, an increased risk of spontaneous abor-tion, and increased perinatal mortality. The specific effects of Habitrol treatment, on letal development are unknown. Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches

Sponlaneous abortion during nicotine replacement therapy has been reported; as with smoking, nicotine as a contributing factor cannot be excluded.

Habitrol treatment should be used during pregnancy only if the likelihood of smoking cessation justifies the potential risk of use of nicotine replacement by the patient, who may continue to smoke.

Teratogenicity

Animal Studies: Nicotine was shown to produce skeletal abnormalities in the offspring of mice when given doses toxic to the dams (25 mg/kg/day IP or SC). **Human Studies:** Nicotine teratogenicity has not been studied in humans except as a component of cigarette smoke (each cigarette smoked delivers about 1 mg of nico-tine). It has not been possible to conclude whether cigarette smoking is teratogenic

Other Effects

Animal Studies: A nicotine bolus (up to 2 mg/kg) to pregnant rhesus mon keys caused acidosis, hypercarbia, and hypotension (fetal and maternal concentrations were about 20 times those achieved after smoking 1 cigarette in 5 minutes). Fetal breathing movements were reduced in the letal lamb after intra-venous injection of 0.25 mg/kg nicotine to the ewe (equivalent to smoking 1 cigarette every 20 seconds for 5 minutes). Uterine blood flow was reduced about 30% after infusion of 0.1 mg/kg/min nicotine for 20 minutes to pregnant rhesus mankeys (equivalent to smoking about six cigarettes every minute for 20 minutes)

Human Experience: Cigarette smoking during pregnancy is associated with an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, low-birth-weight infants and perinatal mortali-ty. Nicotine and carbon monoride are considered the most likely mediators of these outcomes. The effects of cigarette smoking on fetal cardiovascular parameters have been studied near term. Cigarettes increased fetal aortic blood flow and heart rate, and decreased uterine blood flow and fetal breathing movements. Habitrol treatment has not been studied in pregnant humans.

Labor and Delivery

Habitrol systems are not recommended to be left on during labor and delivery. The effects of nicotine on the mother or the fetus during labor are unknown.

Nursing Mothers

Caution should be exercised when Habitrol therapy is administered to nursing women. The safety of Habitrol treatment in nursing infants has not been exam-ined. Nicotine passes freely into breast milk; the milk-to-plasma ratio averages 2 9. Nicotine is absorbed orally. An infant has the ability to clear nicotine by hepatic first-pass clearance; however, the efficiency of removal is probably lowest at birth. The nicotine concentrations in milk can be expected to be lower with Habitrol treatment when used as directed than with cigarette smoking, as maternal plasma nicotine concentrations are generally reduced with nicotine replacement. The risk of exposure of the infant to nicoline from Habitrol sys-tems should be weighed against the risks associated with the infant's exposure to nicotine from confirmed smoking by the mother (passive smoke exposure and contamination of breast milk with other components of lobacco smoke) and from Habitrol systems alone or in combination with continued smoking

Pediatric Use

Habitrol systems are not recommended for use in children because the safety and effectiveness of Habitrol freatment in children and adolescents who smoke have not

Geriatric Use

Forty-eight patients over the age of 60 participated in clinical trials of Habitrol therapy. rol therapy appeared to be as effective in this age group as in younger smokers

Assessment of adverse events in the 792 patients who participated in controlled clinical trials is complicated by the occurrence of GI and CNS effects of nicotine withdrawal as well as microtine excess. The actual incidences of both are confounded by concurrent smoking by many of the patients. In the trials, when reporting adverse tors did not attempt to identify the cause of the symptom

Topical Adverse Events

The most common adverse event associated with topical nicotine is a short-lived erythema, pruritus, or burning at the application site, which was seen at least once in 35% of patients on Habitrol treatment in the clinical trials. Local erythema after sys-

lem removal was noted at least once in 17% of patients and local edema in 4%. Erythema generally resolved within 24 hours. Cutaneous hypersensitivity (contact sensitization) occurred in 2% of patients on Habiltol treatment (see PRECAUTIONS, Allergic Reactions)

Probably Causally Related

The following adverse events were reported more frequently in Habitrol-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients or exhibited a dose response in clinical trials. Digestive system - Diarrhea*, dyspepsia*.

Mouth/Tooth disorders - Dry mouth Musculoskeletal system – Arthralgia*, myalgia*. Nervous system – Abnormal dreams†, somnolence†

Frequencies for 21 mg/day system *Reported in 3% to 9% of patients tReported in 1% to 3% of natients Unmarked if reported in < 1% of patients.

Causal Relationship Unknown
Adverse events reported in Habitrol- and placebo-treated patients at about the same frequency in clinical trials are listed below. The clinical significance of the association between Habitrol treatment and these events is unknown, but they are reported as alerting information for the clinician

Body as a whole - Allergyt, back paint

Cardiovascular system - Hypertension† .
Digestive system - Abdominal pain†, constipation†, nausea*, vomiting.

Nervous system — Dizziness*, concentration impaired†, headache (17%), insomnia* Respiratory system — Cough increased†, pharyngitis†, sinusitis†

Urogenital system - Dysmenorrhea*

Frequencies for 21 mg/day system *Reported in 3% to 9% of patients tReported in 1% to 3% of patients

Unmarked if reported in < 1% of patients

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE

Habitrol systems are likely to have a low abuse potential based on differences between it and cigarettes in four characteristics commonly considered important in contributing to abuse: much slower absorption, much smaller fluctuations in blood levels, lower blood levels of nicotine, and less frequent use (i.e. once daily).

Dependence on nicotine polacrilex chewing gum replacement therapy has been reported. Such dependence might also occur from transference to Habitrol systems of tobacco-based nicotine dependence. The use of the system beyond 3 months has not been evaluated and should be discouraged.

To minimize the risk of dependence, patients should be encouraged to withdraw gradually from Habitrol treatment after 4 to 8 weeks of usage. Recommended dose reduction is to progressively decrease the dose every 2 to 4 weeks

OVERDOSAGE

The effects of applying several Habitrol systems simultaneously or of swallowing Habitrol systems are unknown (see WARNINGS, Salety Note Concerning Children)
The oral LDs for nicotine in rodents varies with species but is in excess of 24

mg/kg, death is due to respiratory paralysis. The oral minimum lethal dose of nicotine in dogs is greater than 5 mg/kg. The oral minimum acute lethal dose for nicotine in human adults is reported to be 40 to 60 mg (<1 mg/kg).

Two or three Habilrol 30 cm² systems in capsules led to dogs weighing 8-17 kg were emetic, but did not produce any other significant clinical signs. The administration of these patches corresponds to about 6-17 mg/kg of nicoline.

Signs and symptoms of an overdose of Habitrol systems would be expected

to be the same as those of acute nicotine poisoning including: pallor, cold sweat, nausea, salivation, vomiting, abdominal pain, diarrhea, headache, dizziness, dis-turbed hearing and vision, tremor, mental confusion, and weakness. Prostration, hypotension, and respiratory failure may ensue with large overdoses. Lethal doses produce convulsions quickly and death follows as a result of peripheral or central respiratory paralysis or, less frequently, cardiac failure.

Overdose From Topical Exposure

The Habitrol system should be removed immediately if the patient shows signs of overdosage and the patient should seek immediate medical care. The skin surface may be flushed with water and dried. No soap should be used since it may increase nicotine absorption. Nicotine will continue to be delivered into the bloodstream for several hours after removal of the system because of a depot of nicotine in the skin

Overdose From Ingestion
Persons ingesting Habilto systems should be referred to a health care facility for management. Due to the possibility of nicotine-induced seizures, activated charcoal should be administered. In unconscious patients with a secure airway, instill activated charcoal via nasogastric tube. A saline cathartic or sorbitol added to the first dose of activated charcoal may speed gastrointestinal passage of the system. Repeated doses of activated charcoal should be administered as long as the system remains in the gastrointestinal tract since it will continue to release nicotine for many hours.

Management of Nicotine Poisoning

Other supportive measures include diazeparn or barbiturates for seizures, atropine for excessive bronchial secretions or diarrheal respiratory support for respiratory failure. and vigorous fluid support for hypotension and cardiovascular collapse

Safety and Handling Habilrol systems can be a dermal irritant and can cause contact sensitization. Although exposure of health care workers to nicotine from Habitrol systems should be minimal, care should be taken to avoid unnecessary contact with active systems. If active systems are handled, wash with water alone, since soap may increase nicotine absorption. Do not touch eyes. KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN.

When the used system is removed from the skin, it should be folded over and placed in the protective pouch which contained the new system. The used system should b immediately disposed of in such a way to prevent its access by children or pets. See patient information for further directions for handling and disposal.

How to Store

Do not store above 86°F (30°C) because Habitrol systems are sensitive to heat. A slight discoloration of the system is not significant.

Do not store unpouched. Once removed from the protective pouch, Habitrol sys-

tems should be applied promptly since nicotine is volatile and the system may lose strength.

The use of this product is covered by U.S. patent No. 4,597,961. #66503A CAUTION: Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription. Printed in U.S.A.

Rev. 3/95

Ciba Self-Medication, Inc.

Dist. by: Ciba Self-Medication, Inc. Woodbridge, NJ 07095

The Battle of the Unbeatens. On January 2, 1996, the Fiesta Bowl will determine who's the #1 football team in America as Florida and Nebraska go head-to-head on the gridiron. Show your loyalty with your favorite team's sweatshirt or jersey. Rooting for great football? Then choose the specially designed Fiesta Bowl sweat or T!



Fiesta Bowl Sweatshirt

From Starter, in a 70% cotton/30% polyester blend. Screenprints feature the dueling helmets, Huskers* and Gators* logos, with embroidered Starter logo on sleeve. Sizes M,L,XL. Made in USA

EACF034 Fiesta Bowl Sweatshirt \$34.95 EACF035 Fiesta Bowl White T-shirt \$19.95

WE HAVE YOUR TEAM





























Game Jersey

Florida

tackle twill lettering and direct embroidered logos. See logos for other schools available. Made in USA. Sizes 44L, 48XL, 52XXL.

ACFB010 Game Jersey \$89.95 **ACF004 Replica Jersey** Sizes 46M, 48L, 52XL. \$44.95 Sizes 54XXL. \$49.95



Also Available: Colorado Duke Washington

FOOTBALL FOOTBALL

All items are shipped express delivery. In-stock items paid by credit card arrive in just 3 business days. Residents of CA, CT, DC, FL, GA, IL, MA, MI, NJ, NY, PA, TX please add sales tax.

Add shipping and handling charges to each order as follows: Up to \$25.00, add \$4.95 \$25.01-50.00, add \$5.95 \$50.01-100.00, add \$7.95 \$101.01-150.00, add \$10.95 \$150.01-200.00, add \$12.95 Over \$200.00, add \$14.95

When ordering by mail, include product code and size. Merchandise can be shipped only upon payment.

FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS ONLY Insider's Club saves you 10%. Ask for details.









CALL FOR A FREE COPY OF OUR CATALOG

Sweatshirts in

heavyweight 90%

teams available.

cotton Reverse Weave® fleece with deep rib cuffs and

waistband. Order one size

ACF002 Practice Sweat

ACFF019 Hooded Sweat

ACF001 Practice T-Shirt

Sizes L,XL,XXL. \$44.95

Sizes L,XL,XXL. \$44.95

Sizes L,XL,XXL. \$19.95

Size XXXL. \$21.95

Size XXXL. \$49.95





Don't Count 'Em Out

By beating Miami, the Bills clinched the AFC East title and silenced critics who had buried them

by Austin Murphy

HE WENT unblocked, then became unhinged. On the key play of the key game of the season for the Buffalo Bills and the Miami Dolphins, Miami middle linebacker Bryan Cox swooped untouched into the hole over left tackle and wrapped up Buffalo running back Thurman Thomas. But instead of going down, Thomas bucked and struggled and got the two yards needed for a first down. Cox, as he is wont to do, went cuckoo.

Thomas's plunge with 1:41 remaining in Sunday's game was more than just another third-down conversion. It allowed the Bills to run out the clock and ensured a 23–20 victory for Buffalo, which clinched the AFC East title for the sixth time in eight seasons.

Immediately after the play, Cox felt the need to vent his frustration and picked a fight with Bill fullback Carwell Gardner, who got the worst of the exchange and—adding insult to injury—was ejected along with Cox. Striding defiantly off the field at Rich Stadium, Cox communicated his contempt for Buffalo fans by spitting repeatedly, proving that although the Dolphins

may have fallen short of expectations this season, at least one of them was not short of expectorations.

Cox's adolescent tantrum reminded us that Miami is not so much a team as it is a collection of affluent individuals who, at 8–7, are less than the sum of their parts. Even if the Dolphins beat the St. Louis Rams on Christmas Eve, the Fish will need help from other teams to make the playoffs. Buffalo, meanwhile, has assured itself of a first-round playoff game at home against a wild-card team.

"Everyone out there said we wouldn't do it, and everyone in this locker room knew we could," said Bill quarterback Jim Kelly afterward. "We proved everybody wrong."

Sunday's game provided vindication not only for Buffalo but also for eight-year veteran Thomas. On Dec. 3, Thomas's courage was questioned by critics in the media after he benched himself—he was suffering from leg cramps—in the third quarter of the Bills' 27–17 loss to the San Francisco 49ers. Just as Buffalo, which failed to make the playoffs last season, was assumed by many observers to have begun a long, slow descent into mediocrity, Thomas's slightly declining rushing average through the first half of this season (67.5 yards per game as opposed to 80.3 for his career) led to speculation that, at 29, Thomas was entering the twilight of his career.

Guess again. Having recovered from the hamstring injury that kept him out of two midseason games, Thomas has rushed for 277 yards in his last two outings, including 148 yards on 35 carries on Sunday. If he gains 15 yards against the Houston Oilers this Sunday, he will become the third NFL back to have rushed for more than 1,000 yards in seven consecutive seasons.

Perhaps no Bill has been as resilient,



though, as Buffalo's 67-year-old coach, Marv Levy, who underwent surgery to have a cancerous prostate removed on Oct. 17 and was back at work three weeks later. "A week after he got back, he was jogging after practice," marvels the Bills' Steve Tasker. "It was as if he'd never been sick."

Levy attributes his speedy return to the fact that he was in good shape before his operation. He also says that he jump-started his post-op exercise regimen after receiving a call from Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf, a fellow prostate-cancer victim who urged him to start walking as soon as possible. Said Levy to Schwarzkopf, "If the general tells me to march, I'm going to march."

During his absence Levy didn't forget how to coach. He racked up his latest win over Miami's Don Shula—against whom he is 16–6 lifetime—by throwing a couple of new wrinkles at the Dolphins. The Bills loosened up Miami's defense by giving the ball on reverses to Tasker, who started at wide receiver. After he had run the same play three times, Tasker told his coaches, "Guys, listen, one of these times, they're going to get smart." In fact, they didn't. Tasker ran six reverses for 50 yards.

Buffalo kept Miami's offensive line offbalance by frequently showing a four-man front—a switch from the 3–4 alignment the Bills have used all season. The new look helped Buffalo limit Miami to 42 net rushing yards and took some heat off the trio of novices, who, because of injuries, were logging major minutes on the Bills' defense.

At left corner was rookie Ken Irvin, making his third NFL start in place of the injured Marlon Kerner—also a rookie. Taking Irvin's place as the nickelback on passing downs was Filmel Johnson, who had never played in an NFL game and was activated from the Bills' practice squad



Two of Thomas's 148 yards rushing sent Cox (51) around the bend and into the locker room.

last Saturday. They were joined by outside linebacker David White, who has been cut three times in three years. Not only did each hold his own against the Dolphins, but each also made at least one big play. White, in fact, turned in a gigantic one.

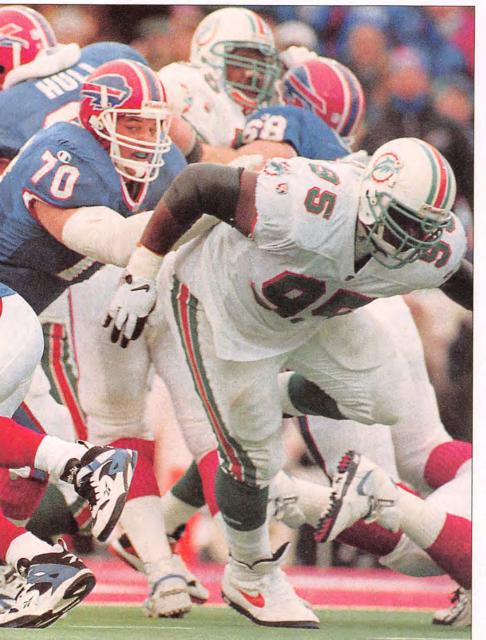
Midway through the fourth quarter, with the score 20–20, Miami quarterback Dan Marino dropped back, looked left and zipped a pass toward Irving Fryar on the left sideline. White, who had taken two steps forward—thus giving Marino the impression he was coming up to cover running back Bernie Parmalee—intercepted the ball and ran it nine yards to the Miami 11-yard line. Four plays later Buffalo kicker Steve Christie converted White's pick into the game-winning field goal.

Six minutes later Thomas came between Cox and Gardner, attempting to play peacemaker even though his mother, Terlisha Cockrell, had warned him by telephone before the game to steer clear of Cox. "That Bryan Cox—you stay away from him," she scolded. "Don't mess with him."

"I think she's right," said Thomas.

Gardner may have to be given the same advice. After being ejected, he came off the field and attempted to storm the visitors' dressing room in search of Cox. Fortunately he was repelled by half a dozen security guards. The thought of those two continuing to trade blows was a scary one.

Here's a scarier one for other AFC teams: The Bills are getting healthy and hitting their stride, just in time for the playoffs.



Living Legends

When the most successful coaches in high school hoops faced off, everyone was a winner • by Alexander Wolff



IT CAN'T be done in some recruit's living room or in a weekly lunchtime schmooze with the press or in the spotlight as a high-profile ESPN-tity. If you're a high school basketball coach, the place you make your mark is in the gymnasium.

Call his school, ask to be patched through to the gym, and the coach will most likely pick up the phone himself. That's true even when you're dealing with the four winningest coaches of all time, all of whom are still brandishing clipboards.

"Got beat in overtime last night," says Bill Krueger, coach at Clear Lake (Texas) High, his voice betraying the anguish of every call that didn't go the Falcons' way. "Didn't hardly sleep at all."

"Hold just a moment?" says Ralph Tasker, coach of the Hobbs (N.Mex.) High Eagles. "Got a boy up on the rubbing table."

"I just met with the parents of a boy who's trying to become aca-

demically eligible," says Morgan Wootten, whose balcony office at DeMatha Catholic High in Hyattsville, Md., looks out onto the floor where his Stags practice and play.

"Swept the gym this morning when I came in," says Robert Hughes, whose team at Dunbar High in Fort Worth isn't merely the Wildcats, but the *Flying* Wildcats, thank you very much. "Soon as we get off the phone, I'll be sweeping some more.

"This is not the big time," Hughes adds, hardly needing to. "All the games I've won, they don't mean diddly here."

The games these men have won now total 4,286—1,075 for Krueger, 1,073 for Hughes, 1,071 for Wootten and 1,067 for Tasker—following the Legends of High School Basketball tournament, held last week in Fort Worth in their honor. The numbers would almost certainly be higher had the four not spent the

weekend trying to add to their victory totals at one another's expense. The four have been so tightly packed at the top of the wins list that if you turned your head during any of the past few winters, you were liable to find that they had swapped places, do-si-do style.

If each coach were a scratch 'n' sniff, he would smell like an admixture of custodial dust, mimeograph fluid, Ben-Gay and old sneakers. "We've seen it all," says Krueger. "The long hair and the short. The Chuck Taylors, and now these shoes that cost 150 bucks." Indeed, after beginning their careers in the Norman Rockwell tableau of the '40s and '50s, none batted an eye when, at Fort Worth's Wilkerson-Greines Activity Center last week, every spectator had to pass through a metal detector.

But Krueger, Hughes, Wootten and Tasker also stand stoutly for some things that haven't changed. All have entertained college offers, but each chose to pass them up, preferring the more subtle rewards of working with boys who are at an age when a coach is most likely to make a difference. "I've never asked a boy to come out for basketball," says Tasker, who can't abide the thought of recruiting. "And I wasn't about to start begging them to play." All regard the full teaching loads they've carried, in addition to their coaching duties, without regret. And even as Cassandras wail to the contrary, all remain basically optimistic about Kids These Days.

"We're the last four guys in *Jurassic Park*," says Hughes.

Almost a year ago, when Fort Worth businessmen Tom Rogers and Rick Whitehurst first broached the idea of assembling the legends' tournament, Tasker, 76, was the reluctant one. He's still the chronically shy West Virginian who couldn't bring himself to apply for his first job, at Sulphur Springs (Ohio) High in 1941; he was only hired because, unbeknownst to him, his girlfriend, Margaret, who would soon become his wife, filled out the application. But Tasker relented and agreed to come to Fort Worth when it was pointed out what an experience the trip would be "for the boys."

Tasker says "for the boys" so often, you could mistake him for Bette Midler. He won his first New Mexico state championship 46 years ago at Lovington High. But after one season, peeved that his bosses wouldn't let him keep the gym open after hours for kids who wanted to work on their games, he took a pay cut to jump to a bigger school, Hobbs, where they promised him the key to the gym. Watch the Eagles play and you can tell that the gym—now officially Ralph Tasker Arena—keeps the hours of a Quik-Stop. At Hobbs, an oil-and-gas outpost





Life at the Top

When the dust settled at last week's legends' tournament, the pecking order of the winningest coaches in high school basketball remained the same. Here's how the legends stacked up:

Coach	School	Years	Record	Top Finishes
Bill Krueger	Clear Lake	38	1,075–248	Two Texas state titles
Robert Hughes	Dunbar	38	1,073-184	Three Texas state titles
Morgan Wootten	DeMatha	40	1,071–159	Five mythical national championships
Ralph Tasker	Hobbs	49	1,067–275	11 New Mexico state titles

a few stray tumbleweeds from the Texas line, Tasker has won 11 state championships, gone unbeaten twice and, like Minnie Minoso in a sport coat, won state titles in five decades.

When you're stuck out on the prairie, you don't get accustomed to measuring yourself against others elsewhere. Thus it matters little to Tasker that outsiders question the Eagles' competition and call into doubt the national-record 114.6 points per game his team averaged in 1970 and the 176 points the Eagles scored in one 32-minute contest in '78. No matter that the pros judged 12 Eagles—including 13-year NBA veteran Bill Bridges—skilled enough to be drafted. For the honor of most pro draftees per capita, can any place on earth match Hobbs, population 30,000?

The great constant in Hobbs's success has been a full-court press that Tasker has hardly called off since 1955. He credits the defense to a player named Kim Nash, who made the original suggestion that the Eagles use pressure from tap to buzzer, end line to end line.

"No team is in good enough shape to do that," Tasker reputedly said.

"So," Nash replied, "get us in shape."

Today Arkansas coach Nolan Richardson, who faced Tasker while at El Paso's Bowie High during the late '60s, credits Tasker with inspiring the 40 Minutes of Hell defense that Richardson's Razorbacks use. Pressure basketball has become so much a way of life in Hobbs that when Tasker got a notion back in the '60s that he ought to be changing with the times and once ordered his team into a delay, Eagle fans took all of two minutes to file out of the gym in protest.

Since the death of Margaret four years ago and his third hip-replacement operation, Tasker leaves home for little more than games and practices. Players come by to crack open a soda and hear stories out of a past that, frankly, Tasker is more comfortable with than he is with the present. All the to-do over high school ball these days—the *USA Today* Super 25, the national cablecasts, the hopscotching across the country to play in this or that tourna-

Wootten (right) was joined at a 1994 banquet by fellow coaching greats Wooden (left) and Red Auerbach.

ment—leaves him unsettled. "Kids get to thinking the world owes 'em a living, and that scares me," says Tasker. "That's not the way life is."

Krueger was as eager to participate in last week's tournament as Tasker was reluctant. Although at 60 Krueger is the youngest of the four, the Clear Lake coach had actually intended to retire after last season, to repair with his wife, Martha, the recently retired registrar at Clear Lake, to their ranch in the Texas hill country. But the prospect of joining Hughes, Tasker

and Wootten in Fort Worth last week led him to postpone his retirement for one more season.

Krueger is a screamer gone gradually mellow since he took over his first team, at Cameron (Texas) High, in 1957. (A measure of what it's like to be a basketball coach in Texas: The first time he ordered his players to run sprints, every guy on the team reflexively dropped into a three-point stance.) "I used to be Daddy Redlegs, meaner than hell," he says. "But you have to adjust. Over 38 years the kids have been constantly changing. The adjusting kept me younger and up to date. Certain

things I go to war over, sure. But others I let run off my back."

He calls out the cavalry to defend one proposition: "There is no *I* in *team*. I don't think there's any sport better than basketball when it's played as a team. And there's no sport worse when one guy goes down and jacks it."

Krueger's current home, Clear Lake, is a NASA bedroom community southeast of Houston, where the garages are two-car and the families aren't just two-parent, but two college-educated parents. Recent cutbacks in the space program have left the community a little more firmly rooted in the real world, and the socioeconomic texture of Krueger's teams has changed accordingly. As a result you'll see tattoos and exotic haircuts on some Clear Lake kids. Krueger will also go much further down his bench than he used to, an acknowledgment that every boy on the team expects to play. "A few years ago," he says, "I wouldn't have substituted unless a bone was sticking out."

No loss disappointed Krueger more than the one eliminating the Falcons from the



In 1983, Greg Norman bought his first Chevy Suburban.

Since then he's won:

74 Worldwide Tournaments
15 PGA Tour Events
2 British Opens
3 Vardon Trophies
3 Arnold Palmer Awards
1995 PGA of America Player of the Year
and \$9,592,829.

Coincidence?

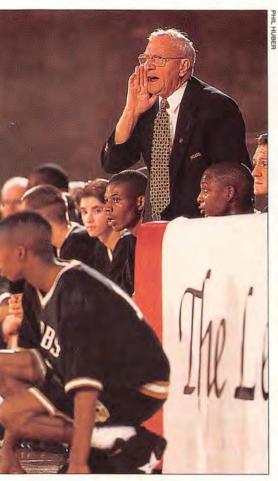
Yeah, probably.

Congratulations, Greg, on another outstanding year.



Coaching Legends

state tournament in 1988, when he got a technical—for wandering over to the scorer's table to resolve a foul discrepancy—and Clear Lake suffered a one-point defeat. Even the state title that Clear Lake won the following season by reeling off 21 straight points to beat a 38–0 Jay High team from San Antonio in the championship game didn't make up for that disappointment,



and that fact highlights something common to all four coaches: It's the relatively few defeats, not the many victories, that tend to stick in their minds.

Another loss haunts Krueger still, and it wasn't a game. In 1957, two years before he began coaching at San Marcos (Texas) High, an all-white school, the board of education closed the black high school in town and ordered all the students there to attend San Marcos. That might have proved beneficial to Krueger, but the board also ruled that blacks couldn't play interscholastic sports. Among the players who might have suited up for him was a 6' 9" young man named Lucious Jackson, who would later star on the 1964 Olympic team

and be named rookie of the year in the NBA. Jackson ended up going to high school in Louisiana instead.

"Till Shaq O'Neal came along, he was the best player to come out of Texas," says Krueger, who has won all his games without the benefit of a single future NBA player. "It was the times. But if I'd have had him, I'd have had a bunch more wins."

For most of Hughes's career, Jim Crow laws in Texas weren't a source of wistful might-have-beens but an abiding reality. There was that time in Texarkana in the '60s when the team pulled into a drive-in restaurant in its two station wagons, only to watch the waitress roller-skate contemptuously by. Yet during that decade Hughes won three black state titles at Fort Worth's I.M. Terrell High, and after Terrell closed in '73 and he moved to Dunbar, Hughes set about putting wings on the Wildcats. Is Texas really a basketball wasteland? Highprofile national programs like Verbum Dei of Los Angeles, which found itself on the

his "board of education," a paddle he considered an essential teaching tool.

But there's nothing hidebound in Hughes's approach to the game, a style he calls "flat out." During a stretch in the mid-'60s Hughes ordered up an alley-oop dunk off every opening tip, a signature play that bamboozled referees who, not knowing any better, often disallowed it as offensive goaltending. Others reviled Hughes's brand of ball as "hully-gully," "street" or—this is the coach talking now—"the name only Mark Fuhrman uses" basketball. "Now it's 'up-tempo,' " he says. "My game hasn't changed. A lot of other folks have just joined it."

For nine straight seasons, from 1983 to '92, Hughes took Dunbar to the Texas Final Four in Austin, only to lose there. In '93, on the Flying Wildcats' state-record 10th consecutive trip, he won with a vindicating brigade of 11 seniors. Some suggest there was a racial explanation for that stretch of futility, that the refs had it in for

Tasker, who has a gym named for him back in Hobbs, was working the sidelines in Fort Worth, urging on his relentlessly pressing team.



business end of a 40–13 deficit at halftime against Dunbar in 1983, and Oak Hill of Virginia, which had its 55-game winning streak snuffed out by 28 points in '87, would say emphatically not.

Now 67, Hughes is a 6' 6" reed of a man whose only perceptible physical change since 1955, when he was drafted by the Boston Celtics out of Texas Southern, is the dusting over and faint thinning of his hair. His principles are unchanged, too. "All the things from the '60s are coming back to hurt us now," he says. "Do your own thing, lack of respect for your elders. I know it's a new day. Have to change and all that. But guess who's a dinosaur? Me."

That means no earrings, no dreadlocks— "He's just plain vanilla," says Swarn Lacy III, who won a blacks-only state title playing for Hughes at Terrell in 1967, and whose son Swarn IV won a title at Dunbar 26 years later, after integration. Well into the '80s, even after bureaucrats went into conniptions over the practice, Hughes would require miscreant players to meet up with Dunbar, but you won't hear Hughes raise that issue, for he is no angry old man. "The first thing you learn at Dunbar is not to worry about officiating," he says. "I've had fewer than eight technicals in 38 years. I'm not Santa Claus. I'm not gonna give you two free throws and the ball. Like a bad marriage, you just stick with it."

Working with boys from the hardscrabble Stop Sixth section of town—the neighborhood is named after an old trolley route—Hughes knows that simple inclusion on the team, and exposure to his stern ways, can make the difference in a young man's life. "We got people wheelin' and dealin' with players that shouldn't be within a hundred miles of a boy," says Hughes, whose current roster lists 19 names, and who suited up 17 last weekend. "Might be we run out of uniforms, but we don't cut. Now, if you're a discipline problem, you're not cut—you're fired. I'm not Freud."

As high school basketball has made its steady rise, for better or worse, to a more

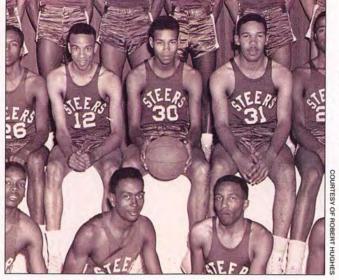
prominent national profile, Wootten has been the sport's constant. With his national reputation, he was a sort of Gladys Knight to the other three legends' Pips last week. Over Wootten's 40 seasons DeMatha has been tops in the D.C. area more times than not and has won five mythical national championships. In 1965 De-Matha sold out Cole Field House at the University of Maryland and handed Lew Alcindor and New York City's Power Memorial their first loss in 71 games. He has sent two

players to an NCAA championship back-court (Sidney Lowe and Derek Whittenberg, with N.C. State in '83) and 12 players to the NBA. Most astonishingly, since 1961, every DeMatha senior but two, regardless of size or station on the depth chart, has been offered a scholarship to play college ball—and the two who didn't get full rides both went to Division I schools and walked on successfully.

All this success has brought Wootten scores of offers from colleges, including three from ACC schools. But he's far too wise a man to accept. With his instructional videos, five books, clinics, speaking engagements, deals with McDonald's and Reebok, and an internationally renowned summer camp (which Al Gore Jr. attended last summer), he makes more than all but the most lavishly paid college coaches, yet he lives just minutes from school and the house in which he grew up. As South Carolina coach Eddie Fogler, one of eight current Division I head coaches who once played for or coached under Wootten, recently told him with no little envy, "You get all the benefits of a college coach without the pressure."

It's a gratifying position for someone who earned \$3,800 a year when he started at DeMatha, coaching two sports, teaching world history five periods a day and calling bingo on Tuesday nights. "The second year," Wootten says, "they told me they wanted me to work full time."

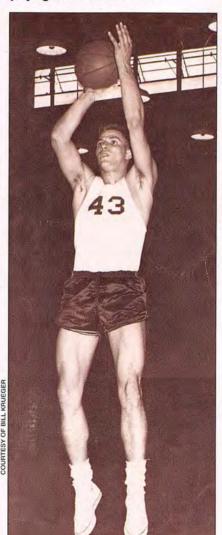
Like former UCLA coach John Wooden, the man with the similar surname, Wootten has metallic hair, glasses and a ministerial way of applauding from the bench. He's so muted by nature that he'll mike himself during practice to make sure he's heard. But he's heard. Proof is Greg Harris, DeMatha's current point guard. Cut from the Stag freshman team, Harris, with Wootten's encouragement, worked to improve his game and is now a senior



weighing 10 college offers. Wootten, 64, is no power broker—"I don't tell them who to marry, and I don't tell them where to go to college"—but off to college all the boys seem to go, like crops coming to harvest.

He had the highest profile in Fort Worth last week, but he underscored the respect

Hughes (30, above) played at Texas Southern and was drafted by the Celtics; Krueger (right) did his playing at Southwest Texas.



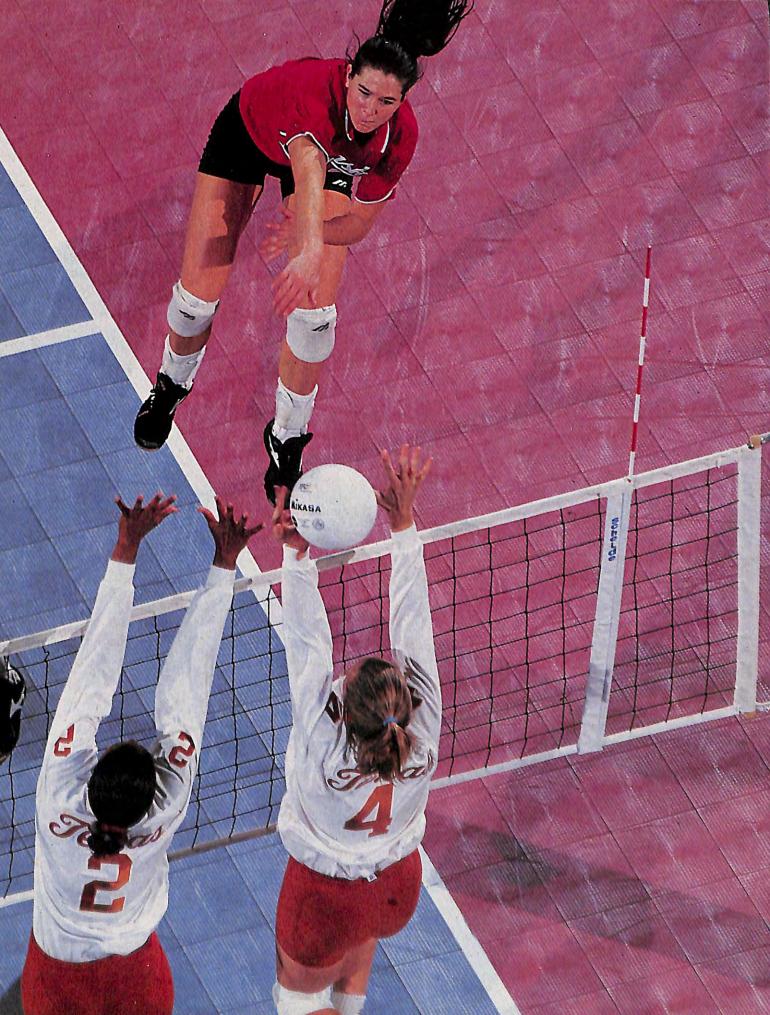
for the job that all the coaches share. "We've got more than 5,000 games among us," says Wootten. "More than 160 years of teaching experience. This weekend makes a great antiburnout statement. It says that teaching is a noble profession; that kids are fun to be around and as good as they've ever been."

If it weren't for New Mexico's limit of 22 regular-season games, Tasker would easily outstrip the other three on that victory list. But he was happy for the company last week-

end—happy to be back among the pack. And while the other three schools negotiated the round-robin tournament with 2–1 records, the Eagles dropped all three games, which left Tasker grateful for the format. "No elimination," he said. "That made it nice."



Indeed, for a few days all the honorees seemed to scale back their hypercompetitive natures. Krueger joined the press in peppering Wootten with questions after his team lost to DeMatha on Friday night. On Saturday night Wootten pronounced himself glad that nobody went 3-0 and that Tasker's team had played so well in defeat. Hughes, meanwhile, likened the entire weekend to a family picnic. "Brought my pad out to scout the first night," he said. "By the end of the first quarter I'd folded it up. Not this tournament. This tournament I just came out to play. And you know what? All four trophies should look just alike. There are no losers here."



Midwest Express

Nebraska defeated Texas in an NCAA final that proved West Coast schools no longer dominate the game • by Dana Gelin

VOLLEYBALL MIGHT be the only sport in which a coach from Nebraska could show up courtside in Amherst, Mass., wearing a lei and not cause much of a stir. Terry Pettit wasn't questioned about his choice of neckwear until near the end of his postmatch press conference at the NCAA championships last Saturday, which was fitting because it was the one piece of attire to which he had given no thought.

Pettit at first considered wearing a suit for his team's championship match against Texas. After all, a victory would be the biggest of his 19-year career at Nebraska. Then he had second thoughts. Terry, he finally said to himself, you just need to be comfortable, because the most important thing is for you to be relaxed for the players. So he went with an off-white sweater, navy slacks and brown loafers.

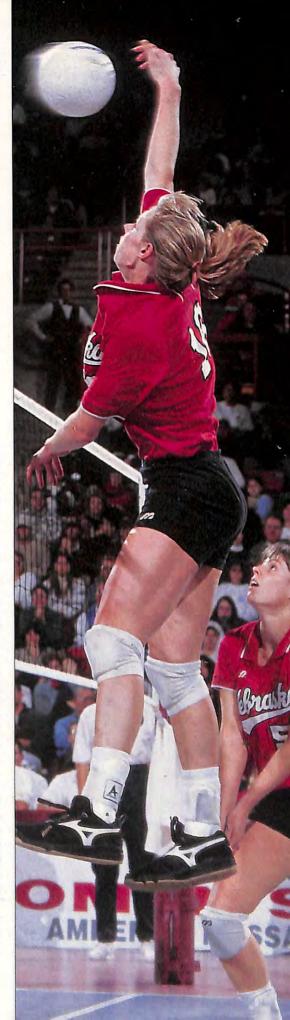
Sunita Nepo, the mother of Nebraska freshman backup setter Fiona Nepo, helped him accessorize. She had made several leis from fresh flowers during the trip from the family's home in Honolulu to Amherst, and she put a purple one around Pettit's neck before the title match, which his team won 3–1. "It just really relaxed me," he said. Which stands to reason. How can a man be uptight-if he's wearing a flower necklace?

But that look hardly typified the Nebraska team. The Cornhuskers are the

Stepping up in the finals, Crnich (opposite, top) was smashing in support of Weston (right).

antithesis of the stereotypically tanned, beach-bred West Coast volleyball teams. Their star, senior middle blocker Allison Weston of Papillion, Neb., is an avid fisherman (that's pond fishing, not deep-sea) and has a 3.7 grade point average in her major of forestry, fisheries and wildlife. Outside hitter Billie Winsett, also a senior, grew up on the family farm in Indiana and sews her own clothes, and she fishes with Weston when they can find the time. Setter Christy Johnson, the team's only other senior, refuses to join them. "I'm not an outdoorsy, make-my-own-clothes kind of person," she says. But Johnson, who grew up in Omaha, is a big fan of folksiness. "There's definitely a Midwest personality," she says. "I've been around girls from California, and there's definitely a difference. To me, people in the Midwest are a little more low-key, more down to earth."

While a handful of schools like Nebraska have become volleyball powers in the last decade, the top level of play has still been dominated by teams from the West Coast. This year's tournament final was the second without a California team since the NCAA started holding volleyball championships in 1981. Also, Nebraska is only the second team without a view of the Pacific to win the title, the other being Texas in 1988. "Twenty-five years ago the players from the West Coast [schools] were more highly skilled," Pettit says. "Ten years ago the Nebraskas and Texases were at the same level as those teams, but a lot of the teams we were play-



NCAA Volleyball

ing weren't." Nebraska now plays a tougher schedule against nationally ranked teams, but still had only two matches during the regular season that weren't 3–0 wins. The Cornhuskers, who finished 32–1 after being ranked No. 1 for 14 out of 15 weeks, were extended to five games by Michigan State in last Thursday's semifinals before beating Texas 11–15, 15–2, 15–7, 16–14.

All but four of the Cornhuskers are from Nebraska or nearby states, and none fits the Great Plains mold better than Weston, who got her first fishing rod for Christmas when she was five. "Her mother and I weren't athletes, so we've always wondered where, genetically, Allison got it," says Tom Weston, one of many fans at the Mullins Center with NU written in bright-red lipstick on one cheek and #1 on the other. At Papillion-LaVista High, Weston lettered in volleyball, basketball, soccer and track. In her junior year she decided to concentrate on volleyball. "She could have played Division I in three or four sports and been exceptional," Pettit says. This fall Weston broke the Nebraska career record for kills (1,778, an average of 4.3 per game over four years) and was co-winner of the national player of the year award with Stanford's Cary Wendell.

Pettit (above) later put the selfless Cornhuskers' winning strategy in lei-man's terms. As for Winsett, when she isn't making her own clothes, she's making her own music on the piano. She and her fiancé, Greg Fletcher, who plays the trumpet, occasionally perform duets at church, but for the last four years volleyball has cut into her keyboard time. "You don't understand how hard we've worked for this," she said after the title match.

The Nebraska players who aren't from the Midwest say they were drawn to the school because of the program's success—the Cornhuskers also reached the championship match in 1986 and '89, but lost in three games both times—and the friend-liness of the players. Still, it takes a certain type of person to thrive in Lincoln when your options include Palo Alto and Honolulu. "We've had people from Florida and California come on their recruiting trips, and you can just tell that they feel like they've gone back in time," Weston says.

The championship match was the second meeting of the season between Texas and Nebraska, which also won the first match, 3–0 on Nov. 4, and they'll continue to play each other on a regular basis. Starting next year, when Texas joins the new Big 12 (currently the Big Eight), the schools will be conference rivals. Pettit thinks the new conference will dispel any lingering perceptions that the West Coast is dominant. Texas already did its part, beating '94 champion Stanford twice this season, the second time in the tournament semifinals.

But the Longhorns were surprised in

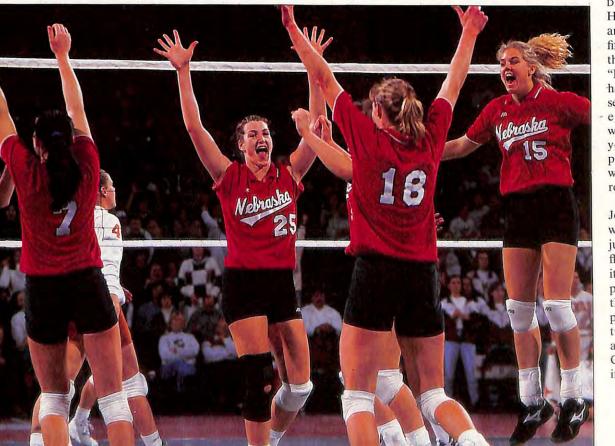
the final by Nebraska's junior outside hi

the final by Nebraska's junior outside hitter, Kate Crnich, who had 25 kills—nearly double her previous career best of 13. Crnich scored 15 kills in the first three games against Texas, one less than Winsett's team-leading total at that point and five more than Weston. "We pulled our right-side blockers in to help on Weston," Longhorn coach Mick Haley said, "and that opened it up for Crnich and Winsett."

Going into the fourth game, Pettit was concerned about Weston's lack of involvement—she had 30 attempted kills, compared with 38 at the same point in the semis—and considered telling Johnson to set up -Weston more often. Then he remembered a plaque he had seen at a friend's house: RIDE THE HORSE IN THE

DIRECTION IT'S GOING. He kept his mouth shut, and Crnich, the team's fifth offensive option, led the Huskers to victory. "For that to happen, you have to have a heck of a setter and players whose egos don't get in the way," Pettit said. "Then you've got to have a player like Kate, who is willing to step into that role."

When Weston and Johnson teamed for the winning block, Pettit jumped so high, his lei flew off. But he retrieved it in the commotion and put it back on to accept the championship trophy. He was still wearing the lei when he said aloha to the Mullins Center and walked out into the snow.



Five million Americans have nepatitis. Do you?

The hepatitis B and C viruses are more common and can be more infectious than the AIDS virus. Yellowing of the skin or eyes can signal hepatitis B and C, although most people have no recognizable signs or symptoms. Untreated, hepatitis can lead to scarring of the liver or even liver cancer. You are at risk for hepatitis if you have been exposed to infected blood or body fluids through tattooing, body piercing or sharing razors or toothbrushes. Unprotected sex with many partners or experimentation with illicit intravenous drugs also puts you at high risk. Your doctor can do specific tests to diagnose hepatitis B and C. Get tested. In many cases, hepatitis can be treated.

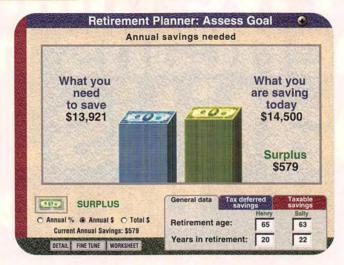




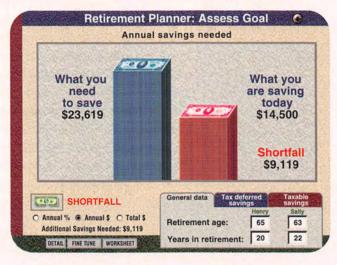
If you suspect you are at risk, see your doctor or call the AMERICAN LIVER FOUNDATION for free information.

1-800-223-0179

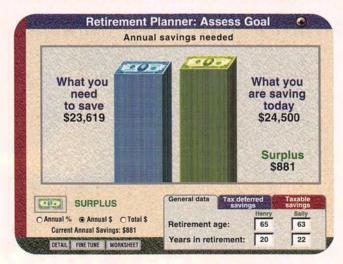
"when I retire? i want to collect American folk art.



i'm even thinking of buying a bed & breakfast to show it off in.



do you think we better get more aggressive?



i hope Jack gets that scholarship...but what if he doesn't?"

introducing the instant response retirement planner

What if? That's not something a lot of retirement planners can immediately answer. But our new Personal Financial Architect software program is different. With it, a Prudential Securities' Financial Advisor can test your various retirement scenarios right in front of your eyes. We'll show you instantly how different variables could affect your retirement goals.

This free detailed analysis of your situation explores your savings options. And before you leave, you'll get an in-depth written report with the results of your consultation.

We think it's important for us to listen to your dreams and concerns, not just your finances. Because Prudential Securities'
Personal Financial Architect™

the better we know you, the better we know what investment solutions are right for you. Come see what possibilities your future holds. Call 1-800-654-5454 (ext.100) today.

http://www.prusec.com





TELEVISION

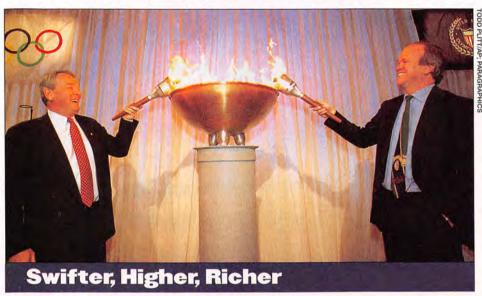
Talk about smoking the competition: With the 1996 Atlanta Games already in hand, Dick Ebersol of NBC Sports has grabbed five more Olympics—in the years 2000 to 2008 by Sally Jenkins

Peacock Power

BOB COSTAS calls Dick Ebersol "the czar of my universe." In his role as president of NBC Sports—and sportscaster Costas's boss—Ebersol makes deals of exquisite timing worth hundreds of millions of dollars and then celebrates them over Dewar's on the rocks in a back booth at Nanni Il Valletto, a restaurant in midtown Manhattan, from which he nods cordially at other czars of other universes. One recent evening Ebersol entered Nanni's, an unobtrusive little gem with sumptuous ban-

secured the U.S. television rights to the 2000 Summer Olympics in Sydney and the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City with a stunning preemptive bid of \$1.25 billion. Ebersol had pulled off his masterstroke with both secrecy and flair. What Arledge didn't know as they chatted, and what Ebersol with his usual sangfroid gave

Pound (left) has so ably fanned the flame that TV types like Ebersol have gladly sent U.S. rights fees soaring.





*NBC did not televise the Moscow Olympics because of the U.S.-led boycott of the Games.

quettes, to find ABC News president Roone Arledge in one corner and media magnate John Kluge in another. Arledge gestured Ebersol over. "You've been cleaning some clocks lately," Arledge said.

Ebersol accepted the compliment with as much modesty as he could summon, which wasn't a lot. Ebersol was still exulting in the unprecedented double-fisted grab he had made on NBC's behalf in August, when he not a hint of before sitting down to his sole meunière, was that he was about to dwarf that deal with an even bigger one. In fact, Ebersol had taken a call from the president of the International Olympic Committee (IOC), Juan Antonio Samaranch, right before dinner. Now he didn't just have two Olympics. He had three more.

A week later, on Dec. 12, the announcement came: Ebersol and NBC had consummated the richest, boldest, riskiest rights acquisition in television history by securing the rights to the 2004, 2006 and 2008 Olympics for the grand sum of \$2.3 billion. The other big over-the-air networks, ABC, CBS and Fox, never got in the game (box, page 60). Ebersol and his team had made some of the most opportunistic businessmen in the world, from Disney's Michael Eisner and Michael Ovitz, whose acquisition of Capital Cities/ABC is pending, to Rupert Murdoch at Fox, look as though their pants had just dropped around their ankles.

The two NBC deals continued the escalation of fees for U.S. Olympic TV rights (chart, this page). In addition to \$705 million for Sydney and \$545 million for Salt Lake, Ebersol's network has agreed to pay \$793 million for the 2004 Summer Games, \$613 million for the 2006 Winter Games and \$894 million for the 2008 Summer Games. With its combined \$3.55 billion commitment, NBC has locked up the Olympics for the next generation. With the '96 Summer Games also on NBC, the network will carry six of the next seven Olympics; only the '98 Winter Games in Nagano, Japan, which will be on CBS, break NBC's streak.

The implications for the other networks are potentially devastating from a programming standpoint because Ebersol has now all but cornered the market on the premier sports events. In 1996 the Super Bowl, the baseball All-Star Game, the NBA Finals as well as the Atlanta Olympics will all be on NBC, as will be the U.S. Open golf tournament, Wimbledon, the French Open and the Breeders' Cup. Never before will so many of sports' top events have been gathered in one place. NBC's murderers' row of events will leave the competition little more than an NCAA basketball tournament here (CBS) or a British Open there (ABC). In '96 Fox will have to be content with the World Series and splitting the Stanley Cup playoffs and finals with ESPN. Even Arledge, the man who virtually invented sports television, who made the Olympics a blue-chip event in the '60s and who hired Ebersol when Ebersol was a 19-year-old Yalie, is floored. "He's lapped the field," Arledge says.

How has Ebersol done it? In part by being utterly suave. In the last several months it has become apparent that Ebersol, 48, makes deals not just of substance but of unmistakable style. He sports a semipermanent Telluride ski tan as he walks and talks with a rhythm of easy success, as befits the product of a well-to-do Connecticut family and Yale. "I like to

NBC's Olympics

win, I like to have fun, and I don't like to wear a coat and tie," Ebersol says.

Ebersol's colleagues and competitors have learned that beneath the casual attire and attitude is a thoroughly rapacious businessman. And a visionary one. In 1991 Ebersol went to Bob Wright, the CEO of NBC, with a strategy to collect the crown jewels in sports and spelled out what doing so could mean for the network's parent company, General Electric. As television, cable-system and computer technology change kaleidoscopically, one constant is the need for software, or programming. What better way, Ebersol figured, to compel every member of the family to watch your network than to secure the Olympics well into the next millennium? Wright bought into Ebersol's thinking, then the two sold the idea to General Electric chairman Jack Welch.

Sealing the Olympic deals was a team effort, with crucial input from Welch, as well as from Wright and a pair of NBC executives, Randy Falco and Alex Gilady, an Israeli who is also an IOC member. But the quarterback was Ebersol. "He's the lead dog here," Wright says. "His focus all along has been to gather all the major sports properties. And he has the ability to deliver."

He also has an almost unbroken record of success: In 1975 he launched NBC's Saturday Night Live with Lorne Michaels. As an independent producer, he created Saturday Night's Main Event wrestling extravaganzas and Friday Night Videos in the mid-'80s. One of his few failures was his decision to replace Jane Pauley with Deborah Norville on the Today show. His professional élan is matched by a personal one. He wed actress Susan Saint James after just a six-week courtship. They have three sons and recently celebrated their 14th anniversary.

The latest Olympics' deal may be even more of a blind leap than Ebersol's whirlwind courtship and marriage. In addition to risking economic slumps over the next 13 years that could wreak havoc with the advertising market, from which the network must garner the money to cover its investments in the Games, NBC has purchased Olympics at sites that have yet to be determined. In the Games as in real estate, the most important factors are location, location, location. The network's multibillion-dollar commitment doesn't entitle it to any formal input in the site-selection process, though it's hard to believe its opinions will go unheard. But coming on



Sites Unseen

NOW THAT GE's Jack Welch (above, left) and NBC's Bob Wright have won the rights to the 2004 and 2008 Summer Olympics and the 2006 Winter Games, the question remains: Where will they be held? The site of the first of those Olympics won't be determined until September 1997, but here's an early line for 2004—and an even earlier line on the two Games after that.

ATHENS: Sentiment says yes to the birthplace of the Olympics, but pollution and a sorry history when it comes to organizing sports events say no.

BEIJING: Lost out for 2000 Games and may not try again this time (the deadline for bidders is Jan. 10). Besides, can the IOC be persuaded

to forget Tiananmen Square?

BUENOS AIRES: Came close to landing Games in 1956, when Melbourne won, but

midsummer in the South American city is in January.

CAPE TOWN: An early favorite because IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch wants an Olympics in Africa, but for South Africans, dealing with

social ills may take precedence.

ISTANBUL: Yachting events in the Asian site of Fenerbahce could make this the

first Games planned for two continents, but this candidacy remains

a bit of a turkey.

LILLE: Chunnel trains would transport athletes from English-speaking

Olympic Village in Kent, but who could transport life into the

drabbest city in France?

RIO DE JANEIRO: Brazil would be paddling even deeper in debt from the cost of the

ROME: Called the strongest bid by Samaranch, but with friends such as

controversial track and field czar Primo Nebiolo, eternal city needs

ST. PETERSBURG: A brown-out in the swimming-pool water during the 1994 Goodwill

Games is among the factors spelling a likely black-out for the burg.

SAN JUAN: No main stadium, pool or athletes' village, only lots of beaches. Not

on this wave.

SEVILLE: A return to Samaranch's home country so soon after the Barcelona

Olympics? Not likely.

strong candidate.

STOCKHOLM: The city that made Jim Thorpe famous in 1912 Games again a

GRAZ, AUSTRIA: A far ski jump between venues, but gorgeous Alpine terrain.

MUJU, SOUTH KOREA: Host of the 1997 winter World University Games has received a

favorable review from Samaranch.

ÖSTERSUND, SWEDEN: Tenth Swedish bid could be a charm unless Stockholm lands 2004.

BEIJING: Would win gold medal if shooting self in foot were an Olympic

sport, but a good bet assuming 2004 Games go elsewhere and

assuming no new political or steroid scandals.

LYONS: France may forget Lille and make its gastronomic capital its

flag bearer.

BOSTON: Sure the Olympics are on U.S. soil in 1996 and 2002, but a Games on the East Coast might please NBC. Seattle also a possibility.



the heels of the Atlanta and Salt Lake City Olympics, none of the three Games is likely to be held in the U.S. (chart, page 57).

Despite this, Ebersol could wind up a big winner. For one thing, if inflation exceeds the 3% rate built into its deal with the IOC, NBC would be paying off its investment in cheap dollars. The Atlanta Games may be a good omen; NBC paid \$456 million for those rights, and Ebersol says ad sales have passed the \$600 million mark.

There is art to an Ebersol deal. It's a seduction. He determines what the object of his affection wants to hear, whether that object is basketball commissioner David Stern, acting baseball commissioner Bud Selig, or Samaranch and IOC television negotiator Dick Pound, and then he murmurs it into their ears. Ebersol has a habit of likening negotiations to love affairs, and his blockbuster Olympic deals owe much to the strength of his personal charm. "He has this quality of remembering things," Costas says. "Things about your personal life that are important to you, like what grade your kids are in or where your wife went to college."

Ebersol knows what people want to hear, because he is consistently better prepared and informed than his rivals. He rises at 6:15 every morning in his Manhattan apartment with a wraparound terrace and reads four daily newspapers. He also reads the *Star* and the *National Enquirer*, although he doesn't have them delivered to his house. "I also read the *New York Post*," he says. "In the car." He does not go anywhere without a fax machine. "He comes home and sits in his boxer shorts, reading a stack up to his knees," says Saint James.

Ebersol is so on top of his game that he

Stern wants to tell the hard-driving Ebersol, "For crissake, go out on a boat or something."

drives his friends and associates crazy. Recently he called Stern to inform him what time he thought the NBA All-Star Game should be telecast...in 2002. "It's totally obsessive-compulsive behavior," Stern says. "To the point where you say, 'For crissake, go out on a boat or something.'"

But Ebersol's facility to absorb and process huge amounts of information was one of the keys to staging his Olympic coup. So was his ability to act fast. Two days before NBC announced that it had acquired the Sydney and Salt Lake City Olympic Games, the idea for a precedent-setting package deal did not even exist.

Ebersol's excellent Olympic adventure began on Aug. 1, when he was in Atlanta on business and received a call from Wright, who was ready to crunch numbers on the Olympic-rights bidding for Sydney, which was expected to occur in a few weeks. Wright wanted to take an aggressive stance. The Australian-born Murdoch badly wanted the U.S. rights for Fox and had indicated he was willing to spend \$701 million to get them. Also, just that day, Westinghouse had agreed to purchase CBS, and only a day earlier Disney and Cap Cities/ABC had agreed to merge. The competition suddenly had much deeper pockets. Wright asked Ebersol to fly back to New York to talk.

At 9 a.m. on Aug. 2, Ebersol handed Wright a nine-page financial analysis. Murdoch loomed as such a threat that Ebersol was considering making a joint bid with ABC. The NBC and ABC staffs had

NEC's Olympics

spent weeks talking, but Wright didn't like the numbers. At noon he asked the fateful question: "Can't we do this ourselves?"

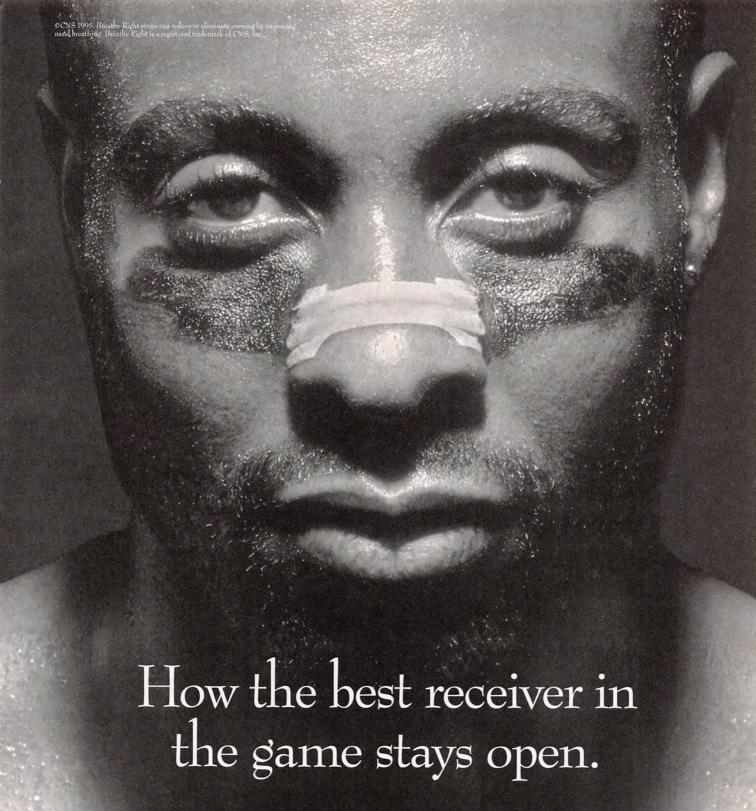
It was clear to Ebersol that it would take a daring move to beat Murdoch, so he told Wright: "The only way we'll get this is with a novel idea—and a lot of money." Wright said he would have a hard time shelling out such a sum for an Olympics that, because of the 15-hour time difference between Sydney and the U.S. East Coast, would be primarily a taped event. Wright was far more enamored of the 2002 Winter Games, which would be a live event. But the Salt Lake City Games weren't on the table yet. It was at that moment that Wright and Falco had an idea: Why don't we go for two?

Ebersol, Falco and Ed Swindler, from NBC's finance department, got out pencils and calculators and rapidly drew up a proposal. Using the speaker phone, Wright then called Welch on Nantucket, where he was vacationing. Ebersol explained that a double-barreled approach was a long shot and that speed and secrecy would be of the essence. "Why not take my plane?" Welch suggested.

Ebersol sent a message to his wife and kids, who were off sailing: "Gone to Europe." Then Ebersol, Falco and Gilady, whose IOC membership gives him an entrée to Samaranch that makes executives of rival networks see red, boarded the GE Gulfstream IV at a suburban New York airport and flew to Göteborg, Sweden, where the World Track and Field Championships were about to begin. There they hoped to meet with Pound, the Montreal tax attorney who is an IOC member as well as the committee's chief TV negotiator for North America.

Ebersol had serious doubts about the chances of success. "I thought it was one in 10 at best," he says. He brainstormed furiously, determined to make the scheme as attractive as possible to the IOC. Using his self-described talent for "saying what people need to hear without it costing us too much," Ebersol came up with an inspired sweetener: an offer to broadcast a weekly Olympic magazine show from 1996 to 2002. Ebersol knew coverage in non-Olympic years held appeal for Samaranch. "I knew they had always wanted a regular vehicle," Ebersol says.

The NBC trio landed in Göteborg at 10 a.m. on Aug. 3 and stole into the local Sheraton, where numerous IOC officials and the ABC contingent broadcasting the meet were billeted. But there was a mix-up: Pound wasn't in Göteborg, and Samaranch



Jerry Rice, all-time NFL record holder for receiving yards.

Jerry Rice uses drug-free Breathe Right® nasal strips because they hold nasal passages open and make breathing easier. Thousands more use them to breathe easier through their nose while they sleep. That's because in clinical studies, the strip has been shown to reduce or eliminate snoring. Look for them in drug, grocery, discount and sporting goods stores everywhere.



NBC's Olympics

wasn't expected until that night. The NBC team piled into a back room of the hotel. "A room without windows," Ebersol says. They stayed there all day, fearing they might be spotted. "We camped out and ordered up cigars," Ebersol said. "The room stank."

At about 5 p.m. Gilady, who had a good cover in his IOC membership, went to the lobby to find Samaranch, who arrived minutes later. Gilady whispered to Samaranch that Ebersol was upstairs with a proposal. Ebersol and his aides took a service elevator to the top floor of the hotel and crept down the hall to Samaranch's room, past the doors of ABC staffers.

When Ebersol made his presentation, he was adamant on one point: He had to have an answer by Friday afternoon, with confidentiality in the interim, or the offer would be redrawn. After just 20 minutes Samaranch had heard enough. "He said, 'Deek, this is a very, very impressive idea," "Ebersol recalls. Samaranch then asked Ebersol to travel to Montreal the next day and make the same presentation to Pound.

That night Ebersol and his team

dined in private with Samaranch. Instead of discussing the deal, Ebersol talked about Atlanta and about the subject of the senior thesis he wrote as a history major at Yale in 1969: then-IOC president Avery Brundage.

Ebersol and Falco were up at dawn to jet to Montreal. He was horrified to see his driver in the lobby holding a sign that read DICK EBERSOL, NBC. "After all that secrecy. . . ." he says. Fortunately no one else was in the lobby.

"On the plane, Falco slept. I worried," he says, and he came up with yet another sweetener: He would offer the IOC \$20 million worth of promotional airtime. As the Gulfstream IV neared the Canadian coast, Ebersol spotted a huge iceberg, which he considered to be a good omen. Later he found out that the sighting was just 25 miles from where the Titanic sank.

At 10 a.m. on Aug. 4, the NBC contingent arrived at Pound's office. Ebersol outlined the deal. Pound immediately called Samaranch. "We should do it," he said. The group lit cigars, and Pound began writing draft agreements on his laptop computer. After three drafts they had a deal. NBC had not one but two Olympics, Sydney and Salt Lake City.

It was 4 p.m. Friday, 55 hours after the process had begun.

Three days later, after a press conference to announce the agreement, Ebersol

phoned Samaranch as a courtesy. Samaranch congratulated Ebersol on the "stability" they had achieved and on the "partnership" they had forged. After Ebersol hung up, he was struck by Samaranch's repeated references to the long-term nature of their relationship. "I sensed something in his voice," he says. He called Wright and said, "I think we can do another deal."

Wright burst out laughing. "You're kidding," he said. "Is this realistic?"

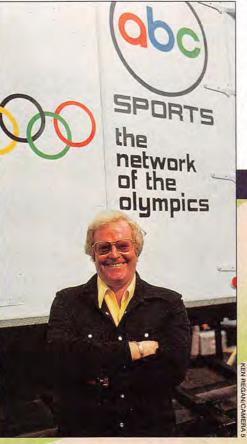
NBCreamed

WHERE WERE ABC and CBS and Fox? NBC's acquisition of the rights to televise the 2000, 2002, 2004, 2006 and 2008 Olympics has left the other networks shocked and embarrassed. ABC Sports, which once dominated sports-and Olympic-coverage, is a reduced presence. CBS Sports, already reeling from its baseball losses of the early '90s and a general malaise at its network, has suffered another blow. Rupert Murdoch's Fox network, which has moved aggressively into baseball and the NFL, has seen its momentum blunted. "Does cardiac arrest say it?" says one rival executive, who wished to remain anonymous.

But when you've been hit by a

surprise attack at dawn, it's your own fault if you haven't posted a lookout. NBC's competitors are having a particularly hard time explaining how they could have been caught flatfooted last week after NBC's first preemptive strike in August, when Ebersol & Co. secured the rights to the Sydney and Salt Lake City Games for \$1.25 billion. That should have been ample warning that a free-for-all was in progress. Still, the other networks responded with a fatal inactivity.

On Dec. 12, senior executives at CBS Sports, whose network had recently been bought by Westinghouse, were preparing for a press conference—on college football. ABC and Fox apparently were simply waiting for an old-fashioned Olympic rights auction for the 2004 Games that never happened. Before the



In the 1970s Arledge was TV's top Gamesman.

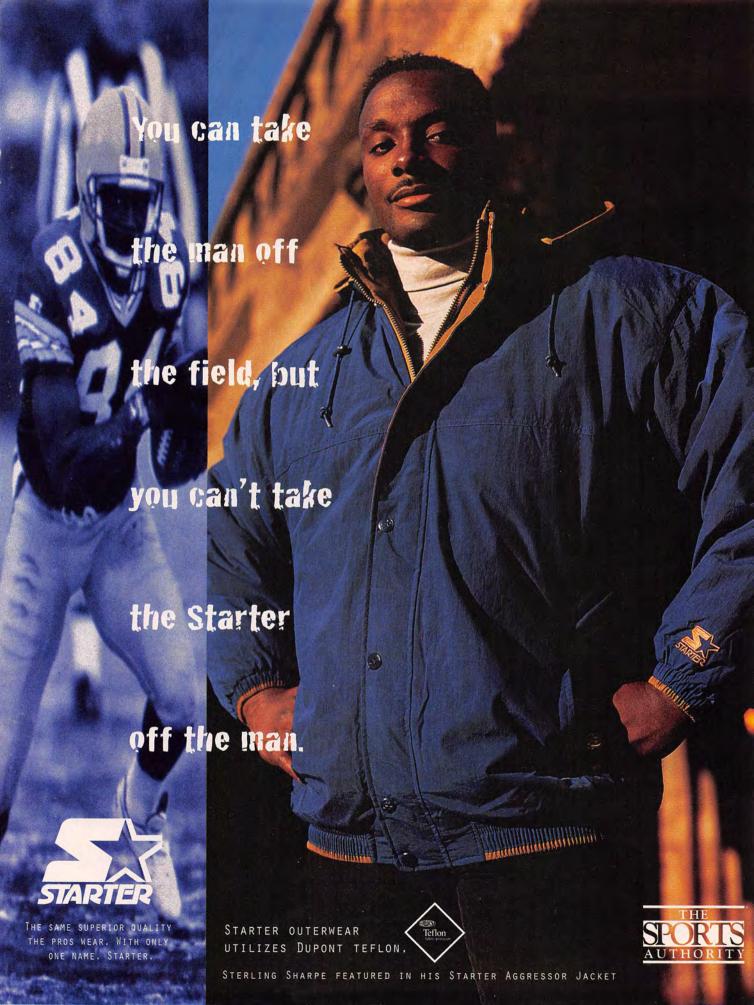
competition could finish clearing their throats, NBC already had another \$2.3 billion on the table for the 2004, 2006 and 2008 Olympics. "They didn't give us any warning," CBS Sports senior vice president Rick Gentile says. "We thought we had earned the right to compete. It wasn't a level playing field. We were playing by the rules."

But IOC officials suggest that the other networks simply allowed themselves to be left in the starting blocks. "All of the TV people in the U.S. could have said, 'Let's do this,' " says IOC executive board member Anita DeFrantz. "Nobody else took the initiative."

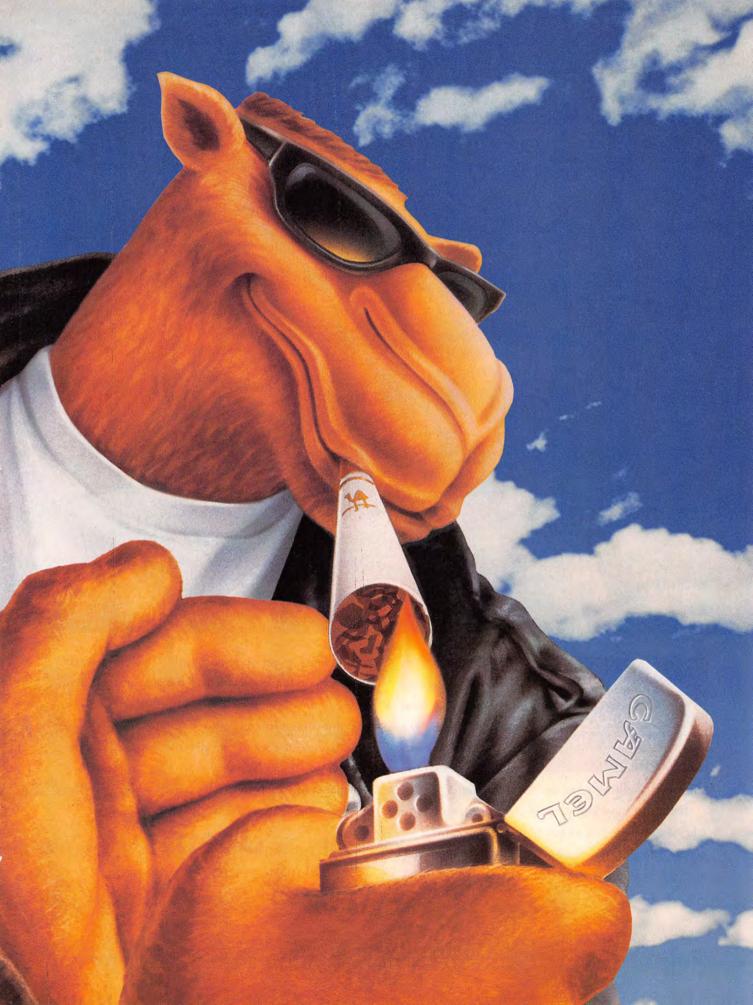
The advantages NBC Sports pres-

ident Dick Ebersol enjoyed over his rivals in dealing with the IOC included Olympic officials' familiarity with him and the stability of his network. Referring to NBC's rivals, IOC television negotiator Dick Pound says, "God knows what will happen with CBS under Westinghouse. We don't know the Murdoch people. And [with ABC's parent company, Capital Cities, about to be merged into Disney] we don't know ABC's position with regard to the Olympics.

In fact, some industry sources suggest that Ebersol could not have achieved his Olympic feat without the unwitting help of some mediocre competition. Says one, "The joke going around is, 'He's doing a great job, but he's playing in the AFC Central." -S.J.

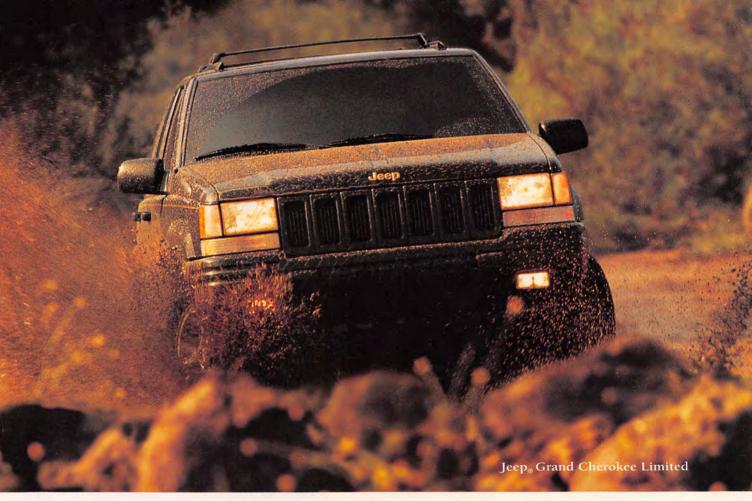






PRESENTING <u>PETERSEN'S</u> 4-WHEEL & OFF ROAD MAGAZINE'S 1996 "4x4 OF THE YEAR."

(SUFFICE IT TO SAY, IT AIN'T NO BEAUTY CONTEST.)



GRAND CHEROKEE LAREDO FOR ONLY

349 A MONTH

FOR 24 MOS. WITH ONLY \$2650 DOWN.

It got ugly at times. But when the mud settled on 4-Wheel & Off Road magazine's 1996 "4x4 Of The Year" contest, the new Jeep Grand

Cherokee Laredo V8 came out the clear winner.

It should have come as no surprise. Jeep Grand Cherokee Laredo has an available 220 horsepower V8 engine, the most powerful in its class,** standard ABS, and dual air bags.* Add to that the legendary off-highway

performance of an optional Quadra-Trac® four-wheel drive system that detects wheel slippage and transfers power to the wheels with the most traction and you'll see that this contest was, in reality, no contest.

Of course, the beauty of it all is that you can drive this off-highway leader for a very down-to-earth lease price. Then not only will you have the judges' opinion that this is an exceptional vehicle but you'll have your own.

Jeep

THERE'S ONLY ONE

NBC's Olympics

Once Ebersol persuaded him that it was, Wright told Ebersol to go ahead.

Ebersol spent the next six weeks pulling together his plan. "This one didn't have the intrigue of the first one," he says. He flew from the Ryder Cup in Rochester, N.Y., to Switzerland on Sept. 25 to see Samaranch

again. In the Lausanne Palace suite where Samaranch lives, Ebersol outlined his plan to acquire the 2004 and 2006 Olympics. Pound, who was also in Lausanne, says, "I was one-and-a-half times as impressed with this idea," and he asked for time to write a "term paper" on how the deal could work. The principals nicknamed their endeavor the Sunset Project-"because we knew it would be the end of Olympic negotiating for all of us," Ebersol says. "It would take us to the sunset of our careers."

The negotiating teams met again on Nov. 7, at which point Pound had a surprise: The IOC wanted to deal in a full quadrennium, so 2008 was on the table. This was important because the IOC sells sponsorships in four-year packages. The sides met next on Nov. 20, and when they broke that day, they had an agreement. Several more days were spent ironing out the details.

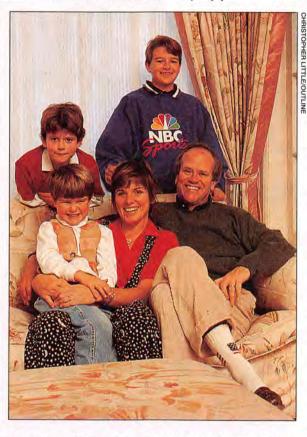
Ebersol's critics have suggested that he gets the jump on his foes by saying what suits his purpose without precisely lying. *The New York Times* sports media columnist Richard Sandomir dubbed NBC's

reversal on baseball the "Ebersol dance." Last summer Ebersol angrily walked away from negotiations for a joint ABC-NBC baseball network, vowing he wouldn't be involved in the sport "for the rest of the century." Five months later, there he was announcing a deal to return baseball to NBC in the 1996 postseason.

There is one thing Ebersol is consistent about: his love for the Olympics. "It is my passion," he says. His ardor dates back to the early 1960s when he was a teenager watching ABC's fledgling attempts to span the globe. In '66 he left Yale temporarily when Arledge hired him as ABC's first Olympic researcher. Ebersol took five years to graduate because he kept running off on jobs. He would schedule classes for Mondays and Tuesdays and fly to Europe on Wednesdays, returning to campus on Sundays.

Ebersol was Arledge's executive assis-

tant in 1972 when he went to the Munich Olympics, where he and Arledge worked through the night of Sept. 4. They were leaving the ABC compound near dawn when Arledge paused to gaze at the fading full moon. Nearby, a dark incline led to a chain-link fence, beyond which was the Olympic Village and the athletes' dormitories. For several minutes they enjoyed the



Family fare (from left): Will, Ted, Susan, Charles, Dick.

moonlight while Arledge waxed poetic. Just before sunrise they got in their car and drove away. Munich police later told them that hiding in the well of the incline 50 feet from them was the gang of Arab terrorists about to launch the attack that would result in the deaths of 11 Israeli team members and a West German policeman. About the time Arledge and Ebersol pulled away, the terrorists rose out of the dark and scaled the fence. It was the opinion of local officials that had Arledge and Ebersol not left before sunrise, they would have been killed.

Ebersol's knowledge of and love for the Olympics may have been the ultimate dealmaker. "We have a very high degree of confidence in our relationship with NBC," Pound says. "If I have a question, I won't look at the contract. I'll pick up the phone."

Some of Ebersol's rivals at the other networks argue that by deciding not to open up the TV-rights process to competitive bidding, as has been the practice in the past, the IOC may have left some big bucks on the table. Even Pound concedes, "We traded the dynamics of the marketplace for a certainty." But Pound also notes that the deal provides for a 50-50 split of advertising revenues between NBC and the IOC after the network's rights payments and production

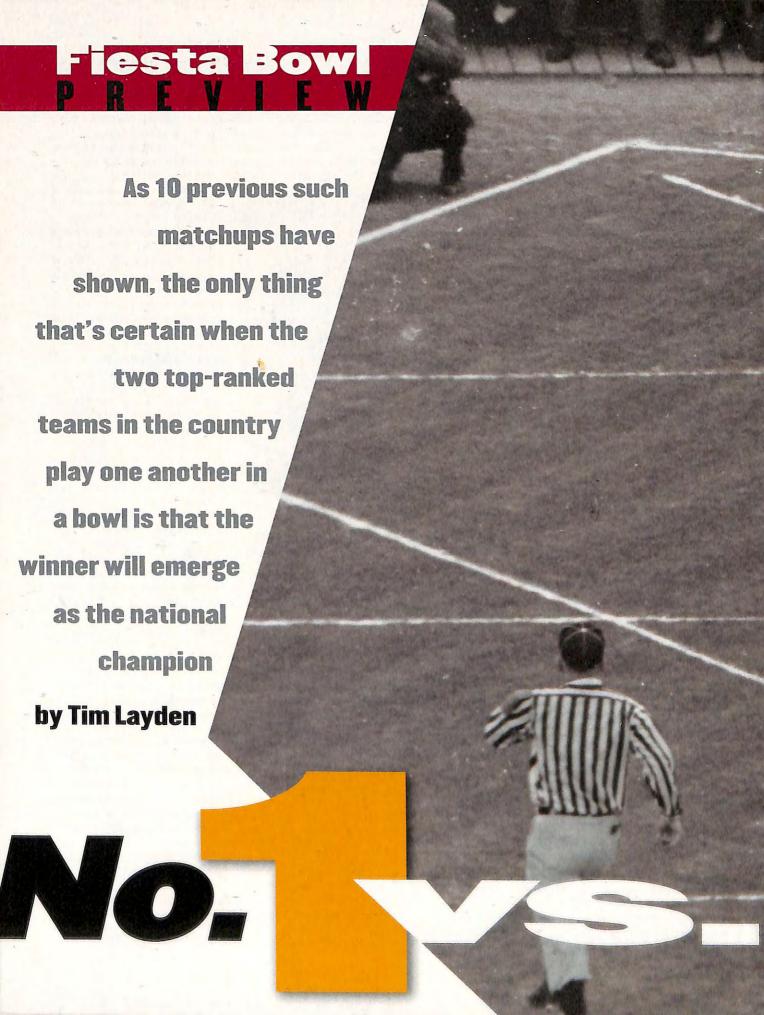
costs are met. This means that if NBC reaps a bonanza, the IOC will share in it.

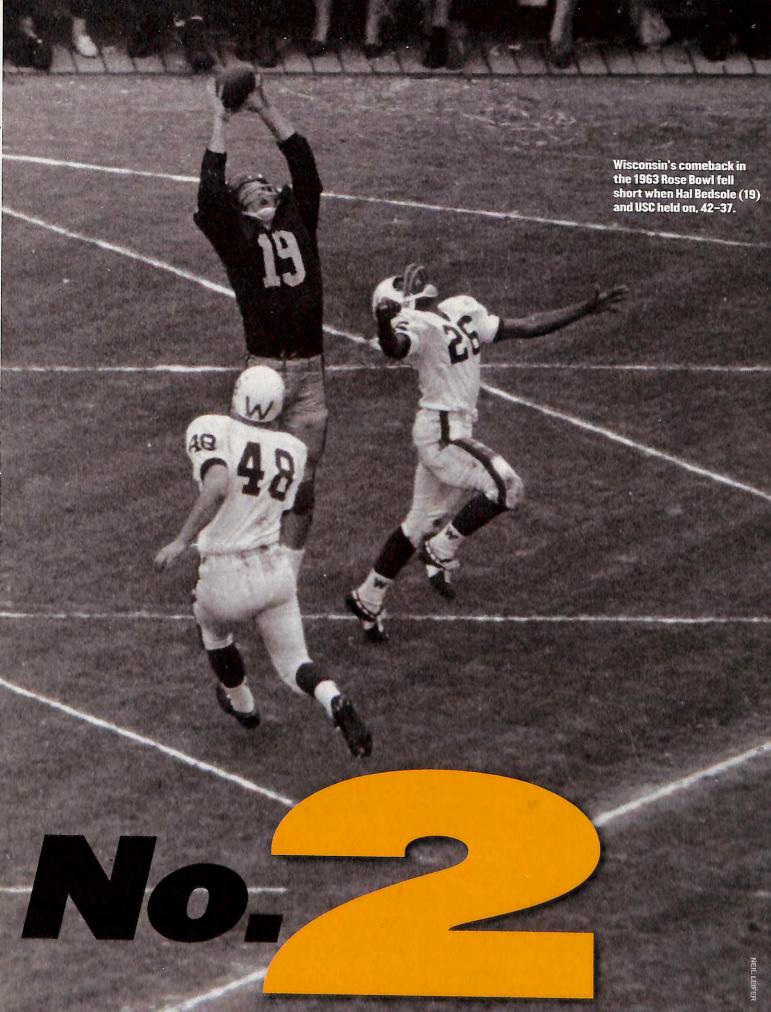
Whether the agreement is a favorable one for prospective host cities remains to be seen, but at least their revenue projections will be stabilized. Beginning in 2004, the local organizing committee of each Olympics will receive 49% of the funds paid by NBC for those Games; formerly host organizations received 60%. But all too often they've been bedeviled by financial uncertainty. For instance, organizers of the '88 Seoul Olympics based their bid on the assumption that U.S. television rights would fetch \$500 million; NBC paid only \$300 million. Says Anita DeFrantz of the IOC's executive board, "We were concerned because in the past we have seen bids that had unrealistic numbers in regard to U.S. television; the host cities become disappointed."

For its part, NBC is betting that the Olympics will hold their current market value—but what if they don't? After the '84 Los Angeles Games, the sports-marketing industry went into a virtual depression that all but devastated CBS Sports,

which had committed heavily to premier events. In four, six or eight years, Ebersol's plan could look like a blueprint for sinking a network. "We could be in a loss proposition on any one of these Olympics," Wright says. "Can you hedge against utter disaster? No."

It will take years to assess the full effect of NBC's acquisition. But one immediate effect is that Ebersol has established himself as the most influential executive in the industry since Arledge. Unlike Arledge, however, it appears Ebersol will remain in the sports division. He has already had his adventures in entertainment and news, and he says, "I've finally figured out what I want to do in life." In 2008 Ebersol will be 61. He doesn't know where the Games will be that summer, but he knows he'll be there. "It's a neat bow of closure," he says. "As long as I'm a grown-up in this business, we'll have the Olympics."







ONE SECOND remains in the 1994 Orange Bowl, and No. 1 Florida State leads No. 2 Nebraska 18–16. Seminole sophomore linebacker Todd Rebol stands on the field, spent, waiting. The ball is on the Florida State 28-yard line, and the Cornhuskers' Byron Bennett is getting ready to attempt a 45-yard field goal that could give Nebraska, a 17-point underdog, a remarkable victory and its coach of 21 years, Tom Osborne, his first national championship.

There is an odd calm, a blessed pause. "Twenty-two guys, and nobody was saying anything at all," Rebol recalled recently. "All I could think was the whole game had been a blur, so fast, and all of sudden there's a break and you have this time to think. You think, This is it, right here. Wow! This is really it." Bennett's kick hooks left, into the mist. The Seminoles celebrate their first national title.

Simplicity is the rarest of qualities in college football, in which the NCAA recruiting manual is as arcane as tax law and the national champion is usually decided by two unscientific polls. The rankings have all the integrity of ward politics, and if this process sometimes creates interest, it also can be maddening. On the day following Florida State's victory over Nebraska, Notre Dame lob-

No.1 vs. No.2

bied for the national title because it had beaten the Seminoles during the regular season. The Irish had no shot: In college football, when the No. 1–ranked team plays the No. 2–ranked team in a bowl game, the winner becomes the national champion.

The Fiesta Bowl on Jan. 2 between top-ranked Nebraska and second-ranked Florida will be the 11th 1-versus-2 bowl game since the Associated Press writers poll was initiated in 1936 (the United Press International coaches poll, which was the forebear of the current *USA Today*/CNN coaches poll, started in '58). The first such game was the 1963 Rose Bowl, in which USC beat Wisconsin; the most recent was that '94 Orange Bowl. And the importance of a matchup between the two top-ranked teams has changed dramatically. When the Trojans played the Badgers on New Year's Day 33 years ago, victory in the Rose Bowl was far more significant than winning the mythical national title. "It just *happened* to be Number 1 and Number 2," says Pat Richter, who caught 11 passes for Wisconsin in the Badgers' epic 42–37 loss that day and is now the school's athletic director. "There was no talk at all about the national championship."

The demand for a national championship game has grown steadily since then, with the bowl alliance, which was instituted this year, designed to significantly increase the possibility of such a test. Michigan's upset of second-ranked Ohio State on Nov. 25 cleared the way for unbeaten Nebraska and Florida to meet, with the winner guaranteed the final No. 1 rating. But other than that postgame reward, there is little else that these two teams can be sure of as they prepare for their showdown. There are no common themes when No. 1 plays No. 2, no promises—only slices of history to be sampled.

Despite his Heisman, Rodgers (20) helped Nebraska beat 'Bama in '72, and the Tide took Miami's insults to heart in '93.

Everybody remembers these games. Joe Paterno has coached 352 games at Penn State—so many that they should have blended



No.1 vs. No.2

into a blue-and-white stew of victories and defeats by now. Not so. In the 1979 Sugar Bowl the Nittany Lions were beaten by Alabama 14–7 when Tide linebacker Barry Krauss stopped Penn State's Mike Guman on fourth-and-goal at the 'Bama one-yard line in the fourth quarter. Before the play Alabama defensive tackle Marty Lyons shouted to Penn State quarterback Chuck Fusina, "Chuck, you've got 12 inches to go—you better pass."

Paterno squirms at the memory, not just because *he* wanted to pass—"Our staff and our players thought if we can't rush 12 inches down there, we don't deserve it," Paterno says—but also because on the second-and-goal play from the six, split end

Testaverde lost the

Pete Giftopoulos.

'87 battle with throws like

this one to Penn State's

Scott Fitzkee had caught a Fusina pass and been stopped short of the end zone by Tide cornerback Don McNeal. What's more, even after that fourth-and-one stop, Penn State stuffed Alabama deep in its own territory and forced a shanked punt, only to be flagged for having 12 men on the field. Penn State eventually got the ball back, but in a less advantageous position.

"I remember that game as much as any I've ever played in or coached," says Paterno. "There was so much we could have done differently. Twelve men on the field, Fitzkee not running his pattern into the end zone before the catch. An awful lot goes into a season like that, and then it comes down to a couple of plays. Sometimes it's hard to get it out of your craw."

Well, almost everybody.

Keith Jackson, an itinerant NFL tight end now with the Green Bay Packers, played for No. 2 Oklahoma in the 1988 Orange Bowl against No. 1 Miami, a matchup of the two police-blotter programs that dominated the '80s. Miami won the game

20–14, but Jackson retains a single, vivid image. "It was the greatest game I ever saw Brian Bosworth play," says Jackson of the flamboyant Sooner linebacker. "I remember him actually having to be carried off the field. He had 25 unassisted tackles and was dehydrated." Which is very sweet, except that Bosworth didn't play a down in the game. He had been drafted by the Seattle Seahawks a year earlier.

Then there is Jeff Kinney, Nebraska's star running back in the 1972 Orange Bowl, which the Cornhuskers, who had already beaten Oklahoma 35–31 in the so-called Game of the Century on Thanksgiving Day, won, drilling overmatched SEC champion

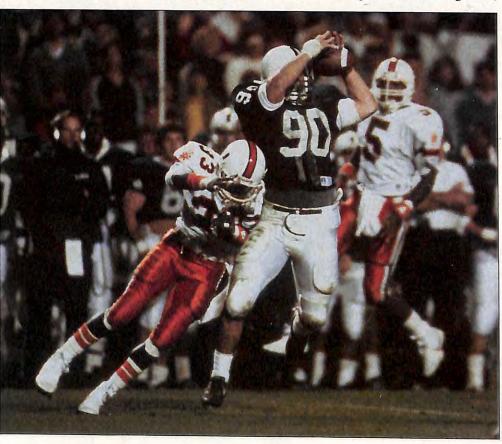
Alabama 38–6 in the most lopsided 1-versus-2 bowl. "Look, everybody tried to make the Orange Bowl another Game of the Century," says Kinney, "but before we played the Sooners, you wouldn't even let anybody put dressing on your salad for you, and there were 30,000 people at the airport when we came home from Oklahoma. The Orange Bowl was fine, but to be honest, I don't remember much about it."

Mouthing off is not a good idea.

In big games the slightest provocation is

transformed into an apocalyptic challenge to manhood. Before the 1964 Cotton Bowl, Navy coach Wayne Hardin and Texas coach Darrell Royal were interviewed together on television. Hardin, whose Midshipmen, led by Heisman Trophy winner Roger Staubach, were ranked No. 2, glared into the camera and said, "When the challenger meets the champion and the challenger wins,

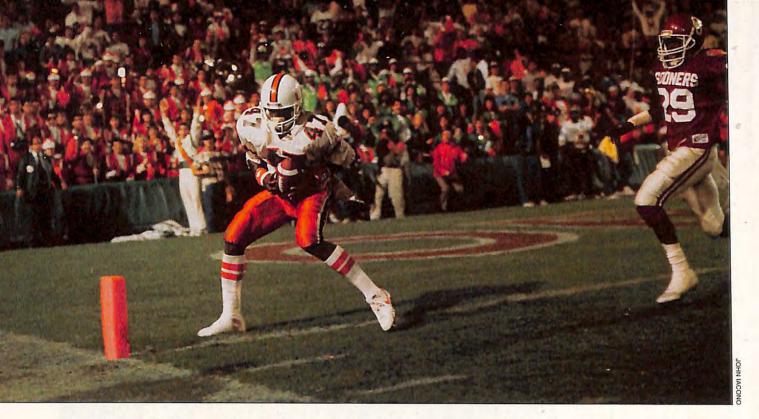




HN BIEV

then there's a new champion." Longhorn defensive coordinator Mike Campbell says, "That made Darrell madder than hell." When it was his turn to speak, Royal said only, "We're ready." Texas won 28–6. "I've been around a lot of Longhorn teams, and I don't ever remember one being readier to play than we were," says David McWilliams, Texas's center that day, who also coached the Longhorns from 1987 to '91.

Miami, of course, has retired the trophy for pregame trash talk. There was the notorious steak fry five days before the 1987 Fiesta Bowl game against Penn State, when the late Jerome Brown led fatigue-wearing Hurricanes in a walkout. And at midfield before



Jimmy Johnson got a lift after Michael Irvin's TD helped the Hurricanes beat Oklahoma in the '88 Orange.

the start of the game, referee Jimmy Harper called together the two teams' captains and instructed Miami's to call the toss. "No," Harper recalls one

of the Hurricane captains telling him. "Just give the ball to those —— and let's get started." Harper flipped the coin, caught it and, without looking at it, gave Penn State its option.

"I thought they were a bunch of idiots," says Penn State linebacker Shane Conlan, who went on to play what Paterno calls "one of the great football games ever" in the Nittany Lions' 14–10 victory over top-ranked Miami.

The Hurricanes went one step further before the 1993 Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, trashing Alabama players when they ran

into them outside Pat O'Brien's bar on Bourbon Street. The lowlight was Miami linebacker Rohan Marley's assessment of 290-pound Alabama offensive tackle Roosevelt Patterson. "You must be an offensive lineman, you fat, sloppy bastard," Marley said. On New Year's Eve, Alabama coach Gene Stallings drawled, "The game'll be won on the field, not at Pat O'Brien's." By game night Alabama was suitably stoked and won going away, 34–13.

Coaches actually make a difference. Two lessons for Nebraska coach Osborne and Florida coach Steve Spurrier to heed:

1) Chalkboard preparation can break down a good system.

Heading into that 1987 Fiesta Bowl, Miami's Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback Vinny Testaverde had been nearly flawless, having thrown 116 passes without an interception over the course of two seasons. In the bowl, playing for the title, he was picked off five times, in no small part because second-ranked Penn State's undersized, underrated defense altered its schemes. "Such a disappointment," says Gary Stevens, the Hurricane offensive coordinator then who is now on the Miami Dolphin staff. "We were a better team, but they won the battle."

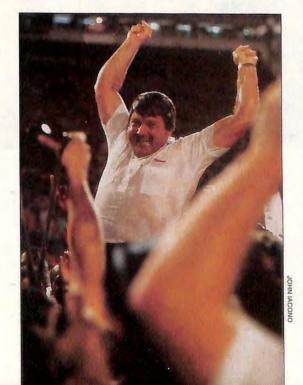
Top-ranked Miami was similarly exposed in that 1993 Sugar Bowl, when Alabama defensive ends Eric Curry and John Copeland terrorized another Heisman winner, Gino Torretta, in the Tide victory. "We had studied those guys to a tee," says Tommy Johnson, who was a sophomore defensive back for Alabama and who now is playing for the Jacksonville Jaguars. "We knew we could go in and beat them."

There's also such a thing as too much preparation. For the 1969 Rose Bowl, No. 2 Southern Cal set up its offense to avoid Ohio State monster defensive back Jack Tatum. Because Tatum usually played to the wide side of the field, this plan effectively limited the Trojans to less than a third of the gridiron. Mike Holmgren, USC's backup quarterback and now coach of the Green Bay Packers, says, "I thought to myself, Gee whiz, we have a pretty-good team too. This one player is dictating a whole bunch of stuff to us."

Tatum was neutralized, but Ohio State won 27–16 to earn the national championship. "I thought it was a big mistake that they were willing to do that, but limiting their offense was just fine with me," says Tatum.

2) Beware of the hoopla.

There are two ways to treat the



Because of Dodge Intrepid's cab-forward design, you won't find the windshield in the usual place. Its leading edge is moved forward and down, to enhance visibility and aerodynamics.

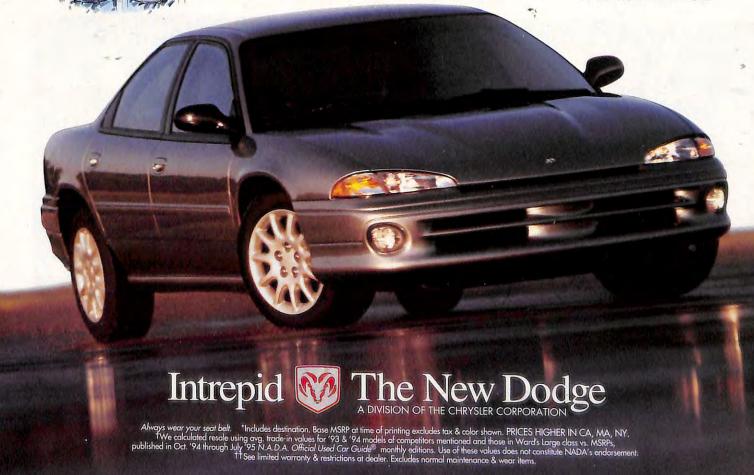
The wheels are pushed toward the corners, for greater stability and increased interior room.

And this year many features that were options are standard. So now the price of a well-equipped Intrepid may be lower than you'd expect...while resale value is higher than Taurus, Lumina, Camry and every car in its class.†

Except for the windshield, the wheels and the price, things are pretty much where you'd expect them to be.

\$18,995,* well-equipped

- Standard 3.3L, sequential EFI V-6 engine, 161 hp
- Standard speed control
- Standard power windows and door locks
- · Standard 16" touring tires
 - · Standard fog lamps
- Standard power heated outside mirrors
- Standard airbags for driver and front passenger
- · Standard air conditioning
 - Standard AM/FM cassette and center console with storage
- More passenger room and trunk space than Taurus, Lumina or Camry
 - Better resale value record than Taurus, Lumina or Camry†
- Customer One Care™ 3-year or 36,000-mile bumper-to-bumper warranty and 3/36 Roadside Assistance††
- For still more information, call 1-800-4-A-DODGE.



No.1 vs. No.2

bowl-city carnival: Embrace it of run from it. Neither is guaranteed to bring success. When Bear Bryant brought No. 2 Alabama to the 1972 Orange Bowl against top-ranked Nebraska, he sequestered his team in a Miami Beach hotel. "Pretty much a letdown," says Johnny Musso, a Tide running back who went on to play three seasons in the NFL. "In terms of it being any fun at all, it was a major disappointment." The Cornhuskers, meanwhile, attended many social functions and stomped the Tide 38–6 on New Year's night.

Of course, freedom can have a price. In preparation for the 1993 Sugar Bowl, Miami coach Dennis Erickson turned his No. 1 team loose in the French Quarter. "He let us do what we wanted to do," says Coleman Bell, a Hurricane tight end who is now with the Washington Redskins. "He kind of left it up to us to get prepared, and we went through the motions."

Don't expect the stars to star.

Seven Heisman winners have played in No. 1-versus-No. 2 bowl games, and five were on the losing side. As for the two who were winners, Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers ran back a punt for a touchdown in the 1972 Orange Bowl, and Florida State's Charlie Ward played one of his poorest games in the '94 Orange Bowl.

Staubach was contained by the Texas defense and outplayed by Longhorn quarterback Duke Carlisle in 1964. O.J. Simpson was brilliant for USC in the '69 Rose Bowl, but he was overshadowed by Buckeye quarterback Rex Kern. Georgia's Herschel Walker was held

Scott Bentley kicked Florida State to its first national championship in the '94 Orange Bowl. to 3.7 yards per carry in the Bulldogs' 27–23 Sugar Bowl loss to Penn State in '83. And, of course, Testaverde was awful in '87, as was Torretta in '93.

The reasons for those subpar performances could be simple: In a game played by 18- to 22-year-olds on the largest stage they've ever been on, the honorific *star* is an accursed one. "Poor Charlie, he had two security guards assigned to him, and he couldn't go anywhere," says Rebol of Ward. "He was quiet, but it made him even quieter than usual."

The perks can be sensational.

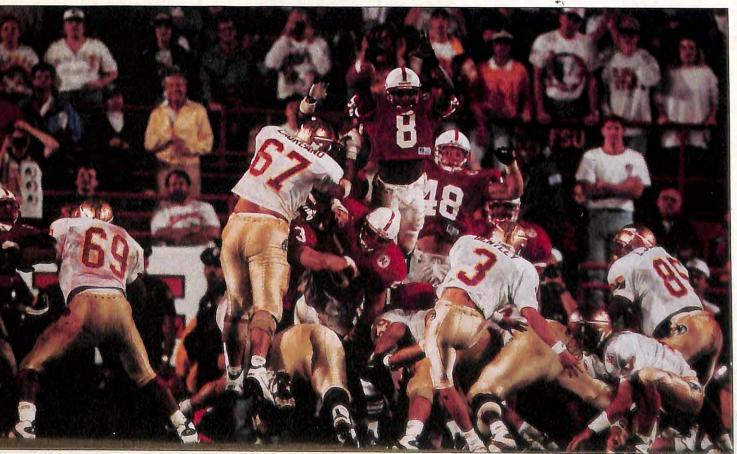
When Ohio State's Kern arrived for the Rose Bowl, he and his teammates found vans awaiting them at the airport with Rose Bowl Princesses ready to escort them to their hotel. Kern was immediately attracted to one of the women, a Pasadena City College student named Nancy Henno, and yelled to a teammate, "Grab that one and get her in our car." Four years later Rex and Nancy were married, and now they live, with their two sons, John-Ryan and Michael, in Columbus, Ohio. Says Rex, "That trip worked out pretty well for me."

The winner and national champion

In most years, members of the media gather in some hotel ballroom in various bowl cities on the morning after the major bowl games, to await the final poll results. The tally is customarily delivered on copies of dot-matrix wire-service printouts. Sometimes there is controversy, sometimes not. Always, it feels a little silly, as if the games were a prelude to a phone-in contest.

When No. 1 plays No. 2, no polls are needed. On the morning following Alabama's 1993 rout of Miami, Tide sophomore quarterback Jay Barker opened his hotel-room door to retrieve the complimentary newspaper left in the hallway. Alabama: National Champions screamed the headline. Barker looked to his left and to his right. "All the way down the hall, that's what you saw, newspapers that said, Alabama: National Champions," says Barker.

That is the sweetest thing of all. When No. 1 plays No. 2, there is only the game.



BILL FRAN

POWERMATE LIGHTING TOOLS.
THERE'S ONE FOR EVERY JOB.

COMPLETE LINE OF
LIGHTING TOOLS BUILT
SPECIFICALLY
FOR THE
DEMANDS OF

PROFESSIONAL TRADESMEN. THEY'RE TOUGH.
THEY'RE DEPENDABLE.
THEY'RE DESIGNED
TO DO EXACTLY
WHAT YOU NEED

THEM TO DO. AND WITH

OVER 20 MODELS TO CHOOSE

FROM, THERE'S

FROM, THERE'S
SURE TO BE
ONE THAT'S RIGHT
FOR YOUR JOB.



FIRSTS IN SPORTS

Auto Racing Gets Off To A Roaring Start

The world's best drivers came to America in 1904 to compete in the inaugural Vanderbilt Cup n the morning of October 8, 1904, 18 of the world's fastest cars roared away from the starting line near Westbury, N.Y., in pursuit of the Vanderbilt Cup.

William Kissam Vanderbilt II, a wealthy automobile buff who had set a land-speed record of 92 mph earlier in the year, offered the silver Tiffany chalice and \$20,000 to the winner of Amer-

ica's first annual auto race.

Over the vehement objections of local farmers, Vanderbilt (right) established a 28.4-mile circuit on rural Long Island roads. To minimize the disruption, the 10-lap race started at 6 a.m.

It was a highlight of the New York social season. About 200 people attended a 2 a.m. breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria, then caught a special train to

Westbury. As many as 100,000 onlookers lined the course. Some lit bonfires to keep warm.

George Heath, an American living in France, started in the seventh position. On the fourth lap, at speeds of up to 90 mph, Heath maneuvered his boxy Panhard into first place. But on lap eight, the left rear

tire blew with such force that a piece of rubber flew up and hit the mechanic, who was riding beside Heath. (In a separate incident, another mechanic was killed when he was thrown from a car.)

Crowded by curious fans, it took Heath nearly a half-hour to change his tire. Still, he crossed the finish line in 5:26:45, more than a minute faster than the second-place driver. "The road here is not comparable with the roads of Europe," sniffed Heath, who averaged 52.2 mph.

The initial Vanderbilt Cup series moved off Long Island after 1910 and ended in 1916. The cup now resides in the Smithsonian Institution.



Thundering around the hairpin curves, cars spewed noxious fumes and covered fans with dust.

THE FIRST SLR WITH 5-MODE DIGITAL AE. THE ONLY PERSONAL COMPUTER THAT DIDN'T BECOME OBSOLETE IN TWO YEARS.

You think auto racing's gotten faster? Look at the computer business. Things happen so fast there. products become outdated in a matter of months. And can anyone name a widely used personal computer that remained at the forefront of technology for more than two FIRSTS IN FUN years? Well. as a matter of fact, we can.

It was the digital computer inside the Canon A-1, introduced in 1978.

The world's first 5-mode, auto-exposure SLR camera. (Shutter Priority AE, Aperture Priority AE, Programmed AE, Stopped-down AE, and Flash AE). The world's first SLR camera with

today's standard auto exposure specifications.

And for seven years, the Canon A-1 — along with its relative, the Canon AE-1 introduced in 1976 — remained unique. Because it took that long until the next truly major breakthroughs in SLR technology began to appear. (The AE-1, by the

way, was the very first SLR camera with an analog computer built in. It also happened to be the world's best-selling SLR camera of all time.)

Since then, those legendary A-1 and AE-1 cameras have evolved into the Canon EOS series of today. Which includes the remarkable EOS ELAN II and ELAN II E. Sophisticated SLRs with three-point AF,

our exclusive AIM* system, and custom functions you can personalize to suit your style.

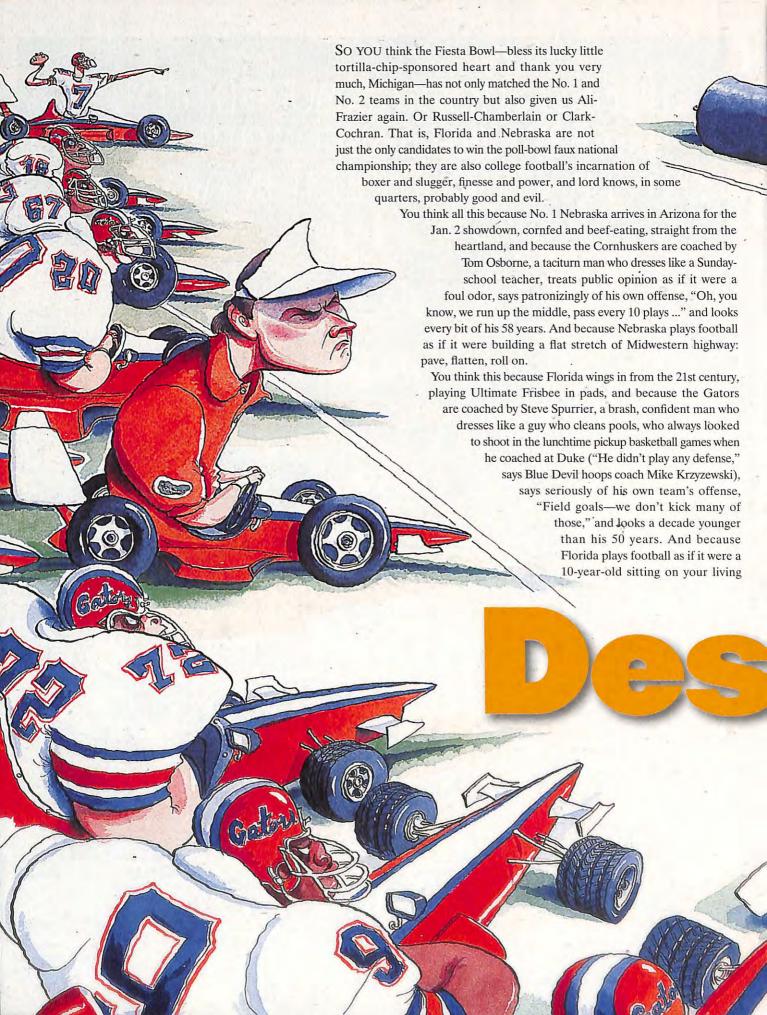
Cameras so far ahead, people can't pass them up.



EOS ELAN II and EOS ELAN II E make great photography great fun, with multi-function controls and, in the ELAN II E, advanced Eye Controlled Focus.

*Advanced Integrated Multi-point control







ert Storm

In a match of opposites, speedy
Florida will air it out (and run a
little), massive Nebraska will
grind it out (and pass a little)—
and the Gators will prevail
by Tim Layden

Fiesta Bowl

room floor, busily manipulating the controls of a video game.

But these are generalizations that scarcely scratch the surface of the matchup and entirely miss the point. Sure enough, Nebraska and Florida are different forms of entertainment: Think of the Cornhuskers as *It's a Wonderful Life* and the Gators as *Toy Story*. But what the two schools share is far more significant—and far more central to the outcome of the game—than what they do not: a stubborn, cocksure arrogance rooted in the belief that their system is the best.

Think about it: Nebraska runs with impunity, against everybody, mixing in a passing game that is more complex than fans realize. In recent years the Cornhuskers have added team speed and quickness, completing the package. Florida passes with impunity, against everybody, mixing in a running game that is more complex than fans realize. In recent years the Gators have added power and size, completing the package. Neither team has been stopped this year, which is why they are here, a combined 23–0.

Which leaves us with four questions, the answers to which will decide the game:

Is Florida's passing game the key to ending Nebraska's recent dominance?

Possibly. In early October, USC coach John Robinson had just finished preparing his team for Washington State and thus had watched films of Nebraska's 35–21 win on Sept. 30 over the Cougars. Through the air Washington State was 20 of 37 for 278 yards and two touchdowns. "Throw the ball down the field, put pressure on [Nebraska's] corners," Robinson said. "Maybe a team like Colorado could do it." Colorado couldn't, though Buffalo coach Rick Neuheisel thought he had a solid plan. "Draws and short passes, then hit the long ball," Neuheisel says. The problem was that Colorado quarterback John Hessler completed only 21 of 43 passes, and he was sacked twice and intercepted twice. But a question hung in the air after Nebraska's 44–21 victory on Oct. 28: What if Colorado's first-string QB, Koy Detmer, had been healthy?

Says Washington State coach Mike Price: "You can throw the ball against Nebraska. We did."

Florida, meanwhile, has the most advanced passing game in the country. "Steve's passing attack, I don't know of another one that's quite like it," says Florida State coach Bobby Bowden, whose team lost to Florida 35–24 on Nov. 25. For the season, Gator quarterback Danny Wuerffel completed 64.6% of his passes for an average of 296.9 yards a game, with 35 touchdowns and just 10 interceptions. But none of these statistics do justice to the lethal efficiency of the Florida system. "Nebraska's not used to seeing anything like they're fixing to see against Florida," says Auburn quarterback Patrick Nix.

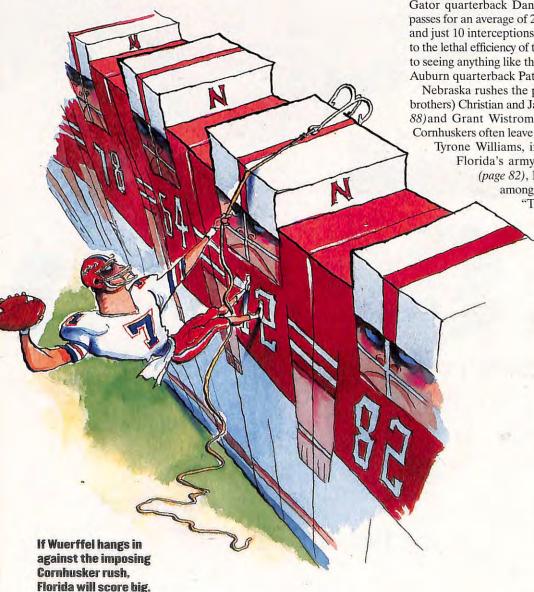
Nebraska rushes the passer with its front four, tackles (and brothers) Christian and Jason Peter and ends Jared Tomich (page 88) and Grant Wistrom, and it rarely blitzes. However, the Cornhuskers often leave their cornerbacks, Michael Booker and

Tyrone Williams, in man_to-man coverage, and against Florida's army of skilled wideouts (Chris Doering (page 82), Ike Hilliard and Reidel Anthony chief among them), that is dangerous. Says Bowden, "The problem with playing against Steve's

offense is that you get fooled, and once you get out of position, Wuerffel is so accurate and they're so good at catching the ball that you're in big trouble. Now, Nebraska made a physical transplant about four years ago and got faster boys to play in the secondary. But Wuerffel, I see him as hot and hotter. He'll have to be hotter for them to win, and that's what he was against us."

For the sake of variety, the Gators will try to run, and they gained an average of 173.6 yards per game on the ground merely by keeping the backpedaling and blitzing defenses honest. However, as with any passheavy offense, the Gators' favorite running play is the draw. "And here's the question," says Neuheisel. "Will Steve have a running offense other than the draw? Because the draw was not an effective play for us against Nebraska."

It comes down to the quarter-



back. Wuerffel is going to get hit, but "he'll sacrifice his body," says Arkansas defensive end Steven Conley, whose team lost to Florida 34–3 in the SEC title game. Nebraska will blitz Wuerffel and try to confuse him by mixing in zone defenses, but if he hangs in, Florida will score touchdowns. Colorado and Washington State had the right plan, Florida has the right people.

We know Nebraska can run, and so does Florida. Can the Cornhuskers overpower the Gators or, failing that, diversify their offense?

Nebraska is the most physically imposing team in college football (tackle to tackle the Cornhusker offensive line averages 298 pounds). "I'll tell you what the deal is with Nebraska," said one Florida State defensive veteran who played in the '94 Orange Bowl against Nebraska and has played more than once against Florida. "They are tough mothers, no other way to put it. I saw [offensive tackle] Zach Wiegert [now with the St. Louis Rams] hit [linebacker] Derrick Brooks [now with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers] like I've never seen anybody get hit in my life. I don't know if Florida can deal with that physical toughness."

Nebraska lost four starters from its offensive line of a year ago, yet it may have improved. The Cornhuskers rushed for an average of 399.8 yards a game despite losing starting I-back Lawrence Phillips (after a much-publicized arrest for assaulting a former girlfriend) for the

middle six games of

the season. "Nebraska can grind you," says Neuheisel. "They take that thing down and sledgehammer you, sledgehammer you."

A year ago, when Nebraska won the national championship by beating Miami 24–17 in the Orange Bowl, the Cornhuskers beat the Hurricanes into mush in the fourth quarter, primarily with brutal offensive-line play. They will attack Florida similarly and blend in quarterback Tommie Frazier on the option. Florida's defense is *going* to take a pounding. But the Gators are very quick on defense, which helps against the option. "And they're what I call a closet eight-man front," says Bowden. "I mean, you think they've got a lot of coverages and drops, but they wind up with eight men close to the line of scrimmage."

That's what Colorado employed, and held Nebraska to 226 yards on the ground, the Cornhuskers' second-lowest total of the season. But Frazier killed the Buffaloes by passing for two touchdowns and a career-high 241 yards. If he puts up similar numbers against Florida, the Gators will croak as well.

Which team will thrive in the Big Bowl atmosphere?

Football teams thrive on routine. They are like little armies, their coaches like little generals. A major bowl game—with its endless press conferences, interaction with fans and unfamiliar practice surroundings—works to disrupt that routine. "And that is a factor," says Bowden. "If you've never been through it, it can be difficult." It can be difficult even if you have. Once, when Bear Bryant brought a team to play in the Orange Bowl, they brought the wrong practice shoes. It happens. This will be Nebraska's third consecutive appearance in the de facto national championship game. It's as routine for this year's Cornhuskers as fingerprinting and mug shots.

But Spurrier is different. He has never obeyed the coaches'

The game's finish should find the Gators bruised and battered but No. 1.

credo—thou shalt always be humble in victory—and has never shied from passing in the fourth quarter of a

blowout. "Spurrier says this is the first bowl he's ever played in that's meant anything," says Neuheisel, who took his offensive staff to Gainesville last spring to study the Florida system. "He loves playoffs. And this is the Super Bowl of college football."

Does fate enter into this?

Nebraska has been on an incredible roll for three full seasons, winning its last 24 games, and 35 out of 36, in an era when scholarship reductions have left coaches everywhere bleating about parity. (Did you notice? *Northwestern won the Big Ten.*) Nebraska's winning streak stretched this fall through a gauntlet of "distractions"—college football's code word for alleged criminal behavior—that exceeds anything Miami or Oklahoma or Florida State has endured in recent years.

But Florida will be the toughest opponent that Nebraska has seen during its run (the possible exception being Colorado in '94, but that game was in Lincoln). Everything the Gators do—throw deep and wide, jam the line of scrimmage—fits the profile of what it would take to beat the Cornhuskers. Over the past five years Florida's program has elevated itself from an airborne novelty with a snotty coach to this year's perfection. This is what Spurrier has been building toward.

There is change in the air. Expect an epic game in the desert. Expect creators of the alliance to congratulate themselves for making it happen. Expect Nebraska to play like mad, as always, and to play well. Expect the Cornhuskers to lose, barely. It's Florida's time now.

Fiesta Bowl P R E V I E W

Nobody has gotten his teeth into being a Florida Gator more than star receiver Chris Doering by S.L. Price

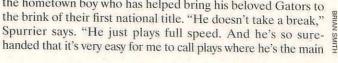
IT WAS the last day. Chris Doering didn't realize this yet; why should he? The team bus chugged through Gainesville, Fla., on the same old route; the usual Van Halen pumped from earphones into his head. As they do every year at this time, Doering's teammates sat wide-eyed and quiet, rocking with the rhythm of the drive and this growing, pulse-quickening fever, because Florida would play Florida State in the Swamp, and the whole state was on hold, and the game meant everything. But as the bus turned onto North-South Drive, something strange happened. Doering, next to the window, saw hundreds of people milling on the sidewalks, waiting for the team. The bus had to slow. All those faces pressed in, happy and loud, and Doering knew for the first time: It's over. Fll never do this again.

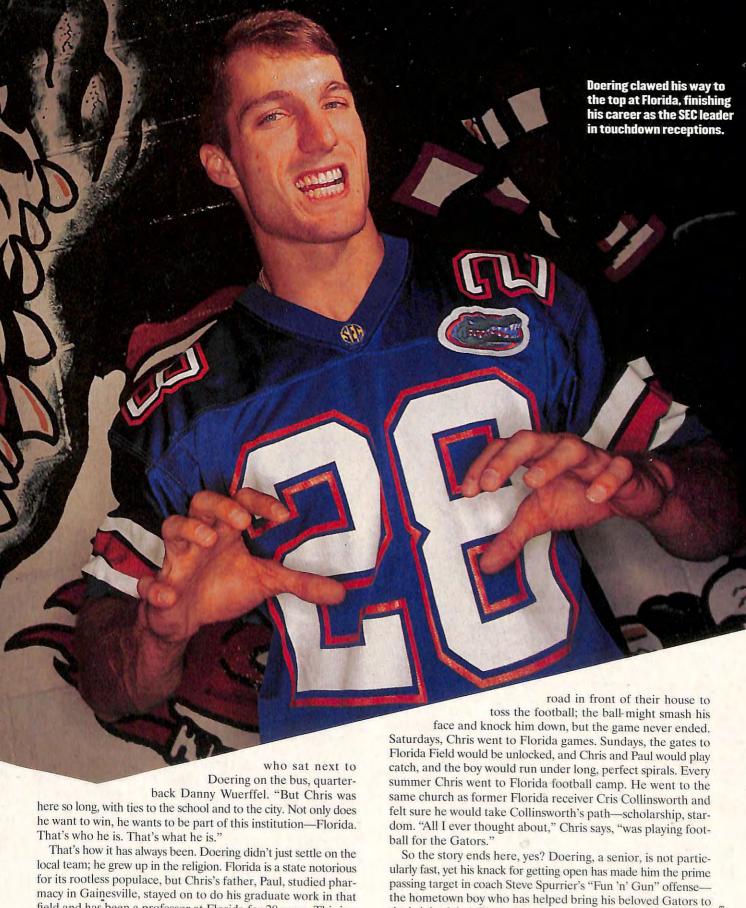
"I was looking, and tears were coming to my eyes," Doering says. "I was embarrassed. I didn't want my teammates to see. So I just turned and looked out the window."

Maybe he was right. Maybe Döering shouldn't have let his fellow Gators see, because who wouldn't have laughed at such a sight? The best wide receiver on the best passing offense in the nation—the tough, wiry bird who had gained 848 yards for the season and would that day break the SEC career record for touchdown catches with his 30th—crying at the thought of his final home game?

College football has no room for sentiment; it's a multimillion-dollar business, a farm system for the NFL, a setup for a sneaker deal, a scam. By a top player's last home game, messages from sports agents have jammed his answering machine and mailbox. Yet all his teammates know that Doering is different; all know he should weep long and hard and openly because after No. 2 Florida plays No. 1 Nebraska for the national championship in the Fiesta Bowl on Jan. 2, something precious will come to an end.

"A lot of these players could be at Florida State, Miami, Massachusetts—anywhere, just doing their thing," says the guy





When Chris was four, Paul would take him out to the gravel

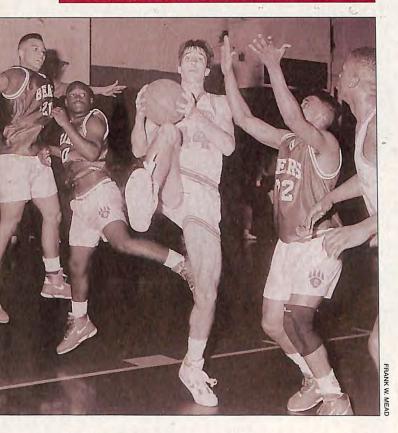
field and has been a professor at Florida for 20 years. This is a

company town, and Paul is a company man.

the brink of their first national title. "He doesn't take a break,"

Spurrier says. "He just plays full speed. And he's so sure-

Chris Doering



In high school Doering starred in basketball and American Legion baseball as well as on the gridiron.

guy." That Doering has this eerie resemblance to Collinsworth only makes his success seem preordained. "Yeah," Doering says casually, because he must've said

it a thousand times this year. "Dream come true."

Except for one thing. When Doering was coming out of Gainesville's P.K. Yonge High School, nobody-least of all the Gator coaching staff-wanted him. Despite being one of Florida's few all-state selections in football, basketball and baseball, despite his great leaping ability and the fact that he led the nation's top football state in touchdown catches his senior year, Doering got no invitations for official visits, few phone calls from anxious coaches, no scholarship offers from anyone. That hurt plenty. But what killed him was this: Doering's high school is run by the University of Florida, yet by January of his senior year it was clear that the Gators had no intention of offering him a free ride. In an essay for his high school English class that spring, Doering wrote, I tried to lie to myself and keep believing it would still happen. I should have known after none of the Gator coaches ever came to one of my games. I simply dismissed this fact by saving that they probably had seen enough of me at football camp last summer. I should have known after the letters and phone calls from them stopped coming. . . .

According to P.K. Yonge offensive coordinator Dave Mitchell, he had taken some film of Doering to one of Florida's graduate assistants. While they were watching footage of the pencil-thin Doering—6' 4", 170 pounds—another Gator assistant, Kyle Lingerfelt, burst into the room, began cursing and rasped out these infamous last words: "Chris Doering is no good. He'll never



play Division I football. Stop wasting our time."

Spurrier says he knew nothing of Doering's recruitment until he heard about Lingerfelt's rudeness. "That was embarrassing," Spurrier says. Lingerfelt, he is quick to add, "wasn't with us the next year."

P.K. Yonge head coach John Clifford considers that revisionist history. "They saw him," Clifford says. "Chris was at every Gator camp from the time he was 12 years

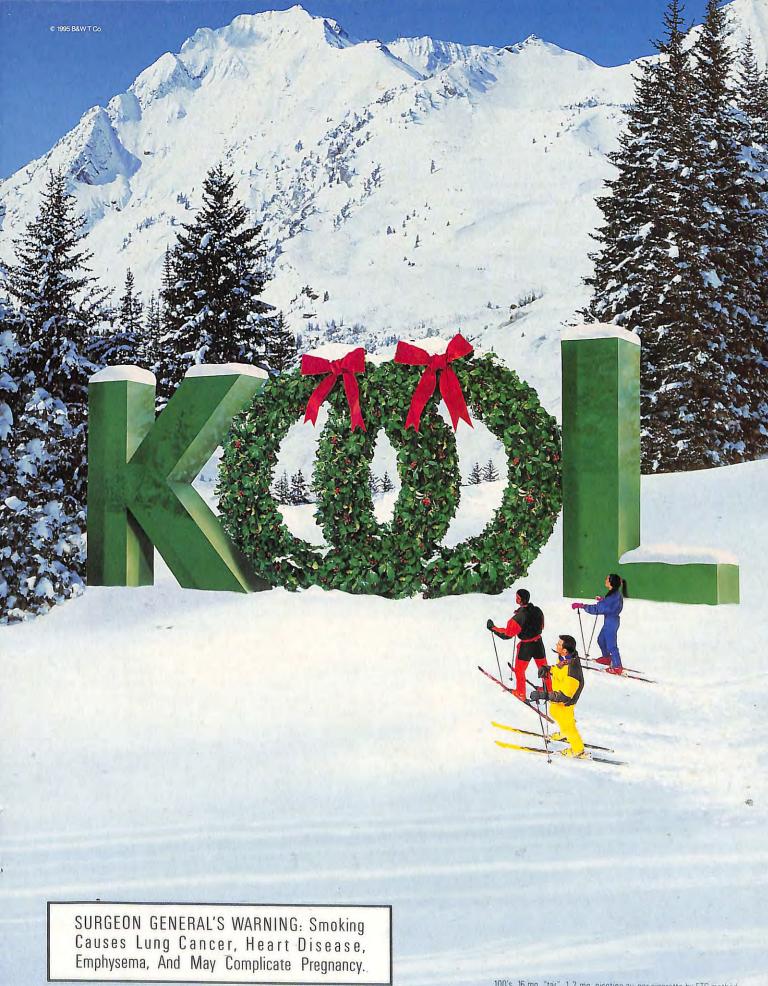
old; he was the [top] camper of the session from 12 until he was 18. But their priorities were to recruit speed, and their evaluation was, 'He doesn't have it, and he's not going to get it.'

Signing day came and went. Paul Doering heard one sportscaster mention that Chris hadn't yet announced which school he would attend, and Paul's heart dropped like a stone. *Announced?* Chris had nothing to announce; Division I-AA schools were telling him to walk on. Paul didn't doubt Chris could play at the top college level. So he began working the fax machine, sending letters to any school that had ever dropped Chris a postcard, following up with a 15-minute videotape of Chris's high school triumphs. Only Florida State replied, with an offer to walk on; one weekend Paul and Chris visited Tallahassee with Clifford. "I was bitter," Paul says. "I wanted him to go to Florida State and come back and whip Florida, show what they missed out on. Crazy thoughts went through my mind: What are we going to do with all this Gator paraphernalia? All these sweatshirts and T-shirts? We have to throw all that stuff out. I'm going to have to wear garnet and gold."

Chris mulled the Seminole proposal. But Florida made its own walk-on offer, and after attending the Florida–Florida State baseball game in Gainesville, Chris had seen enough. "I saw the Florida State fans doing their chop thing, and I thought, That's obnoxious," he says. "That's something I grew up hating. I don't want to be part of *that*."

Still ringing in his ears, though, was his last conversation with Jim Goodman, then Florida's recruiting coordinator. When he first heard Goodman's voice on the phone, Doering was sure his Gator ship had finally come in. Goodman told him he was a great player-and then said that Florida had no scholarship for him. "I took it personally," Doering says. "They didn't want me. I'd given all this time and support over the years, and they just pushed me away." As he would put it in his school essay: My heart froze. I could not believe what I was hearing: This has to be a joke. But it wasn't. For the rest of the conversation, I tried to play that what he told me had no effect. When I got off the phone, I went back to my room and cried. I felt I had been cheated. Looking back on it now, it wouldn't have hurt quite as much if L. would have prepared for the worst, or even opened my eyes. But if we all knew what was going to happen next in our lives, living wouldn't be half as exciting.

All his life, whenever a ball had come Doering's way, he had heard this voice in his head: *Make the catch, Chris.* Now it was 1992, his redshirt freshman year at Florida, and he was doing scrub duty in a nasty 31–14 loss to Tennessee in Knoxville. Gator quarterback Antwan Chiles lofted a ball Doering's way, and Doering heard the voice and made the catch, his first for Florida.



Chris Doering

The year before, the Gator coaches had challenged Doering to prove their initial assessment of him wrong, and he had taken the bait. But he hated being considered just another tackling dummy, buried below nine other receivers on the depth chart. So he caught the tough balls in drills. Quarterbacks began looking for him. Small victories followed. The first was his mere presence that day in Knoxville; he'd made the traveling squad. The second was that catch, the only one he would make all year. His mom, Cheryl, and dad celebrated at home. His sister Tracy called a radio talk show and giggled, "Hey, who was that number 28!"



While making seven catches against Florida State, Doering had defenders hanging on for dear life. "I was just watching the tape of that play the other day—a 13-yard pass from Chiles in the pouring rain," Paul Doering says, laughing. "We were so

excited that you'd think he won the game." Then again, Paul says, "we used to get thrilled when we'd see Chris next to coach Spurrier on TV—'There he is! There he is!"

Chris and Paul sit at the kitchen table now, awash in football's good clutter: news clippings pouring to the floor, manila envelopes from agents, stacks of videotapes. The phone rings; CBS wants to do an interview. "What's tough for me is coming to the realization that my career with the Gators is almost over," Chris says. "It's hard. You've got to create a new dream, or something."

In Gainesville the old dream still resonates beyond Florida Field. This is partly because Doering's scrub-to-star ascent makes him the most lovable character on an offense that scores with bloodless efficiency. "There's not a teacher in the community who doesn't use him as the model for what a hero should be," says Gainesville mayor Jim Painter. "To be a walk-on and set all these records?"

Then there is Doering's style: Cantering about the field, a self-described "skinny white guy," he is nobody's idea of a modern wide receiver. But his passion is unmistakable. "The enthusiasm he has—at times he'll start throwing pillows against the wall, throwing empty Gatorade cans around because he gets so psyched," Wuerffel says. "It means so much to him—the competition and just being at Florida. It elevates his game."

In the fall of '93 everything changed for Doering. The Friday before the first game of the season, Spurrier walked into the team's meeting room and announced that Doering would be getting his scholarship. His teammates clapped and whooped for him; Doering ran upstairs and signed before the coaches could

change their minds. Two weeks later in his first start, against Kentucky in Lexington, Doering proved himself worthy by pulling down six passes for 95 yards and scoring the winning touchdown with three seconds left.

The next week, in the bus before the Tennessee game in Gainesville, Doering felt it all come together for the first time: the scholarship, the touchdown, the fulfillment of his childhood mission. He stared out the window at all the people cheering, and his heart clenched. He didn't dare let his teammates see his face then, either.

On Nov. 27, two days after the win over Florida State, Doering was walking alone in the tunnel under the stadium when he turned and caught a glimpse of the field. He walked out into the sun and the empty, echoing stadium.

"I couldn't believe it," he says now. "Your whole life you look forward to playing here, and you play here so many times, and all of sudden it's gone."

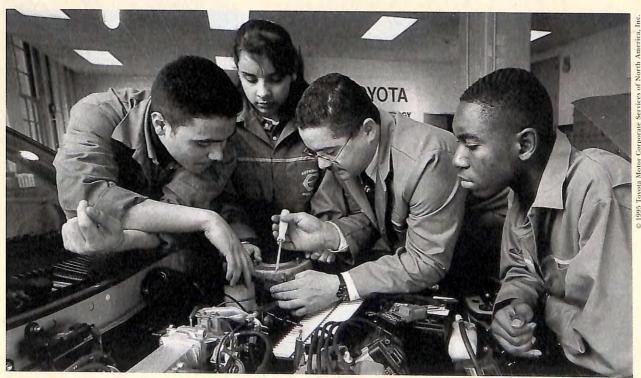
December is the best month in Gainesville. Exams are coming to a close. College recruiters stop by P.K. Yonge to check out talent, and better yet, the showdown with Nebraska looms. Coach Clifford was chatting with a recruiter

from Furman recently, talking about Florida and Chris Doering. "The funny thing is," Clifford told the recruiter, "when Chris finally got his scholarship, I gave him the file of rejection letters I'd saved for him." The Furman man shook his head in what-aworld sympathy, and Clifford laughed at him. "I had one in there from Furman," he said.

Doering is on a roll now; he has been named second team All-America, and his huge senior season (70 receptions and 17 touchdowns) has, he hears, raised his stock in the NFL. He knows that this never would have happened had he not worked so hard, had Florida not rejected him in the first place. But it's strange: He doesn't quite know what to do with himself, and there aren't many people who have known his quandary. What do you do once you've gotten everything you ever wanted?

"My whole life was structured around playing football at Florida, and I accomplished that, and I'm happy," Doering says. "But now that it's over, it leaves me feeling kind of empty. Obviously, I want to play pro football, but not like I wanted to play for the Gators. A lot of kids say they want to grow up to play in the NFL and make a lot of money. But if I could, I would stay around here and play Florida football forever."

Today, these students will learn HOW TO DISSECT AN ENGINE. Frogs everywhere breathe A SIGH OF RELIEF.



Students at Automotive High School in Brooklyn, New York learn auto-engineering skills through the Toyota Technical Education Network.

EVERY YEAR, Toyota donates vehicles, equipment and training to schools and colleges across America, helping students with an interest in automotive careers get a head start in the job world. But our commitment to education doesn't end with cars. Over the last four years Toyota invested more than

\$50 million in worthwhile educational organizations like National Center for Family Literacy, United Negro College Fund and hundreds of other projects across America. As America's fourth-largest manufacturer of vehicles, it's only natural that we should be helping to prepare students for the long road ahead.

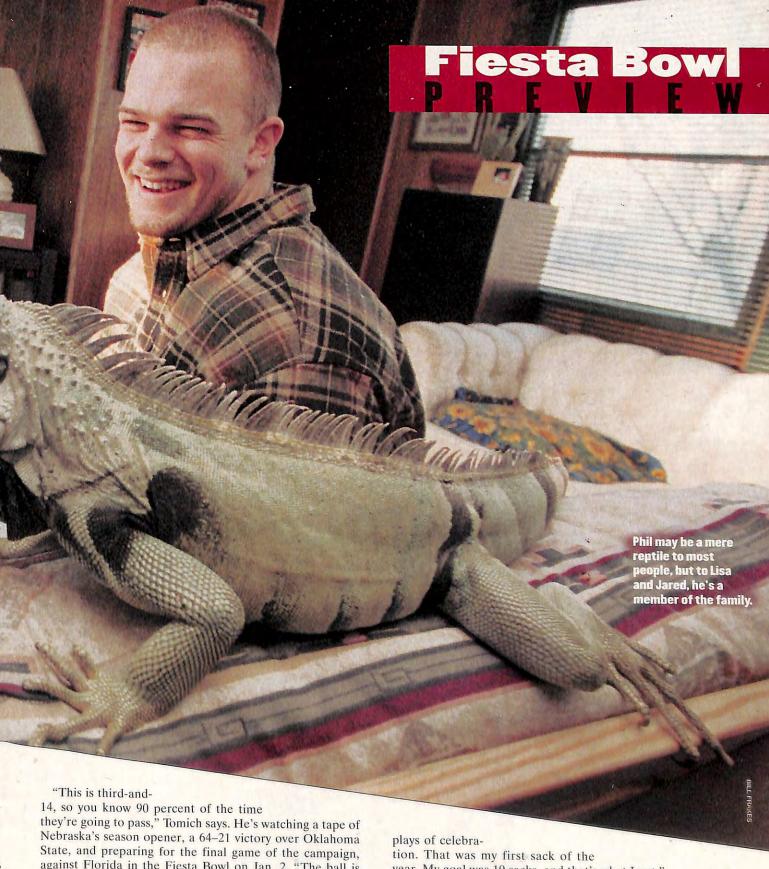
INVESTING IN THE THINGS WE ALL CARE ABOUT. TOYOTA



Jared Tomich has some trouble with words, but he certainly can speed-read the opposing team's quarterback by Michael Bamberger

JARED TOMICH, an All-America outside linebacker for the Nebraska Cornhuskers, lives two miles from campus in a mobile-home park called Countryside Estates with his iguana, his girlfriend and their cat. Their mobile home consists of a kitchen, a living room with a TV, a narrow hall-way and two bedrooms, but the cozy dwelling might as well be a library, for all the studying Tomich does in it. He happily studies game tapes for hours at a time; his fascination with how a single down unfolds is limitless. He spends even more time with the texts from his classes, but this work is not as effortless. Tomich has a learning disability called attention-deficit disorder. Retaining information acquired through reading is a monstrous task for him. When he tries to concentrate on numbers or written words, his mind is bombarded with stray thoughts.

For pictures, though, he has a certain genius.



14, so you know 90 percent of the time they're going to pass," Tomich says. He's watching a tape of Nebraska's season opener, a 64–21 victory over Oklahoma State, and preparing for the final game of the campaign, against Florida in the Fiesta Bowl on Jan. 2. "The ball is snapped, and I realize they've double-teamed me. All I want to do is get to the quarterback, so with my right hand I push the tight end into the tackle. My left arm is flailing. Then I see this flash—the quarterback—and I get my left arm around him and pull him down. I'm feeling jubilant. I start to raise my arms, but I put them down fast. They're cracking down on dis-

year. My goal was 10 sacks, and that's what I got."

Tomich (his Croatian name is pronounced TOM-ich) is an immense man of 21 years with a 2.3 grade point average and a lively vocabulary. (He routinely uses words such as *flailing* and *jubilant*.) He plans to play for the Cornhuskers next year, as a fifth-year senior, then make himself available for the NFL draft. If he continues on his current path, if he becomes bigger



Tomich's takedown of the Sooners' Eric Moore helped him achieve his benchmark of 10 sacks for the season.

and stronger and faster, he could be a first-round pick. (He's already 6' 2" and weighs 260 pounds; he bench-presses 400 pounds and runs the 40-

yard dash in 4.83 seconds.) He looks like a professional linebacker already. His ears barely protrude from his shaved head, no part of which is wider than his neck. But he's not in any rush for the pros. One more year at Nebraska, he figures, will do wonders for him as a football player and as a student.

On a school night earlier this month, Tomich sat in his home and explained to a visitor how a college football player becomes a professional. Phil, the iguana, and Flea, the cat, were among his listeners. So was Lisa Walczak, his girlfriend. They went together to their high school prom in St. John, Ind.

"In May they have this combine, and all the college players go there and get tested for strength and speed and stuff, then in April they have the draft, and then you negotiate with the team that drafts you," Tomich said.

"Wouldn't they have the combine first, then the draft?" the visitor offered. For a moment, Tomich appeared confused.

"May comes after April," said Walczak, gently.

Tomich made a quick nod of recognition and said, "I mean March. The combine's in March, then the draft." (In fact, the combine is usually in February.)

Some tasks that are simple for most people are complex for Tomich. Trying to understand the boundaries of his mind, the visitor asked him to multiply nine times seven. "Let me think for a minute," said Tomich, a communications major. "I haven't done this for a while. Usually, I use a calculator." Two seconds passed. "Sixty-three."

How did he arrive at the answer?

"I started counting by nines—9, 18, 27—and when I got to 27, it just hit me," he said.

Tomich attended public school in St. John, and in the third grade he was placed in a class for learning-disabled students. He could read, but his retention was poor. (Tomich has read only a few books outside of the classroom, a favorite being You're Okay, It's Just a Bruise, by Robert Huizenga, a former NFL team physician.) Reading problems were something with which Jared's parents were unfamiliar. His mother, Cheryll, who works in the pet department of a store in St. John, is an avid reader, a Stephen King buff. Jared's father, James, a big-machinery mechanic at a steel mill in Gary, Ind., reads newspapers and technical journals. But the school counselors said Jared was learning-disabled,

and his parents reasoned that the counselors surely knew what they were talking about.

Some of Tomich's classmates had speaking difficulties, some had physical abnormalities. Jared looked and sounded normal, but he knew already what it took teachers a decade to figure out. His mind worked for pictures, not for words.

On the Nebraska campus in Lincoln there's a museum called the Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, and Tomich paid his first visit to it the other day. He examined an Andy Warhol painting with four nearly identical images of Mickey Mouse; all Tomich could see were the differences. He didn't want to guess the painting's value. "I wouldn't want to insult the painter," he said.

Tomich had passed the museum hundreds of times in his four years at school, but he was always due someplace else. In his first year he was a compulsive student, trying to gain the academic credentials necessary to qualify for an athletic scholarship. In his second year (during which he practiced with the team but did not play) Tomich and Walczak bought their home for \$4,000, and Tomich spent his limited free time fixing it up. Last year was his first as both a full-time football player and a full-time student. This year he was an important starter on the college football team

> ranked highest in the nation, and that's time-consuming.

> Now that he was finally visiting the museum, he said, "This is nice. It's tranquil."

Tomich looked at a painting of a stream in a woods and, moving his lips, read an accompanying placard that gave the name of the artist, the year he was born, the title of the work and the year it was painted. "This I could see on the wall of my house," he said.

The football player turned away from the painting. Several minutes later he was asked what he remembered of it. His memory was precise. He knew the painting's



It's what attracts. Jovan Musk JOVAN MUSK

Jared Tomich

size. He recalled a leafless limb straddling the stream. He had a sense of the painting methods used by the artist. But the information on the placard was gone from Tomich's mind.

"Every kid learns differently," says Charlie McBride, the Cornhuskers' defensive coordinator and the man who got Tomich to Nebraska when no other four-year college was prepared to take him. "I don't know that I've ever had a player who studies tape more intently. He likes to do it alone, at his own speed. If some of the other kids come in to watch, he slips out."

When Tomich was a senior in high school, an Indiana coaches' poll named him an all-state defensive end. But he made mostly C's and D's in his classes, and when he took the Scholastic Aptitude Test, he scored less than 600. Virtually every recruiter

suaded him to press on. "I went to his school, I stopped a kid in the hallway," McBride says. "The kid was a third-team player. I asked him what Jared Tomich is like. He said, 'Jared's one of the nicest guys on the team and one of the hardest workers.' I went on from there. You could see Jared had excellent values. You could see he had parents who cared. All he wanted was a chance."

In March of his senior year, Tomich applied to Nebraska. A teacher wrote a letter describing Tomich's learning disability, and, under a special program for such students, Tomich took the SAT with a proctor reading the questions and without a time clock. He says he scored 860. He was admitted to Nebraska but told he would have to take certain classes to make up for his high school deficiencies. Upon arrival in Lincoln, Tomich took a series of tests that gave a name to his learning problems: attention-deficit disorder. The team doctor, in consultation with university education specialists, gave Tomich a prescription for



looking at his transcript thought, Not college material. Not NCAA Division I material, anyway. Some even doubted his football skill. After his senior season, a recruiter from Purdue got on the phone with Tomich one night and said, "You're not talented enough to play for us." Tomich, a gentle soul who channeled his classroom frustrations into weightlifting, slammed down the receiver. "That was devastating," Cheryll recalls. "He was in tears. I was in tears. I wrote that man a letter. I let him have it."

In the road map of his mind, Jared changed directions. He started to imagine himself working beside his father at the steel mill. He figured his dream of playing big-time college football was over.

Several months later, a stranger named Dick Peterson came to Tomich's aid. Peterson was the strength coach at a rival high school, East Chicago (Ind.) Central. He had seen Tomich on the Lake Central football field and at weightlifting competitions. He was impressed by Tomich's immense strength and resolve. Peterson called his alma mater, Nebraska, and spoke to McBride. "I said, 'He's a diamond in the rough,' "Peterson remembers. "Coach McBride said, 'I'll take a look.'"

Tomich's transcripts made McBride nervous, but the speed and strength revealed on the tapes of his high school games perThis defense (from left: DT Christian Peter, Tomich, DT Jason Peter and OLB Grant Wistrom) is razor sharp.

Ritalin, a drug that is frequently given to patients who are hyperactive or have ADD, but Tomich balked at the idea of a drug that affected his mind and

soon stopped taking it. (Later, Jared's brother, Justin, now in eighth grade, was found to have ADD and was given Ritalin for a year, Cheryll says.)

Jared says he owes his current grade point average, at least in part, to his girlfriend. Walczak, a criminal justice major, frequently reads class texts aloud with Jared. Words spoken make much more of an impression on Tomich than words he reads silently. Images make the greatest impression of all.

Tomich has watched a great deal of tape of Florida football. He has pictures in his mind of what the Gators do and pictures of what he'll do in response. He has pictures beyond the Fiesta Bowl, too. He imagines himself driving a reliable car. He imagines himself spending vacations in a cabin on a lake with a big sky above him and mountains all around. He liked the movie *The Swiss Family Robinson*, loved how the family got by on ingenuity, how it thrived without modern technology, without written communication. "Those guys," Tomich says, "had it made."

The back seats offered in compact pickups are, by design, compact. But that's not the case with the mid-size Dakota Club Cab. It has enough room in back for three friends. In fact, Dakota Club Cab has more interior room than either Ford Ranger Super Cab or Chevy S-10 Extended Cab.

If you're looking for a V-8



engine, there's no use looking any further. Because Dakota's the only one of the three that offers one. Our exclusive

220-horsepower
Magnum® V-8 is
part of
what is,
overall, the
most powerful line of
truck engines
on the planet.

Dakota has more maximum available towing and payload

The Club you can



than those compacts. And Dakota holds its value better, too.*Plus, with Dakota, you get the safety of

a standard driver airbag. And the security of our Customer One Care™ 3-year or 36,000-mile

bumper-to-bumper warranty and 3/36 Roadside Assistance[†]

For more information, call 1-800-4-A-DODGE.

Dakota Club Cab. A little

bigger. A lot better.

*We calculated resale using avg. trade-in values for compact '91-'94 models vs. MSRPs, published in '95 Jan.-July N.A.D.A. Official Used Car Guide® monthly editions. Use of these values does not constitute NADA's endorsement. †See limited warranty and restrictions at your dealer. Excludes normal maintenance & wear items.

ALWAYS WEAR YOUR SEAT BELT.



get your friends into.



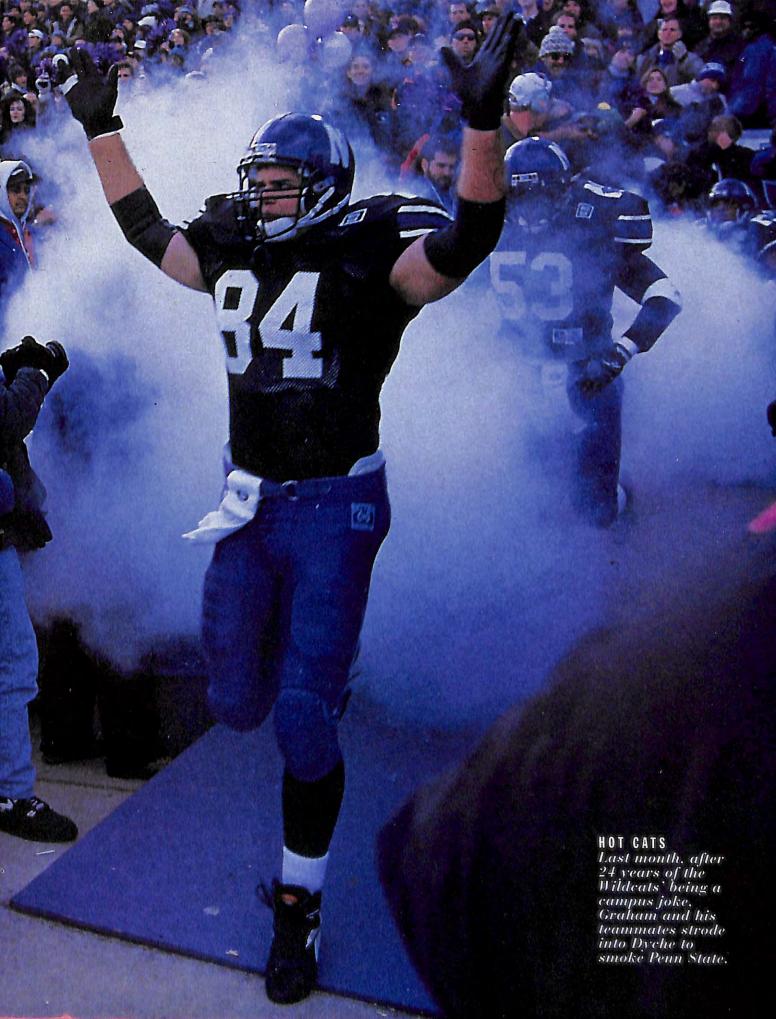


PURPIE TAAA

In an improbably sensational season, Northwestern emerged from a fog of futility to earn a trip to sunny Pasadena

BY RICK TELANDER







Why us? Why now?

"Fairly simple," says Rick Taylor, athletic director at Northwestern. Then he

begins to explain it all: how a team like the Wildcats, formerly a purple wall of mewling kittens that had not had a winning season

in 24 years, that had not won the Big Ten title in 59 years, that once had a rushing leader with 162 yards for the season,

that had a receiving leader with 122 yards, that won only 18 games in the 1980s—how this team could suddenly be a national powerhouse with a 10–1 record, including victories over Notre Dame, Michigan and Penn State. And it's not simple at all.

Well, it starts out simply enough.

"The foundation was set when school president Arnold Weber hired Gary," says Taylor. That would be Gary Barnett, Northwestern's fourth-year football coach, who had been an assistant to Bill McCartney at Colorado. The 49-year-old Barnett, who looks like a slim-bellied, middle-aged pool boy, has molded the Wildcats into earnest, unerring, opportunistic nasties.

But quickly you recall that you were once a defensive back at this gentle school and that every new coach who marched onto campus in the last two decades declared that he would win, do it the "right way" and capture some championship. It dawns on you that every college coach in creation has said this—including Barnett.

You think back to your own Wildeat coach, Alex Agase, a World War II marine hero and three-time All-America (at Illinois and Purdue), and how he somehow got you and your freethinking pals to go 6–1 in the Big Ten during your senior season, in 1970. You recall Agase, an unlit cigar in the corner of his mouth, catching wicked passes at practice with his stubby lineman's fingers and saying, "Damn it! If I can catch this stuff, so can you."

In 1971 old Ag led the Wildcats to a 7–4 season, 6–3 in the Big Ten, and after the '72 campaign he bolted for Purdue. He was succeeded at Northwestern by four dyspeptic coaches (John Pont, Rick Venturi, Dennis Green and Francis Peay), none of whom finished a season with a record better than 4–7.



What's different about Barnett? "Gary was a good college coach," continues Taylor. "He'd been through a rebuilding program at Colorado. He was not a pro coach, and he was a good fit at Northwestern." That, of course, would mean he dressed well, spoke well and could hold a teacup with pinkie extended. So this proper man came to Evanston, Ill., in 1992, went 3–8, 2–9 and 3-7-1 in his first three seasons—which is normal Northwestern stuff, mind you—and then abruptly delivered this . . . lunacy?

"Well, the second thing is that the school upped the pay for assistant coaches," says Taylor. "Before Gary, Northwestern assistants were low-paid; now their salaries are comparable to those in the rest of the Big Ten. Gary brought in assistants who were teachers and recruiters. And the higher pay helped bring continuity: Almost all of the assistants have stayed all four years. In the preceding five years there had been three offensive coordinators and five defensive coordinators. One coach wants you to backpedal this way, another wants you to do it *this* way."

That's the difference, backpedaling?

"It's the continuity," explains Taylor patiently. "Repetition makes you react and not think."

Big problem there. That's all anybody does at this school: think. Northwestern is small (enrollment 7,400), private and,

THE BIG TURNAROUND: A wild snap on a punt play three years ago typified Northwestern's perennial bumbling against Michigan. This fall the Wildcats smothered the Wolverines.

academically, a beast. The average SAT score of incoming freshmen over the last four years was 1,250. You want champions here, you can find them inventing stuff in the Technological Institute (now being rehabbed for \$120 million) or organizing stuff at the J.L. Kellogg Graduate School of Management (perhaps the nation's finest business school) or just reading stuff in the College of Arts and Sciences, where two-time national debate champions Sean McCaffity and Jody Terry, both seniors, are expanding their noggins. They whipped Harvard in the finals the last two years to make Northwestern the winningest school (eight titles) in the history of the National Debate Tournament.

But football? Here is third-ranked Northwestern, improbably poised to play Southern California on Jan. 1 in the Rose Bowl, which will be the Wildcats' first bowl appearance since 1949.

Continuity? How's this for continuity: Northwestern football has stunk so continuously since its last winning team, in 1971, that when the Wildcats went 4–7 in '73 and again in '86, many alumni were euphoric. You recall Jeff Jacobs, class of '85, standing in the









CHANGE AT THE TOP: This loss in '82, 34th in the Streak, made Green blue; Barnett's wins put him on equal footing with Paterno.

rain with a few other souls in that heady year of '86, watching Northwestern humble Princeton 37–0 in that Ivy League stadium in New Jersey. Jacobs was roaring with bloodlust and denouncing the Tigers as "sissies." Weber was there too, smiling cruelly. "We understand it is painful for them, but they wanted it," Weber said of the host school, which, despite giving no football scholarships, thought it could play with the Wildcats. "Hubris is a terrible thing."

So is wretchedness, which used to have a death grip on the Wildcat program, the grip's five fingers being the lack of a winning tradition; lack of support from boosters, alumni and the administration; tough academic standards; questionable coaches; and tough academic standards. After those spurts to 4–7, for example, Northwestern quickly headed back to more comfortable ground, whining about grades and test scores all the way.

One of your favorite helmeted eggheads was a kid named Roosevelt Groves, a starting cornerback from 1979 to '82. Groves still holds the Wildcat career touchdown-save record, 15, and in your montage memory he is a skinny defensive back endlessly being dragged closer to the goal line by faceless wide receivers and tailbacks. Groves had a double major—nuclear engineering and mechanical engineering—and he once told you that his goal was to do design work for a nuclear power plant and to make good money. He noted that his academic and athletic aspirations didn't "really fit together" unless you figured that "splitting a receiver from the ball is like splitting an atom."

Then, too, there was that piquant moment you shared in the Los Angeles Coliseum in 1969 with your pal and teammate Mike Adamle, who would win the Big Ten MVP award in 1970. You were playing Southern Cal on a hot night, and the scoreboard could barely register USC's rising score. After each touchdown the Southern Cal mascot, a man dressed as a Trojan warrior, would gallop around the stadium in celebration on his great white horse, Traveler II. Then . . . well, let Adamle himself take over the narration:

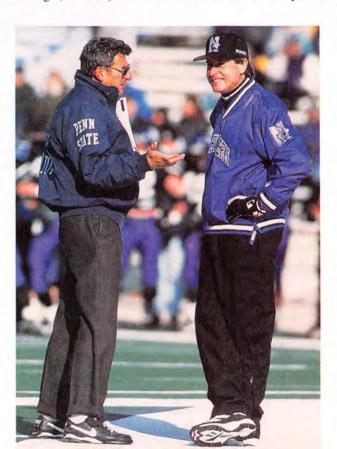
"After Southern Cal had scored its fifth or sixth touchdown and the Trojan guy and the horse were circumnavigating the interior of the Coliseum, the horse collapsed in the end zone. You, me and our trainer, Dick Hoover, were watching from the bench, and I remember saying, 'My god, we killed Traveler IL.'"

Time for some numbers.

• From 1985 to '94 Northwestern placed only seven football

players on the All-Big Ten first team but 55 players on the academic All-Big Ten team.

- From that last winning season in '71 until the start of this year, the Mildcats won 46 games. For the mathematically impaired, that's an average of two wins a year for 23 years.
- From 1976 to '81, which is sometimes referred to as the Tranquil Period by Northwestern football historians, the Wildcats had a record of 3-62-1, a numerical sequence that one can study for hours and still find provocative.
- •In the middle of that string, which was the handiwork of three coaches, resides the crystalline fabrication of Venturi, coach from 1978 to '80. Venturi is a former Northwestern player and was your defensive backfield coach in '70. He had rushed you during your first weeks on campus, urging you to join his fraternity, Delta Upsilon, which you agreed to do because you couldn't look into his fiery eyes and say no. You never showed up for Pledge Night, however, and he did not talk about the betrayal while he



THE **ESPN** SPORTSPAGE

THE WEEK IN SPORTS ON ESPN & ESPN2: SAT 12/23 - FRI 12/29 All Times Eastern

NCAA MEN'S BASKETBALL

ESPN

George Mason Patriots vs. Long Beach State 49ers Saturday 12am

Syracuse Orangemen vs. Arizona Wildcats Saturday 5pm

Rainbow Classic: Rhode Island Rams vs. Hawaii Rainbows Thursday 12:30am

Massachusetts Minutemen vs. North Carolina State Wolfpack Friday 12:30am

ESPN2

Wisconsin-Green Bay Phoenix vs. Western Kentucky Hilltoppers Saturday 12pm

Ohio Bobcats vs. Duquesne Dukes Saturday 2pm

Notre Dame Fighting Irish vs. Xavier Musketeers Saturday 5pm

Michigan Wolverines vs. UNLV Rebels Friday 12am

Rainbow Classic: Syracuse Orangemen vs. Illinois Fighting Illini Wednesday 10pm

USC Trojans vs. Missouri Tigers Thursday 10pm

Semifinal Friday 10pm

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

1995 Weiser Lock Copper Bowl Wednesday 8pm

1995 Builders Square Alamo Bowl Thursday 8pm

1995 Jim Walter Homes Heritage Bowl Friday Ipm

1995 Poulan/Weed Eater Independence Bowl Friday 5:30pm

1995 Plymouth Holiday Bowl Friday 9pm

ESPNET SPORTSZONE

http://espnet.sportszone.com
Tom Jackson's Pro Football
Update offers TJ's commentary each week as well as
updated team-by-team
reports and a weekly cover
story.

FIGURE SKATING

ESPN2

Legends of Figure Skating Monday 6pm

NBA BASKETBALL

NBA Today Tuesday 5:30pm

NFL FOOTBALL

ESPN

NFL GameDay Saturday 11:30am

New England Patriots vs. Indianapolis Colts Saturday 8pm

NFL GameDay Sunday 11:30am

NFL PrimeTime Sunday 7pm

NFL Prime Monday Monday 7:30pm

ESPN2

Edge NFL Match-Up Saturday 11am

NHL HOCKEY

ESPN

Buffalo Sabres vs. Pittsburgh Penguins Tuesday 7:30pm

ESPN2

New Jersey Devils vs. Florida Panthers Saturday 7:30pm

New York Islanders vs. New Jersey Devils Wednesday 7:30pm

Hartford Whalers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins Thursday 7:30pm

NHL 2Night Check Listings

SPORTSCENTER

Live Shows Daily Check Listings

DID YOU KNOW?

The longest field goal in bowl history was a 62-yarder by Texas A&M's Tony Franklin in the 1977 Sun Bowl versus the University of Florida.



Callahan's views do not represent the opinion of ESPN. ESPN thinks all sports are wonderful and would never ever make jokes about them. Never

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...

The Dallas Cowboys and the New York Yankees, two of the most famous teams in sports. I covered the Yankees in the late 70's and the early 80's, and there seems to be an awful lot of old Yankees in today's good ol' 'Boys, and that's not all good. Both are the best teams that money could buy, but not always the best teams. There is the arrogant, loquacious owner; Jerry is George. Deion is Reggie, the straw that stirs the drink (a tasty concoction of nitro and glycerin). Aikman and Emmitt are Guidry and Munson. But at the end of the day, when was the last time the Yankees won a World Series? When little Troy Aikman was a 15-year-old quarterback at Henryetta High School, in Oklahoma.

CHARLEY STEINER SportsCenter Anchor



CALL ME CLUELESS IF I MISS THIS ONE...

Curtis Martin and the Patriots look to derail the Colts' playoff hopes when New England travels to Indianapolis for an AFC East showdown. The NFL on ESPN. Saturday 8pm.

To get ESPN2 contact your cable operator or satellite provider.



NORTHWESTERN

was your position coach. At any rate, the Wildcats went 1-31-1 during Venturi's three years at the helm. His reign started on a high note, a 0–0 tie with Illinois, but degenerated so far that over the course of his tenure, Northwestern was outscored 1,270 to 358. Venturi's lone win was a 27–22 comeback squeaker over Wyoming in '79. You often wished that he had been allowed to engineer two more losses, so that his final record as a Northwestern coach would have the elegant symmetry of a numerical palindrome.

Then there was the Streak itself. By losing the game after the

A FLAIR FOR THE DRAMATIC: Theater major Autry has the starring role on the field and a taste for the Bard off it.

victory over Wyoming—a 54–21 thrashing by Syracuse—and 19 games after that, Venturi was able to hand a 20-game losing baton to Green, who succeeded him in 1981. Green promptly lost 14 consecutive games. This gave Northwestern sole possession of the longest Division I-A skid in history.

You attended the 29th loss in the skein, a 61–14 throttling by Michigan State in 1981, which pushed the Wildcats beyond the 0–28 streaks of then record holders Kansas State and Virginia. At the end of that contest Northwestern students tore down the goalposts, giddily chanting, "We're the worst! We're the worst!"

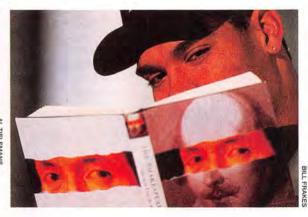
As the Streak progressed, students became intrigued by their own passive participation in the historic event. In the stands before a game against Northern Illinois in 1982, which the Wildcats would win to end their slide, you spoke with a senior named David Gaines, from Stamford, Conn. "I haven't seen the team win," he said evenly. "I've been to all the home games except the Wyoming game, on the day I arrived, in 1979. I didn't go because I decided I'd rather unpack my bags than watch a foot-

ball game. I regret that extremely." As Gaines spoke, the people around him threw marshmallows and generally ignored the teams as they warmed up. "I don't know what it's like to see them win," Gaines continued. "The only feeling that might compare to winning was tearing down the goalposts after the loss to Michigan State. There was tremendous excitement then." Gaines thought for a moment. "As a student, the Streak hasn't affected me," he said, "but it's been a nice conversation starter with girls."

After the momentous 31-6 win over Northern Illinois, Wildcat

kicker Rick Salvino evaluated the victory in the terms of his major, philosophy: "Jean-Paul Sartre said you secrete your essence through time; you could have been this, you could have been that—but in the end, you're nothing but your actions. Our actions say we're 1 and 3."

True, the worst was over. But the good was a long way off. In fact, careful study of the Northwestern record book leaves no question that Green's 1981 team, loaded as it was with Venturi recruits, was the worst in the Wildcats' 112-year history. Not only did this team score only 82 points, the fewest by Northwestern in 24 years, but it also gave up 505, the most in Wildcat history. Robert H. Strotz, then president of the university, said of the carnage, "In a subtle way we may be proving the problems inherent in maintaining high academic standards."



Subtle?

Oh, the moaning over the brain cells needed just to get into the Harvard of the Midwest! The average SAT of incoming Wildcat scholarship players from 1991 to '94 was 1,037, 213 points lower than the student body's average but higher than that of every other Division I-A football squad except Stanford's. But to hear the apologias through the years for Northwestern's pathetic performance, you might think only young Einsteins and pupal Fermis could strap on Wildcat headgear.

One bit of educational reform that has done wonders for the Wildcat football program has been the NCAA's reduction in scholarships from virtually unlimited numbers per school to the current 85. When Northwestern beat Notre Dame 17–15 in the 1995 season opener—the Wildcats' first win in South Bend in 34 years—the Irish team suited up just 76 scholarship players.

"The biggest thing has to be that the largest schools aren't hoarding all the good linemen anymore," says Wisconsin attorney John Voorhees, the middle linebacker and MVP of Northwestern's

For a brochure call 1-800-950-2438, *\$16,895 M.S.R.P. of Lumina as shown including destination charge and dealer prep. Tax, title and optional equipment additional. †Maintenance needs vary with use and driving conditions. Chevrolet, the Chevrolet Emblem and Lumina are registered trademarks of the GM Corp. ©1995 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Buckle up, America!

Proud Sponsor of the 1996 U.S. Olympic Team

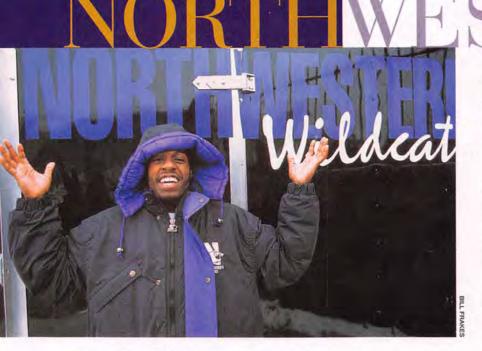


Seats Six Adults. And For Around \$16,900, Lumina Does It Rather Comfortably.

At Chevrolet, we don't think a little elbow room should cost you an arm and a leg. That's the same kind of thinking that puts a 160-horsepower V6, dual air bags and theft-deterrent system into a well-built, userfriendly sedan for around \$16,900. It's also the same kind of thinking that lets you drive the smooth-riding, quiet and comfortable Lumina up to 100,000 miles

before your first scheduled tune-up and 100,000 miles or five years before you need to change engine coolant. But that still wasn't enough. On board each Lumina is a new diagnostic computer which can detect emission system problems before they can seriously affect performance. That's a lot of car for the money. And a car you can trust. That's Genuine Chevrolet.





AN EYE FOR COLOR: Ismaeli says he came to Evanston for the academics, but those purple football uniforms really grabbed him too.

1971 team. "Linemen don't come out of high school as stars. It takes years for them to develop. Think how many of them have just been sitting on the bench at Michigan, Oklahoma and Nebraska all these years."

O.K., so the Wildcats picked off a few linemen, building offensive and defensive fronts to equal those of every team they played this season. And maybe Northwestern snagged a few skill-position players away from the heavy dudes, kids like sophomore running back Darnell Autry and senior free safety William Bennett.

Bennett was around for the second alumni-varsity spring game, in 1993, in which you and some of your fleshy, gray-haired buddies suited up and laid some serious lumber on those little schoolboys in purple. Well, maybe *you* didn't do any wood-laying, but some of the other geezers did. You recall tavern-bellied quarterback Mitch Anderson (class of '75) tossing some bombs to stockbroker/wideout Todd Jenkins ('84) right in the varsity kids' faces.

You punted once in that game and thought it might be amusing to fake the next punt and run around end. You believed there was a no-tackling rule in effect on kicks and the like. You were wrong. A young linebacker named Geoff Shein came up and dropped some ammo on your butt. Not long ago you tried to find him in the Northwestern locker room to lecture him on respect for his elders, but he was nowhere to be found. It wasn't until you watched the highlights of this year's win over Penn State that you realized the once buzz-cut Shein now has locks down to his shoulders.

Not long after the next alumni game, in 1994, one of your pals who had made some tackles had to check in for triple-bypass heart surgery. But the gentleman had been wounded far more by 30 years of smoking than by anything the young Cats had done to him.

Explain that, Coach.

"I started the alum games to bring back as many people as possible," Barnett said after a mid-November practice. "To light a fire in the program. It helps us. It's not a great practice for us, but it's not bad. That first year you guys gave us all we could handle."

Damn straight.

But then why wasn't there an alumni game last spring? Was Barnett worried that some of the fat old guys would actually be killed by his improved squad? "No," he said, shrugging. "It's just that not enough of you guys signed up. We'll do it again next spring. I don't care about the alums."

He smiled, but he was serious too.

You look at Barnett, a man so dedicated, rational and reeking of integrity that it dawns on you he has actually had a plan for success ever since he walked onto the Northwestern campus, a plan that has to do with dedication and belief and sacrifice and togetherness and all the other dumb clichés that are clichés only because, when truly adhered to, they work.

Barnett has a punter, Paul Burton, who is so dedicated that he doesn't even date. "When I got here there were only three players who had been offered another Division I scholarship, not counting offers from the Mid-American Conference," said Barnett. "That first year we took anybody we could. We got William Bennett and [tight end] Shane Graham because I'd been recruiting them at Colorado. But later we narrowed in on players with the right fit and the

right profile. We'd been going after everybody, but we'd just gotten discouraged. Kids would say, 'I just came by as a courtesy.' We'll still go after high school All-Americas, but most of them we can't get into the school."

So how has this turnaround happened?

"I don't know if it's one thing you can put your finger on. If you could, you'd make a lot of money selling it to businesses."

Each preseason Barnett takes his players up to a small college in Kenosha, Wis., to get away from naysayers, to bond, to believe and to do exquisitely silly things, such as sing the old kids' song *High Hopes* as loud as possible.

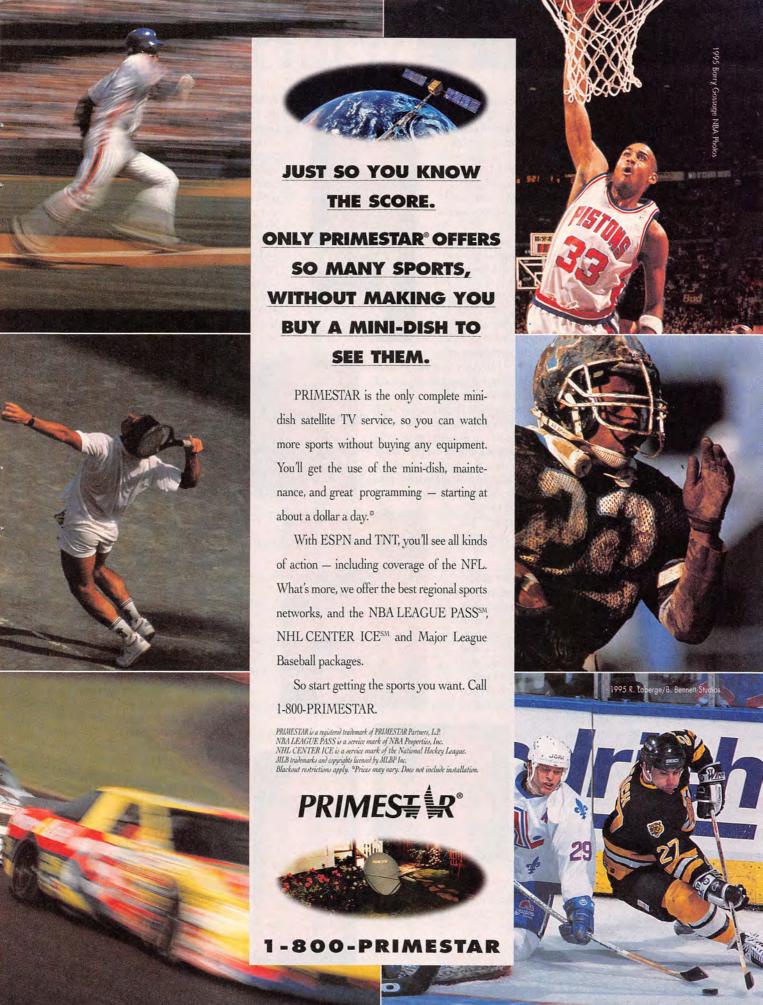
"If he told me I could run through a brick wall," says supposedly intelligent kicker Sam Valenzisi, a grad student working toward his master's in journalism, "I'd believe him, I'd try it, and I'd probably do it."

Barnett was an average wide receiver at Missouri, and his heart was broken more than once when his alma mater turned him down and hired other men as its coach. At Colorado he worked alongside the fanatical McCartney as McCartney took a 1–10 team in 1984 and built it into a national champion by '90. When Barnett took this death-watch job at Loser U in '92, he vowed he would make the Wildcats the best they could be or flame out trying. "What I learned from Mac is that you have to just keep looking straight ahead," says Barnett. "I didn't understand it then, but now I do. The scenery may be nice or ugly on either side, but you can't look. All that matters is what's in front of you."

So here's the Notre Dame game to start this season. It's early September, sunny and gorgeous in the environs of the Golden Dome, and the Irish fans have turned out to see the first lamb slaughtered en route to the national championship.

Only the lamb won't die. Northwestern holds a 17–15 lead late in the game, and it seems obvious that a now alert Notre Dame will drive downfield, kick a last-second field goal and win by a point. Your basic Gipper/Rockne/Rudy finale.

Fourth-and-two at the Notre Dame 44. Four minutes left. Irish



Northwestern's strange journey into alien territory. That first victory made three things obvious about the Wildcats:

1) They were unafraid. "There was no fear in any of us," said the 5' 7", 156-pound Valenzisi, whose booming kickoffs kept the Irish pinned deep all afternoon. "Respect, yes. But no fear."

2) The Northwestern defense was something special. The defensive line, usually one of the Wildcats' weak points, was rugged and quick. The linebackers, led by human bloodhound Pat Fitzgerald, were relentless. And the secondary of

Bennett, Eric Collier, Chris Martin and Rodney Ray was plainly the best in school history. Plus there was a nickelback named Hudhaifa Ismaeli who was a blitzing housewrecker.

3) Northwestern had a very special tailback. He carried the ball 33 times for 160 yards against Notre Dame and showed a dart-andbash style akin to Emmitt Smith's. Just 19 and a theater major, the 6' 1", 211-pound Autry would go on to break almost every Wildcat single-season rushing record, including those for most carries (355), most yards (1,675), most touchdowns (14) and most 100-yard games (11). He has not rushed for less than 100 yards in any of his 12 starts, dating back to the last game of 1994.

So how had he shown up in Evanston? "He had a funny running style," says Barnett. "Everybody saw him as a safety."

Except guess who.

Still, it has not been a smooth ride for Autry, who hails from Tempe, Ariz. Last spring he tried to transfer to Arizona State. He says he was lonely, cold, overwhelmed and miserable in Evanston. "I had a good life back home, and here I was out of the spotlight, an unknown, starting at ground level," says Autry. "It's fine now. But it wasn't then. It was all about becoming a man."

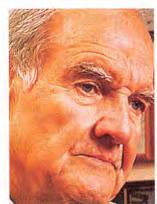
But it was a close shave for Barnett. When Autry asked for his release, Barnett refused to

give it to him. "We'd built the whole offense around him," the coach says. "With just 85 scholarships, there has to be some kind of accountability."

"I was hot," recalls Autry. "There was friction. But I'd never yell at him. Never."

But Autry did leave school in June and go back to Tempe. His father, Gene (not that Gene), was so opposed to the







PEDIGREED CATS: Future famous faces that once haunted the halls of Northwestern include (from top) Heston, Randall, McGovern, Beatty and Louis-Dreyfus.



move that he eventually threw Darnell out of the house. "I want you to go back to school," said Gene. "I can't have you here."

Deeply wounded, Darnell moved into the house of his older brother, Byron, sulked and pondered enrolling at a junior college. Darnell and his father no longer spoke to one another, and the son suffered as he never had before. "It was the worst 10 days of my life," he says. "Then I woke up and smelled the roses, so to speak, and came back to Evanston in late June. Now I'm happy, and not just about football. I'm doing things for me. Last year I really closed myself off."

One thing he's open to these days is dramatic advice. He's been getting calls from casting agents who want him to audition for bit movie parts, but he's turning them down. One can only wonder how quickly those agents will be replaced by

another kind, the NFL type. But Autry is quick to add that someday he wants to be an actor. "My dream role would be anything that gave me the lead," he says. "But I'd take anything-the loser, the bad guy, the guy who gets killed in the opening sequence."

To prepare himself for auditions, Autry is planning a field trip soon to Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo so he can study the animals and learn

about emotion from the bottom up. His theater classmates have already imitated penguins, orangutans and giraffes for classroom critique, but Autry wants something more difficult. "I don't know what it will be," he says. "But it won't be a snake or something that just lies there."

That would be out of character for anybody on this upstart team. The Wildcats are so aggressive that their 32 takeaways this season were a school record, and their turnover margin of +1.82 per game is thirdbest nationally. Northwestern beat Michigan and Penn State by playing nearly flawless football and capitalizing on turnovers.

> Actually the Wildcats beat almost everybody that way. Their only loss, a 30-28 slapstick giveaway to Miami of Ohio after Northwestern led 28-7 in the third quarter, was so uncharacteristic that it made Wildcat fans realize how slender is the thread that holds their team above the slop.

But even that loss, which came after a blown punt snap rolled 35 yards and was recovered by the punter at the Wildcat one-yard line, served its purpose. "It worked as motivation," says tight end Darren Drexler, whose apparent catch in the fourth quarter,

New Research Proves TAGAMET HB PREVENTS HEARTBURN WHEN TAKEN 30 MINUTES BEFORE EATING OR DRINKING.



Tagamet® HB™ is a medical breakthrough that helps stop the production of stomach acid for hours. Which means two tiny Tagamet HB tablets can actually prevent heartburn from ever starting

when taken 30 minutes before a meal.

No antacid, not even Mylanta® or Maalox® HEARTBURN MEDICINE can claim to prevent heartburn at all.

And Pepcid AC[®]'s labeling tells you to take

NO OTHER CAN MAKE SUCH A PROMISE.

it a full hour before mealtime to prevent hearthurn Sometimes you just can't plan that far ahead.

Tagamet is one of the most prescribed medicines in history. And its safety has been

demonstrated during 18 years of prescription use by doctors and hospitals. Today, Tagamet HB is available without a prescription for the prevention of heartburn.

ADVANCED PREVENTION

OF HEARTBURN.

Use as directed. © 1995 SBCH. Maalox is a registered trademark of Rhône-Poulenc Rorer. Mylanta is a registered trademark of Johnson & Johnson/Merck. Pepcid AC is a registered trademark of Johnson & Johnson/Merck.

NORTHWESTERN

which would have helped ice the game for the Wildcats, was ruled a trap.

Eight weeks later, after Northwestern came back from a 14–3 deficit to beat Iowa 31–20 for its first win over the Hawkeyes in 22 years, Drexler said, "A loss today never crossed our minds."

But it crossed other people's minds. No matter how many games the Wildcats won, critics and oddsmakers never believed they were for real. Even when Northwestern was 5-1, ranked 11th and playing a 2-2-1 Wisconsin team at home, the Wildcats were listed as two-point underdogs. So they slaughtered the Badgers 35-zip. They moved on to Illinois, another unranked team, and still were picked to lose. The Northwestern players, so surgical and focused afield, ignored the slights. "Overachievers is how they label us," says Martin, the 5' 9", 180pound cornerback who just happens to own five interceptions and a punt block and can bench-press 400 pounds. "But I don't think we're overachievers."

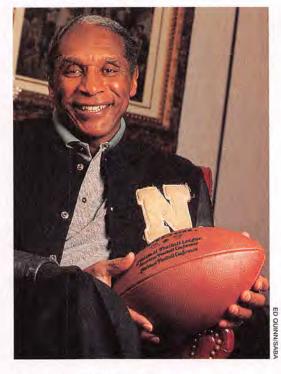
And it won't be long before

these upstarts get refurbished facilities to match their accomplishments. A 1994 evaluation of rickety Dyche Stadium by a team of architects and engineers said, "The visual impact on the spectators and athletes is one of neglect. The stadium no longer reflects the image of a university with Northwestern's stature. . . . Coaching staffs of eight or more cannot function in booths designed for four. The toilet facilities are an embarrassment. . . . Spectators sitting in the first five rows cannot see over the heads of the players."

Yeah, but who cared when you could sit anywhere you wanted for any game? Last year you went to any game you wanted with your four kids, bought tickets at the gate, cut the kids loose and knew they would show up at the end of the game, because you could watch them as they frolicked over the nearly empty bleachers. But such innocence has vanished along with the losing and the buffoonery, and recently the university announced that a multimillion-dollar rehab of Old Lady Dyche will start soon. Florida State–style fund-raising flyers from the athletic department seem to appear in your mailbox weekly.

What else could one expect now that such honored alums as Warren Beatty, George McGovern, Ann-Margret, Saul Bellow, Tony Randall, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Richard Gephardt and Charlton Heston have been shaken from their torpor? Quoth Heston, the erstwhile Moses, of his Northwestern days: "The football thing was like you had a crazy uncle in the attic, and you didn't like to talk about him much. 'Old Uncle Fred, he'll be O.K.'" Now Uncle Fred is great.

Barnett sits in his sunlit office, wearing a powder-blue sweater



THE PATRIARCH OF AUTUMN: Burton handed off Wildcat football to all four of his sons.

the precise color of his eyes and thumbing through a 1963 Look magazine that has an article listing Northwestern as the sixth-ranked team in the country. That was back when Ara Parseghian was the Wildcat coach—before he bailed out for Notre Dame, conceding that bigger things just weren't possible at Northwestern.

On Barnett's desk is a small rock with the word BELIEVE chiseled into it. If this were any other season, you, being a smart aleck, would have said something like, "Believe in what, Coach? Law boards?" But this is eerie. These simple things that Barnett does and professes—"Where your butt is, that's where your head should be" is one of them—they work.

Most of Northwestern's players were not high school superstars. There's not a single *Parade* or *USA Today* All-America among them. But they do believe. Barnett rambles on about some of his boys, smiling: "Chris Martin, he was so short. Only being recruited seriously by Temple. He wasn't around [when I made my visit], so I met with his mom and dad and dog.

"[Guard] Ryan Padgett left our preseason three-a-days and took the eight-hour medical boards on a Sunday.

"[Wideout and biomedical engineering major] Toussaint Waterman took an engineering midterm in Novi [Mich.] with a proctor the night before the Michigan game. He had three big catches in the game.

"[Cornerback] Rodney Ray, his mom made him go here.

"[Groza Award finalist] Valenzisi was a walk-on.

"[Punter] Burton, he just showed up one day. He had no idea what he was going to play. We tried him a little at quarterback, a little at defensive back, then he learned how to punt.

"[Wide receiver] Dave Beazley—his nickname is Big Money—I don't think anybody else was recruiting him.

"[Defensive end] Casey Dailey, it was us and Fresno State. We recruited him to be our punter.

"[Linebacker] Danny Sutter—us and Illinois State. But he had a good bloodline. [His brother Ed, a former Northwestern linebacker, now plays for the Cleveland Browns.]

"[Nickelback] Ismaeli was taught at home in Pittsburgh until 10th grade. He has a special training table, because his food has to be blessed.

"And Fitz [linebacker Fitzgerald] . . . he's a guy who just studies the game. A coach on the field."

Barnett stops for a moment and looks at a glass-encased Rose Bowl ticket on a table. It's from 1949, when admission to the game cost \$5.50. Northwestern versus California. Barnett has kept it in his office as a kind of carrot.

Because he looks and acts like a grad student, Barnett tends to

If you drink, please drink responsibly. We want you to enjoy this holiday season. But even more important, we want you to enjoy the next one.

SEAGRAM

NORTHWESTERN

disarm people, to make them feel calm and analytical. It's hard to remember that this man is a coach, not to mention the runaway winner of almost all the 1995 coach of the year awards. But his approach to the game—levelheaded but intense, aggressive but wise—is the magic cloak that has shielded the Wildcats from self-doubt. Northwestern players don't thump chests, fire guns or do the dance when they play well. They don't dump ice coolers on Barnett's head or carry him off the field after big wins. That's because Barnett told them that such things are foolish. Do not carry me off the field after we beat Notre Dame at their place for the first time in 34 years, he forewarned them. He didn't say if. He said after. "Every place has disadvantages," says Barnett, whose safety,

POWL BOUND

19 95

NATHWESTERN

29 98

ALL THE RAGE: Because of the Wildcats' success, school sweats are in style, and scalpers can write their own tickets.

Bennett, was president of his high school senior class; whose right tackle, Paul Janus, graduated third in his high school class; whose backup tailback, Faraji Leary, was a four-year member of his high school honor roll. "It's just that when you're losing, everybody knows those disadvantages. When you're winning, all they know are the advantages.

"At Colorado, when people said we had problems, it wasn't really the players. I thought in all my time there that we had only one thug. What we had were inner-city kids in a white community, and they were under intense scrutiny—that was the problem. It's *much* better here. Evanston is 29 percent minority. And we don't have the kind of campus where kids are going to get into trouble. You can't control what players do when they're out, but generally the kids they're around here are first-class, leaders."

Betsy Mosher is Northwestern's associate athletic director for intercollegiate services, which essentially means she's in charge of NCAA compliance. She is proud that the NCAA has never sent investigators to Northwestern.

Mosher was troubled last year when starting running back

Dennis Lundy was found to be gambling on football games. Lundy was suspended for his final game, and Northwestern hired a private detective to make sure nothing else unseemly was going on among members of the team. Mosher feels certain nothing was. Still, some of the players were called in to talk to FBI agents, and although no charges have been filed, a gambling investigation by the U.S. Attorney's office is not over. Mosher knows the football team's success will bring even more scrutiny. "The better we get, the more people will look and *want* to find something," she says. "But compliance here is, amazingly, part of the culture. I feel confident they won't find anything."

Weber, who is now Northwestern's chancellor, agrees. "The danger [of corruption] is there," he says, "but I don't think it's significant or imminent." He smiles, as well he might. Not only does he preside over a university that increased its invested assets from \$661 million in 1985 to more than \$1.6 billion in '93—a university that pays its faculty the eighth-highest average salary in the land—but he also has this unbelievable football bauble on his hands.

"We did it right," Weber proclaims proudly. "Absolutely. Look at these kids. The poise of Darnell Autry on TV—not

saying 'you know' 40 times. At the end of the Peay period [1986 to '91] we had a whole bunch of players on probation, flunking out. The trend line was not good."

So the team is better *and* smarter these days? This doesn't compute.

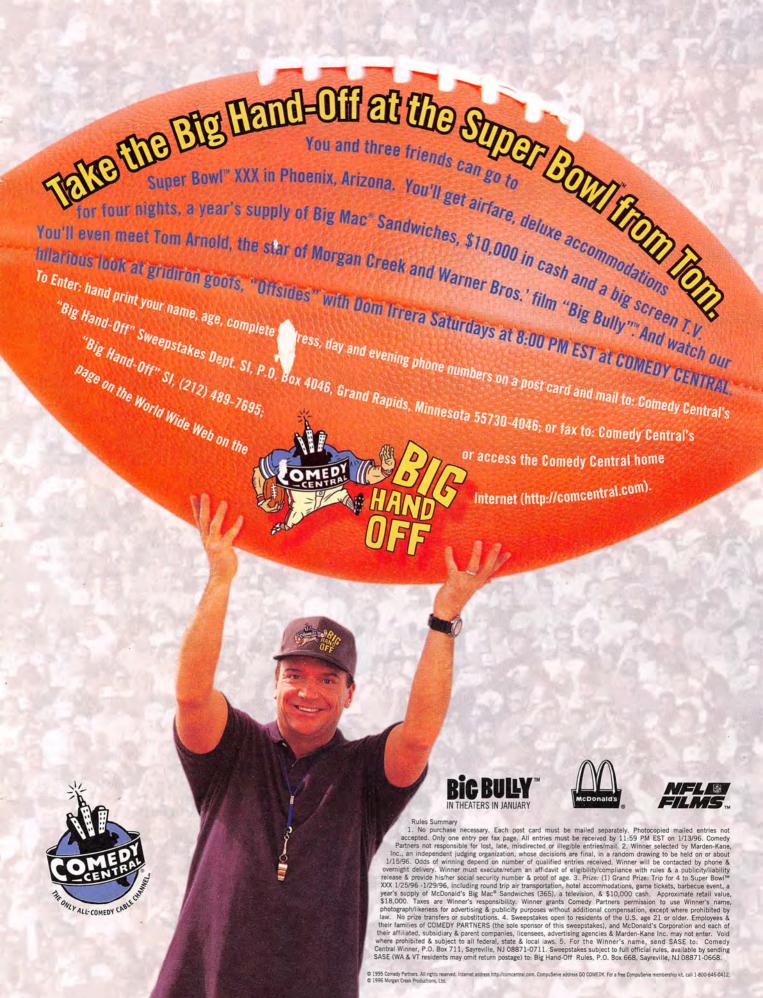
"Gary gets 99 percent of the kudos for the success," says Weber. "You know, I hired Bill McCartney [when Weber was president at Colorado]. I asked him if Gary was ready for this. Bill said Gary is a great recruiter, a great motivator and levelheaded."

And so the deal was done.

Now Northwestern is the darling of college football. Fans who have never been within 100 miles of Evanston get a kick out of this unexpected team dressed in uniforms that would look more natural adorning Easter baskets. But don't dare think those uniforms haven't been a calculated part of the turnaround. Though in formation the Wildcats can resemble a nasty bruise, the colors are just another way to kiss the old days goodbye. Barnett added black to the school colors of purple and white, because he knew kids would dig it. "I just loved those colors mixing together," affirms Ismaeli. "The Number 1 reason I came here was academics. The second was the uniforms."

A few days before the game against Iowa, Valenzisi is resting in a chair in the sports information office. His left knee is in a cast because he tore his anterior cruciate ligament while jumping joyfully into the air after a deep kickoff against Wisconsin. "To me, there is closure to my career," he says, trying to put a happy spin on a bad deal. "I made my last extra point and my last field goal, and my last kickoff was great. Maybe [the injury] was for a reason."





CRIEWESTERN

As he gropes for that reason, he is joined by Fitzgerald, the brilliant linebacker from Orland Park, Ill., who was seriously recruited by Georgia Tech and nobody else but Northwestern. "I see you won the Pat Fitzgerald Award again," says Valenzisi, meaning that Fitz, a 6' 4" junior, has been named Big Ten Defensive Player of the Week. It's the fourth time this season that he has won or shared the honor.

But Fitz shrugs off the compliment. At 225 pounds, he looks about as ferocious as a tuba player, and he has no way of knowing that next Saturday's game will be his last of the season. In the third quarter he will break two bones in his left leg and will need surgery. Nor can he know that despite the injury, he will be named Big Ten defensive MVP. What Fitz is concerned about just now is that

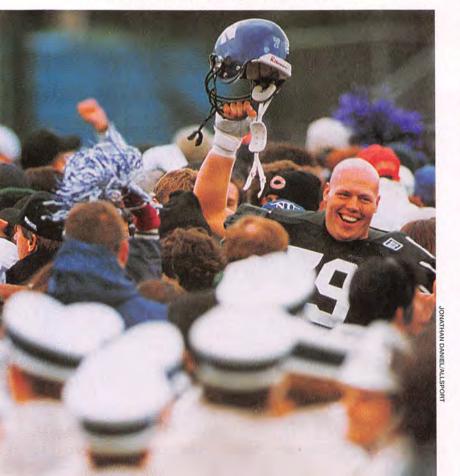
nobody believes him when he explains why the Wildcats have done what they have done.

"These interviewers are driving me nuts," he says. "They ask me why we're winning, and I say, 'Coach Barnett.' And they say, 'Is that all?' And I say, 'Coach Barnett. That's enough. He made us believe we could do it.' And they say, 'Is that all?'

Fitz shrugs in disgust. "Yeah, that's all."

You recall that one of your compatriots in the 1993 alumni game was none other than Ron Burton, All-America halfback in 1959. He was smiling, looking fit (if not totally rational) for a man in his

GOOD CHEER: Tackle Bryan LaBelle took his hat off to the Wildcat fans who jammed Old Lady Dyche and gave pause to opponents.

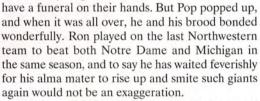




50's. He certainly looked proud. All five of his children have gone to Northwestern, and all four of his sons have played football there, including current punter Paul. Every one of his boys was suited up that day as well.

When good old Ron caught a swing pass and then was leveled near the line of scrimmage by his second-youngest son, Phil,

some of the alums feared they might



Ron, a gentle man who works with disadvantaged kids and gives inspirational speeches around the country, could not bring himself to attend this season's opener against Notre Dame. He had watched Paul work so hard all summer, and he was deeply touched when his son, upon leaving for school, said, "I've done everything I can."

"I wanted them to win so badly," Ron says of his son and his beloved Wildcats. "I was a wreck, really. I cry too easily. Tears come to my eyes, good or bad."

So while most of his family traveled to South Bend, Ron stayed at home in suburban Boston and watched the game at his son Steven's house. When the deed was accomplished, Ron stood silently, and he and Steven embraced. "I better leave" was all Ron could say. And he quickly left the house and got into his car.

"That's where I broke down," he says.

He wept unabashedly, and when he reached his house, he was so exhausted that although it was broad daylight, he went straight to bed. "I just feel so . . . blessed" is all he can say now about his alma mater and his kids.

Beyond that, he can't explain a darned thing.



ONLINE ACTION. ONLINE SPORTS. FREE ACCESS.

Get 10 FREE Hours of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED® ONLINE®



Now you can look at sports in a whole new way with SI ONLINE and the world's largest online service, CompuServe. And during this special offer, you can try SI ONLINE for 10 hours FREE.

SI ONLINE gives you instant access to sports.

Discover America's hottest new way to go deeper inside sports with an exciting FREE 10 **HOUR TRIAL of SI ONLINE. It features:**

- · Latest news, scores & statistics
- · Fantasy games and leagues
- Pro & College active-wear from SI's Insider Authentics Catalog
- SPORTS ILLUSTRATED archives and photo gallery
- · Talk with SI writers & editors

CompuServe brings you the world.

Now you can get the best online value from CompuServe - with more to offer and reduced hourly rates. Call today to start receiving:

- ONE FREE month of CompuServe membership (a \$9.95 value)
- · 5 FREE hours each month, including the Internet
- BONUS! 5 additional hours of online service during your first month of membership for a total of 10 FREE hours
- · FREE instant access to a variety of services

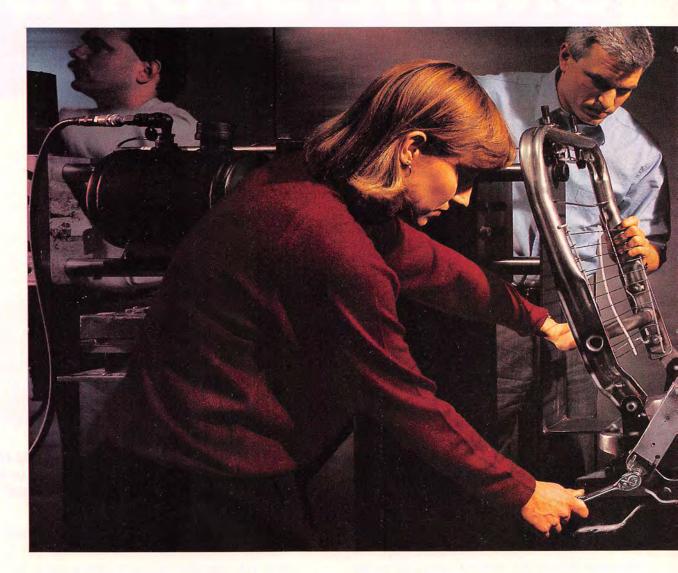
To get started, call toll-free and ask for a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Representative:**

Must have computer and modern 00-820-441



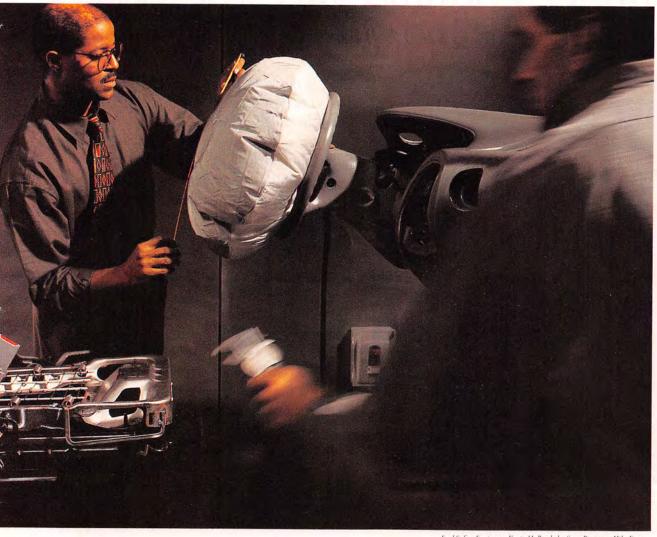
The free hours are provided in the first month of membership. Subsequent months are \$9.95 each. Five free hours each month additional hours are \$2.95 each.

ONLY YOUR MOTHER IS MORE OBSE



Where would we be without our mothers? They take care of us, worry about us, protect us. So, we're proud to say, when it comes to safeguarding drivers, at FORD MOTOR COMPANY our maternal instinct becomes very apparent. You can feel it in our traction control system. And in our ANTI-LOCK BRAKES. It's why DUAL-AIR BAGS* are standard on all our cars. And why our ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE is available 24 hours a day. We're also developing remarkable Intelligent Vehicle Technologies.

SSED WITH YOUR SAFETY.



Ford Safety Engineers: Karin H. Przybyło, Steve Pingston, Mike Foster.

Like our Vision Enhancement System — to help drivers when "mother" nature acts up. All this might be considered a little obsessive. But at Ford Motor Company, we believe such commitments to safety and security will enhance the quality of all our lives. Besides, it's for your own good.

FORD . FORD TRUCKS . To



· LINCOLN · MERCURY ·

QUALITY IS JOB 1...

For more information, contact us on the Internet at: http://www.ford.com

DIAMONDS this CHRISTMAS? Now you know how your wife feels shopping for GOLF CLUBS.



Why is it a girl's best friend often turns into a man's greatest fear? Hey, we're guys. We don't know diamonds as well as they do.

It's time to unravel the mystery. And that starts with finding out what she has her heart set on.

Is it a solitaire pendant or ear studs? You can find out by browsing with her, window shopping, watching her reactions to other women's jewelry. Go by body language, not just by what she says. Then, once you know the style, you can concentrate on the diamond.

Diamonds are unique in the world. Like people, no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is. Compromise now? Never! Get a diamond you can be proud of. Don't be attracted to a jeweler

because of "bargain prices." Like any purchase, with diamonds, you get what you pay for. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs*. They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

Ask and ye shall find a good jeweler. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone you can trust. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

Learn more. For the booklet "How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give," call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-340-3028.

Then make the most of it. Go for diamonds beyond her wildest dreams. Go for something that reflects how you really feel. After all, this is your chance to make this Christmas last forever.

INSIDE

The NFL

by PETER KING

Looking Back at '95

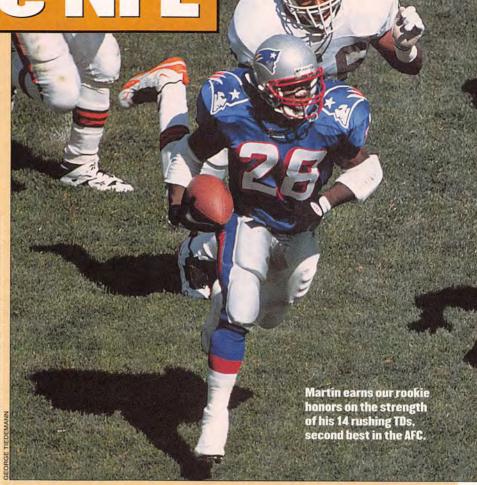
THIS IS the kind of year it has been on the field: Five players—including two on one team, Herman Moore and Brett Perriman of the Lions—have already caught more than 100 passes in '95, and with a week left in the regular season another five could match that feat. In the NFL's previous 76 seasons, the century mark in pass receptions had been surpassed a total of 10 times, by only eight different players.

This is the kind of year it has been off the field: In the wake of his Nov. 6 announcement that he would be moving his Cleveland Browns to Baltimore next season, owner Art Modell was seen sitting with his back to the wall while dining out, making sure he had a clear view of the rest of the place. An armed bodyguard broke bread with him.

And away we go.

Quotes of the Year

- "I wanted to cry, but I couldn't find my waterproof mascara."—Ram owner Georgia Frontiere after the team she had moved from Los Angeles to St. Louis won its home opener on Sept. 10.
- "He came. He saw. He left."—Bengal general manager Mike Brown on running back Barry Foster, who signed a \$1 million contract with Cincinnati on Oct. 24, then retired from football two days later.
- "If I see anybody in here not giving everything he has, I'm telling you, I'll go up to Mr. Ford's office, and I'll tell!"—Lion quarterback Scott Mitchell during a players-only meeting, threatening teammates with the wrath of owner William Clay Ford.
- "There is money and there is class, and the two aren't synonymous."—49er president Carmen Policy on Cowboy owner Jerry Jones.
- "Unless he's hit by a truck or he's shot, Barry Switzer will be coaching the Dallas Cowboys for a long, long time."—Jones, in



November, before back-to-back losses to the Redskins and the Eagles.

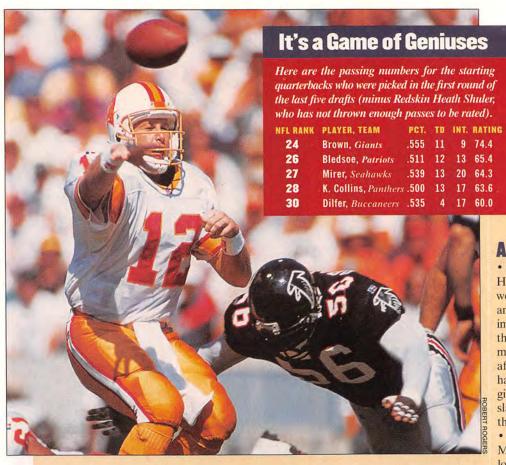
• "That's why they drug-test us, for saying things like that."—Bill utilityman Steve Tasker, after being told that quarterback Jim Kelly had said that Tasker would have been another Steve Largent had he been a receiver for his entire career.

And the Winners Are . . .

• Packer quarterback Brett Favre as our MVP of '95. No other team is blessed with a more inspiring on-field leader. Liberated from the pressure of having to look for All-Pro wide receiver Sterling Sharpe on most passing plays (Sharpe retired during the off-season after neck surgery), Favre lifted his own performance and that of his team, which was closing in on the NFC Central division title after last Saturday's 34–23 win over the Saints. Here's leadership for you: On Dec. 10, at Tampa Bay, Favre had the Packers near the Buccaneer

goal line. Favre's primary receiver was tight end Mark Chmura, a close friend, at the right pylon. His second read was the other tight end, Keith Jackson, who had held out for the first seven weeks of the season and had felt underused since arriving in late October. Chmura was wide open, and Favre should have thrown to him for an easy score. But instead Favre drilled a touchdown pass to Jackson, even though he was not as open as Chmura. "I want to get him involved," Favre said of Jackson. "We need all the weapons we can get." That's a team guy talking.

 Patriot running back Curtis Martin as our Rookie of the Year—by a whisker over Bronco tailback Terrell Davis. Martin, who was the 74th pick overall in the April draft (Davis was No. 196), has had a season like that of Marshall Faulk when he won the award last year. Martin has rushed for 1,384 yards, has caught 27 passes for 237 more and has scored 15 touchdowns. Davis has 1,484



Trent Dilfer, the sixth pick in the '94 draft, is last among starting QBs.

vards rushing and receiving, and led the AFC in total yards for four weeks in a row, but Martin gets our nod because he is the third-best back in football, behind Dallas's Emmitt Smith and Detroit's Barry Sanders. The Eagles' Ray Rhodes as our coach of the year. Last May rookie coach Rhodes heard that one of his young starters had not been rehabbing an injury conscientiously, was barely working out and was being rude and abusive to Eagle staffers. Rhodes called the player in and said, "Clean out your locker. You've been nothing but trouble, and we're waiving you." The player broke into tears and begged for another chance. Rhodes refused. The broken player left the office, gathered his gear and went home. Rhodes called him that night. "If I give you another chance," he said, "do you understand you're gone for good if you make one single mistake?" The player understood. He has been one of Rhodes's key performers in an unexpected 10-5 year that has put the Eagles in the playoffs.

In Other News . . .

• **Drew Bledsoe Flopped.** The Patriots have paid their wunderkind quarterback \$20 million for his first three years in the league,

and they have gotten 52 touchdowns and 55 interceptions in return. Bledsoe, whose primary residence is in Pullman, Wash., needs to spend more time during the offseason in Foxboro, working out and studying the game. He needs to become a more accurate passer. The Patriots also need to get him some receiving help. On New England's first possession in last Saturday's

41–27 loss at Pittsburgh, Bledsoe drove the Pats 61 yards to the Steeler six. On the next play he threw a catchable ball to fullback Sam Gash. *Doink!* The ball caromed off Gash's shoulder pads into the arms of a Steeler. That was one of some 70 New England drops this year, which means that one of every eight Bledsoe throws was mishandled. "It feels like death around here," Bledsoe said.

• Kordell Stewart Exploded. After last Saturday's win over the Patriots, in which Stewart ran for a touch-

down and completed two of three passes for 41 yards, Steeler coach Bill Cowher could barely contain himself. "I'll tell you what we're going to try to do next week," he said. "We're going to have him punt!"
Stewart, the Steelers' rookie quarterback/receiver/option runner, was punting one day in practice, and Cowher watched him boom a 45-yarder. If Cowher really gives him a shot, Stewart will have punted, thrown a touchdown pass, caught a touchdown pass, run for a touchdown and run a series of downs as an option quarterback—all in the space of nine weeks. "I feel I'm kind of in the same category as Deion Sanders," Stewart says. Only a lot less expensive.

And While We're at It . . .

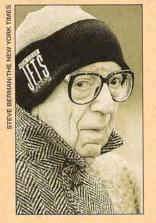
• On Thanksgiving Day, Jet owner Leon Hess gave a pep talk to his troops, who were then 2–9. "Let's go out with dignity and show them we're not horses' asses!" he implored them. Since that bit of inspiration, the Jets are 1–3; their best offensive lineman, Carlton Haselrig, has gone AWOL after flunking a drug test; three players have been fined a total of \$31,500 for mugging quarterbacks; and kicker Nick Lowery slapped a Patriot ball boy for not keeping the game balls warm enough for him.

• Erstwhile Falcon wideouts Andre Rison, Michael Haynes and Mike Pritchard, no longer benefiting from the inflated numbers of Atlanta's run-and-shoot offense, have 113 catches among them this season for the Browns, the Saints and the Broncos, respectively. The trio made a total of \$8.6 million this year. For a collective \$2.3 million, the Falcons have gotten 236 receptions from Eric Metcalf, Bert Emanuel and Terance Mathis.

And Finally . . .

Back in September we told you this was a bad idea: In the aftermath of his July arrest for assaulting his wife, Viking quarterback Warren Moon said he had taken on too many responsibilities away from the field. He wanted to simplify his life, he said. Then, for the first eight weeks of the season, Moon worked as a game analyst for TNT on the network's Sunday night game. Sometimes he did his pregame spot right after a Viking game, then, a couple of hours later, a postgame spot. His Moon-lighting

took its toll. During the weeks in which he pulled double duty, Moon had a quarter-back rating of 78.7; since TNT's broadcasts ended, his rating has been 106.8.



Hess's speech was a gas.

WE'RE GONNA BOWL YOU OVER!

THRIFTY CAR RENTAL BOWL WEEK ON ESPN

WEISER LOCK COPPER BOWL

Texas Tech vs. Air Force December 27 at 8:00PM ET

BUILDERS SQUARE ALAMO BOWL

Texas A&M vs. Michigan December 28 at 8:00PM ET

JIM WALTER HOMES HERITAGE BOWL

Southern U. vs. Florida A&M December 29 at 1:00PM ET

POULAN WEED EATER INDEPENDENCE BOWL

LSU vs. Michigan State December 29 at 5:30PM ET

PLYMOUTH HOLIDAY BOWL

Kansas St. vs. Colorado St. December 29 at 9:00PM ET

LIBERTY BOWL

East Carolina vs. Stanford December 30 at 12:00PM ET

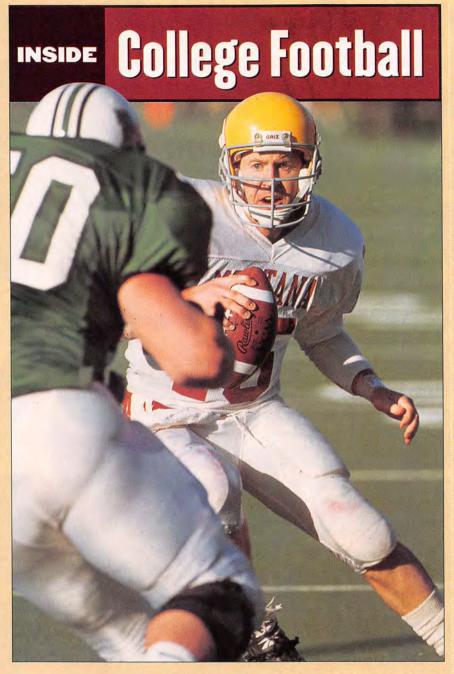
PEACH BOWL

Virginia vs. Georgia
December 30 at 8:00PM ET

OUTBACK BOWL

Penn State vs. Auburn January 1 at 11:00AM ET

Car Rental



by KELLY WHITESIDE

A Grizzly Sight

THIS IS what college football is supposed to be all about: a packed, pulsating stadium on a sunny afternoon, with one of the division's best quarterbacks playing against one of the division's top defenses and with the national title on the line. The NCAA Division I-AA championship game between Montana and Marshall at

the Thundering Herd's home in Huntington, W.Va., last Saturday had all of this *and* a down-to-the-wire finish. Trailing 20–19 with 4:41 left in the fourth quarter, Grizzly quarterback Dave Dickenson completed 6 of 8 passes and moved his team 72 yards to the Marshall eight-yard line. Then, with 39 seconds left, Andy Larson

Dickenson, who threw for 281 yards, led Montana on a late-game drive to win the Division I-AA title.

kicked a 25-yard field goal to put Montana ahead 22–20.

However the Thundering Herd still had one last crack at beating the Grizzlies. The players on the Marshall sideline held one another's sweaty hands, hoping for a miracle, as the record crowd of 32,106 rose to its feet. Freshman quarterback Chad Pennington moved his team to the Montana 46 with two seconds left, leaving Tim Openlander with a 63-yard field goal try. When the ball died 15 yards short of the goal posts and the clock blinked to 0:00, Montana players and coaches spilled onto the field to celebrate the school's first national championship.

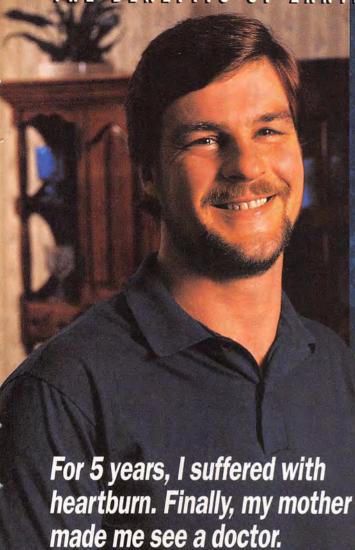
Everyone was jumping and hugging and singing the Grizzlies' fight song—everyone but Dickenson. He was busy looking for the guy who had put him on his back for most of the afternoon. B.J. Cohen, a 6' 3", 240-pound end, had three of the 10 sacks logged by the Marshall defense and knocked down Dickenson countless other times. What would Dickenson do once he found Cohen? Wag his index finger in his face? Raise his arms in victory and gloat? Talk some trash?

When he finally found Cohen, Dickenson extended his hand and said, "Congratulations. You played a great game. You had some good shots. Your team played hard. You should be proud."

The game had promised to be a struggle between Montana's high-octane offense and Marshall's stingy defense. In the regular season Dickenson led Division I-AA quarterbacks in total offense (382.6 yards per game) and passing yards (379.6), and the Grizzlies averaged a division-best 42.5 points per game. In three playoff games leading up to last Saturday, Montana outscored its opponents by a combined 163-14. For Marshall's part, its defense had allowed just 246.4 total yards per game and 15.7 points in the regular season. Then in the playoffs the Thundering Herd yielded 15 points per game in three victories, including a 25-13 win over top-seeded McNeese State in the semifinals, in which they held the Cowboys nearly 20 points below their season average.

But in the championship game it was the unheralded Montana defense that rose up and took control, keeping Marshall out of the end zone in the first half, which ended with the Grizzlies leading 10–3. Dickenson scrambled and twisted and turned and ducked, but most of the time he found a way to get the

THE BENEFITS OF ZANTAC IN ACID REFLUX DISEASE



I WISH I'D GONE TO THE DOCTOR SOONER.

With daily heartburn, the pain was often so bad, it used to wake me up several times at night. But I kept telling myself, "Hey, it's just heartburn. It's something you have to live with when you lead a hectic life...traveling on the job, overeating, or eating on the run." I didn't realize that frequent heartburn may be a sign of a more serious medical problem.

I TRIED OVER-THE-COUNTER MEDICINES, BUT NOTHING RELIEVED MY SYMPTOMS.

The worst was when I stopped in to see my folks after work one day. I was complaining so much that my mother had heard enough. She called the doctor right away.

THE DOCTOR SAID MY FREQUENT HEARTBURN WAS CAUSED BY ACID REFLUX DISEASE.

The burning sensation in my chest and the acid taste in my mouth were symptoms of acid reflux disease. The doctor said I should have gone to see him sooner. He recommended lifestyle changes like eating smaller meals more often, cutting down on coffee, and raising the head of my bed. *AND*, *HE SAID I NEEDED PRESCRIPTION-STRENGTH MEDICINE*.

He prescribed ZANTAC. And now my pain's gone.

ZANTAC IS AVAILABLE ONLY BY PRESCRIPTION.

The following side effects have been most frequently reported by patients being treated with ZANTAC: headache, sometimes severe; abdominal discomfort/pain; nausea and vomiting; constipation; and diarrhea. Your doctor or other health care professional can provide you with more information on other possible side effects.

FOR ME, ONLY ZANTAC IS ZANTAC Zantac GELOOSE ranitidine HCI 150 mg capsules

To receive more information about heartburn and acid reflux disease, call toll free:

1-800-GLAXO RX (452-9679)

See additional important information on adjacent page.

Zantac 150 and 300 (ranitidine hydrochloride) Tablets, USP

Zantac® 150 and 300 (ranitidine hydrochloride) GELdose™ Capsules

Zantac® 150 (ranitidine hydrochloride) EFFERdose™ Tablets

Zantac® 150 (ranitidine hydrochloride) EFFERdose™ Granules

Zantac* (ranitidine hydrochloride) Syrup, USP

The following is a brief summary only. Before prescribing, see complete prescribing information in Zantac® product labeling.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: Zantac* is indicated in: 1. Short-term treatment of active duodenal ulcer. 2. Maintenance therapy for duodenal ulcer patients at reduced dosage after healing of acute ulcers. 3. The treatment of pathological hypersecretory conditions (e.g., Zollinger-Ellison syndrome and systemic mastocytosis). 4. Short-term treatment of active, benign gastric ulcer. 5. Maintenance therapy systemic mastocytosis). 4. Short-term treatment of active, benign gastric ulcer. 5. Maintenance therapy for gastric ulcer patients at reduced dosage after healing of acute ulcers. 6. Treatment of gastroesophageal reflux disease (GERD). 7. Treatment of endoscopically diagnosed erosive esophagitis. 8. Maintenance of healing of erosive esophagitis. Concomitant antacids should be given as needed for pain relief to patients with active duodenal ulcer; active, benign gastric ulcer; hypersecretory states; GERD; and erosive esophagitis. CONTRAINDICATIONS: Dantace* is contraindicated for patients known to have hypersensitivity to the drug or any of the ingredients (see PRECAUTIONS).

PRECAUTIONS: General: 1. Symptomatic response to Zantac* therapy does not preclude the presence

PRÉCAUTIONS: General: 1. Symptomatic response to Zantae® therapy does not preclude the presence of gastric malignancy. 2. Since Zantac is excreted primarily by the kidney, dosage should be adjusted in patients with impaired renal function (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Caution should be observed in patients with hepatic dysfunction since Zantae is metabolized in the liver. 3. Rare reports suggest that Zantac may precipitate acute porphyric attacks in patients with acute porphyria. Zantac should therefore be avoided in patients with a history of acute porphyria. Information for Patients: Phenylketonuries: Zantae* 150 EFFERdose™ Tablets and Zantac® 150 EFFERdose™ Granules contain phenylalanine 16.84 mg per 150 mg of ranitidine.

Laboratory Tests: False-positive tests for urine protein with Multistix™ may occur during Zantac therapy, and therefore testing with sullosalicylic acid is recommended.

Drug Interactions: Although Zantac has been reported to blind weakly to cytochrome P-450 in vitro, recommended doses of the drug do not inhibit the action of the cytochrome P-450-linked oxygenase enzymes in the liver. However, there have been isolated reports of drug interactions that suggest that Zantac may affect the bioavailability of certain drugs by some mechanism as yet unidentified (e.g., a pH-dependent effect on absorption or a change in volume of distribution), Increased or decreased prothrombin times have been reported during concurrent use of ranitidine and warfarin. However, in human pharmacokinetic studies with dosages of ranitidine up to 400 mg per

and warfarin. However, in human pharmacokinetic studies with dosages of ranitidine up to 400 mg per day, no interaction occurred; ranitidine had no effect on warfarin clearance or prothrombin time. The possibility of an interaction with warfarin at dosages of ranitidine higher than 400 mg per day has not

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: There was no indication of tumorigenic or

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: There was no indication of tumorigenic or carcinogenic effects in life-span studies in mice and rats at dosages up to 2,000 mg/kg per day. Ramitidine was not mutagenic in standard bacterial tests (Salmonella, Escherichia coli) for mutagenicity at concentrations up to the maximum recommended for these assays. In a dominant lethal assay, a single oral dose of 1,000 mg/kg to male rats was without effect on the outcome of two matings per week for the next 9 weeks. Pregnancy: Teralogenic Effects: Pregnancy Category B: Reproduction studies have been performed in rats and rabbits at doses up to 160 times the human dose and have revealed no evidence of impaired fertility or harm to the fetus due to Zantac. There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, this drug should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Zantac is secreted in human milk. Caution should be exercised when Zantac is administered to a nursing mother.

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in pediatric patients have not been established

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in pediatric patients have not been established.

Use in Elderly Patients: Ulcer healing rates in elderly patients (65 to 82 years of age) were no different from those in younger age-groups. The incidence rates for adverse events and laboratory abnormalities were also not different from those seen in other age-groups.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: The following have been reported as events in clinical trials or in the routine management of patients treated with Zantac*. The relationship to Zantac therapy has been unclear in many cases. Headache, sometimes severe, seems to be related to Zantac administration. Central Nervous System: Rarely, malaise, dizziness, somnolence, insomnia, and vertigo. Rare cases of reversible mental confusion, agitation, depression, and hallucinations have been reported, predominantly in severable in elderly related. Serves of reversible blurred vision suggestive of a

predominantly in severely ill elderly patients. Rare cases of reversible blurred vision suggestive of a change in accommodation have been reported. Rare reports of reversible involuntary motor disturbances have been received.

Cardiovascular: As with other H₂-blockers, rare reports of arrhythmias such as tachycardia, bradycardia, atrioventricular block, and premature ventricular beats.

Gastrointestinal: Constipation, diarrhea, nausea/vomiting, abdominal discomfort/pain, and rare reports

of pancreatitis. Hepatic: In normal volunteers, SGPT values were increased to at least twice the pretreatment levels in 6 of 12 subjects receiving 100 mg q.i.d. intravenously for 7 days, and in 4 of 24 subjects receiving 50 mg q.i.d. intravenously for 5 days. There have been occasional reports of hepatitis, hepatocellular or hepatocanalicular or mixed, with or without jaundice. In such circumstances, rantitidine should be immediately discontinued. These events are usually reversible, but in exceedingly rare circumstances death has occurred. death has occurred

Musculoskeletal: Rare reports of arthralgias and myalgias.

Hematologic: Blood count changes (leukopenia, granulocytopenia, and thrombocytopenia) have occurred in a few patients. These were usually reversible. Rare cases of agranulocytosis, pancytopenia, sometimes with marrow hypoplasia, and aplastic anemia and exceedingly rare cases of acquired immune hemolytic anemia have been reported.

anemia have been reported.

Endocrine: Controlled studies in animals and man have shown no stimulation of any pituitary hormone by Zantac and no antiandrogenic activity, and cimetidine-induced gynecomastia and impotence in hypersecretory patients have resolved when Zantac has been substituted. However, occasional cases of gynecomastia, impotence, and loss of libid have been reported in male patients receiving Zantac, but the incidence did not differ from that in the general population.

Integumentary: Rash, including rare cases of erythema multiforme, and, rarely, alopecia.

Other: Rare cases of hypersensitivity reactions (e.g., bronchospasm, fever, rash, eosinophilia), anaphylaxis, angioneurotic edema, and small increases in serum creatinine.

OVERDOSAGE: There has been limited experience with overdosage. Reported acute ingestions of up to 18 g orally have been associated with transient adverse effects similar to those encountered in normal clinical experience (see ADVERSE REACTIONS). In addition, abnormalities of gait and hypotension have been reported.

have been reported

have been reported.

When overdosage occurs, the usual measures to remove unabsorbed material from the gastrointestinal tract, clinical monitoring, and supportive therapy should be employed.

Studies in dogs receiving dosages of Zantae" in excess of 225 mg/kg per day have shown muscular termors, vomiting, and rapid respiration. Single oral doses of 1,000 mg/kg in mice and rats were not lethal. Intravenous LD₅₀ values in mice and rats were 77 and 83 mg/kg, respectively.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: (See complete prescribing information in Zantac" product labeling.)

Dosage Adjustment for Patients With Impaired Renal Function: On the basis of experience with a group of subjects with severely impaired renal function treated with Zantac, the recommended dosage in patients with a creatinne clearance <50 mL per minute is 150 mg or 10 mL (2 teaspoonfuls equivalent to 150 mg of ranitidine) every 24 hours. Should the patient's condition require, the requency of dosing may be increased to every 12 hours or even further with caution. Hemodialysis reduces the level of circulating ranitidine. Ideally, the dosing schedule should be adjusted so that the timing of a scheduled dose coincides with the end of hemodialysis.

April 1995

Glaxo Wellcome

Glaxo Wellcome Inc.

Zantac* 150 Tablets/Zantac* 300 Tablets: Glaxo Wellcome, Research Triangle Park, NC 27709; Zantac* 150 EFFERdose™ Tablets/Zantac* 150 EFFERdose™ Granules: Glaxo Wellcome, Research Triangle Park, NC 27709, Manufactured in France; Zantac* 150 GELdose™ Capsules/Zantac* 300 GELdose™ Capsules/Zantac* 300 GELdose™ Capsules/Zantac* 300 GELdose™ Capsules/Zantac* 300 GELdose™ Capsules/Zantac* 301 Gelatin Products Corp., Chatsworth, CA 91313 and/or Banner Gelatin Products (Canada) Ltd., Olds, Alberta, Canada 70M 170, Manufactured in Canada Zantac* Syrup: Manufactured for Glaxo Wellcome, Research Triangle Park, NC 27709 by Roxane Laboratories, Inc., Columbus, OH 43316.

Copyright 1995, Glaxo Wellcome Inc. All rights reserved.

ZA3498R0

Printed in USA

September 1995

Inside College Football

ball to his receivers, tossing a pair of touchdown passes to 5' 7" senior wideout Matt Wells. The Grizzly quarterback ended up completing 29 of 48 passes for 281 yards, setting a I-AA tournament record with 1,500 yards passing in the four playoff games. And on Monday he was named the winner of the Walter Payton Award, which is Division I-AA's version of the Heisman Trophy.

"I'm not beating anyone with physical skill," said the 5' 11", 175-pound Dickenson, who has a 3.84 grade point average in molecular biology and plans to become a doctor. "Most people we play say, after the game, 'How did he do that?' '

"He has many strengths, and if there is a weakness, it's that he doesn't have one dominant strength," said Montana coach Don Read. "In other words, he can't throw from here to Cincinnati, but he can throw it plenty good. He can't run faster than most guys, but he runs fast enough. He's shorter than most guys, but to say he isn't physical or tough isn't correct, because he gets hit more than most quarterbacks in the country. He isn't a giant of a quarterback, but he's not hampered by not being as tall as some."

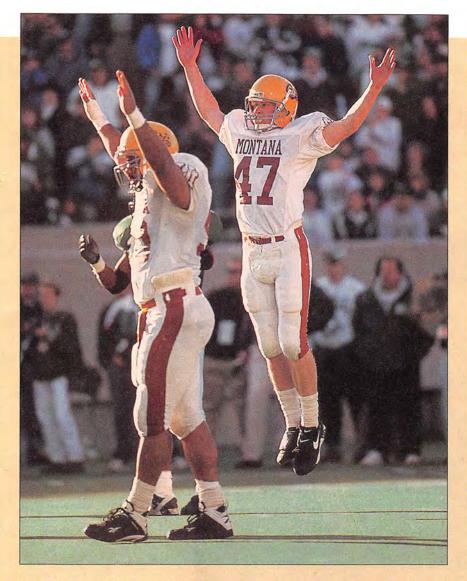
In the days preceding the game, the Grizzlies were ribbed by Marshall players about Big Sky Country being in the middle of nowhere. "All week we heard about cowboys and Indians, and the closest neighbors being five miles away," said Grizzly defensive end Yohanse Manzanarez.

"It's not like we don't have cable TV," Wells said.

Marshall's campus in Huntington isn't part of a metropolis, either. But the football team's success in recent years has put the city-located in the southwest corner of the state, near the converging borders of Ohio and Kentucky—on the map. The Thundering Herd won the Division I-AA title in 1992, was the runner-up in '91 and '93 and was a semifinalist last season.

Senior running back Chris Parker, whose career at Marshall began in a tragic manner, has been at the heart of that success. Shortly after committing to the school in February 1991, Parker took his girlfriend, Tammy Yuille; two of her sisters, Connie and Sharlene; and one of her brothers, Brian, on a trip to Huntington. Driving home to Lynchburg, Va., after the visit, Parker lost control of his car and the three women were killed in the crash.

Parker's anguish has been soothed somewhat by the joy he has found on the football field for Marshall. "The past four



Larson's 25-yard field goal with 39 seconds left lifted the Grizzlies to their first national championship.

years have been the greatest part of my life without a shadow of a doubt," he said after scoring two touchdowns and rushing for 94 yards on 23 carries last Saturday. "A football loss isn't going to put a damper on what I have accomplished." And what has Parker accomplished? He holds every major rushing record at Marshall and ranks fifth in I-AA history, with 4,571 yards on the ground.

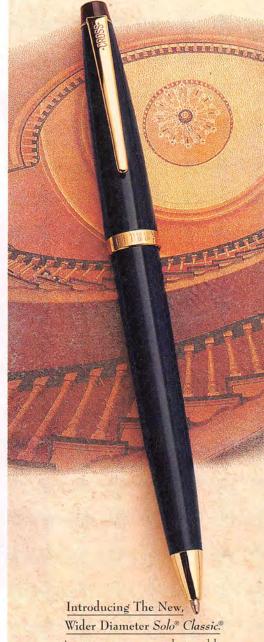
His strength is an uncanny ability to cut back and slash through a defense. "Give me a crease, and I'll make something happen," he said. On Parker's 26-yard touchdown run against the Grizzlies, he left five Montana defenders sprawled in his wake. And even when defenders get their hands on him, he is tough to bring down. "Opposing players have told me that I have an unconscious lean when I run," said Parker. "When someone comes into

contact with me it stands me up straight instead of pulling me down."

The 19-year-old Pennington appears ready to succeed Parker as the leader of the Marshall offense. He began the season as the team's third-string quarterback, but injuries to the players in front of him cleared the way for a starting assignment on Sept. 30. He won 10 of 11 games to get to the championship game, in which he completed 23 of 40 passes for 246 yards. But it wasn't enough.

Outside the Grizzlies' locker room, Dickenson talked about what the championship means to Montana, a team that had advanced to the semifinals in '89 and '94 yet still didn't have the respect he thought the school deserved. "The University of Montana is never talked about with the other powerhouses in I-AA, like Marshall, Youngstown State and Georgia Southern," said Dickenson. "This win put us on the map. We're not hicks."

No, they're national champions.



A writing instrument designed by those who know fine quality, for those who prefer a little more. Choose from four classic colors and styles, including

Cross redefines the grander scale with classic appeal.

ball-point pen or mechanical pencil at \$22.50, rolling ball at \$27.50, or fountain pen at \$32.50. And ask for genuine Cross refills to ensure continued writing of the highest calibre.



Solo Classic is available at local retailers and features an unquestioned lifetime mechanical guarantee. Prices are manufacturers suggested retail.

Holiday Bleatings

Our inside postman intercepts the Christmas mail of memorable '95 sports characters

by Rick Reilly

WE HAVE a friend,
Dalton, who happens to be
the only postal worker in
America who's not
disgruntled. Every
Christmas, Dalton gets out
his scissors and clips the
best parts out of those
Xeroxed family-update
letters people put in their
Christmas cards. Dalton
knows a hokey column
when he sees one.

Dear Friends and Relations,

Thank you all so much for your cards and letters during this trying Christmas season. However, next year it would be less messy if you didn't attach them to bricks.

The Modells (location undisclosed)

Hey, Everybody,

Well, yesterday I put up the Christmas tree, and the dang thing fell over and all the ornaments broke and the lights caught fire, so I stood it up again and the dang thing fell over again! I ask you, what are the odds of that happening two times in a row?

Barry Switzer, Dallas

Dear Friends,

I'm doing great, even after that vicious third-round knockout punch Larry Holmes gave me. I even.... (Oops. That's next week's fight.)

Peter McNeeley, Canvas, Mass.

Dear Friends and Loved Ones,
I think I'm really on to them now.
They're either here or in St. Croix.
O.J. Simpson, *The Bahamas*

A Joyous Season to All,

If I might, I would like to clarify one last time what I said to that marvelous



female journalist for whom I have the utmost respect and admiration. (But not in any sort of amorous way.) (Not that she's unattractive.) When I said, "Their boobs get in the way," I was referring to the oppressive male golf establishment that keeps these fine women golfers from achieving the equal status with male golfers that they so richly deserve (the status, that is, not the male golfers).

Ben Wright (but not lately), CBS

Dear Friends,

This is shaping up to be our happiest Christmas in many years, now that we both have our anger-control problems behind us. We've undergone hundreds of hours of therapy to rein in our hair-trigger temper9. No lon[[[ger will ... just a second ... this computer see: < ms to be ... this damn thing))x is ... THIS THING OUGHTA BE @@!SHOT....

BRING ME THE *%*# HAMMER!

Abort, retry, fail?
Benedicte and Jeff Tarango
Wimbledon

Here's hoping you all have a great Christmas! Frank Gifford Monday Night Football

Frank, I agree with you completely. In fact, I hope even more than you do that they have not only a great Christmas, but also the best Christmas ever!

Dan Dierdorf

I totally agree, Dan. Emphatically.

Frank

Absolutely.

Dan

Then it's settled.

Frank

We just missed a touchdown and two field goals.

Al Michaels

Dear Nebraska Cornhusker,

Wanted to invite all of you to our house for Christmas dinner. There'll be presents and caroling and a special table just for your probation officers. Go Big Red.

Tom Osborne, Lincoln, Neb.

All I want for Chrithmath ith a thecondary that can thtop Florida Thtate.

Lou Holtz, South Bend

Dear Jurors,

If it doesn't fit . . . you must return it. (Receipt is taped to the bottom.) Peace.

Johnnie Cochran Jr., Los Angeles

EVANGELOS VIGLIS



Number one family four-door — Car and Driver, November 1995*

"Best Overall Value in Its Class" — 1995 Complete Car Cost Guide,™ Intellichoice, Inc.

"Best Car Built in America" — Automobile Magazine, March 1993**

THUMBS UP.



\$0 DOWN.

\$249 A MONTH. 36 MONTHS.**

Want the best deal on the best family car sold in America? The 1996 Camry DX, complete with automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM/FM stereo with cassette, power windows, locks and mirrors, and carpeted floor mats. Just bring a \$275 refundable security deposit, first month's payment, plus applicable taxes and fees to your Toyota dealer. And drive away with everything you could ever want on the best car you could ever want. Hands down.

©1995 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Upl Do it for those who love you. 'In a comparison test of six family four-door sedans, Carrry was rated #1. Carrry LE V6 was compared against the Lumina, Intrepld, the new Taurus, Accord and Maxima. ''Carrry XLE/V6 Automobile Magazine, March 1993. Most Carrrys are built in America. '''96 Carrry DX 4-cyl, with the following optional equipment: Power Package, 4-speed automatic transmission, A/C, Deluxe AMFM 4-speaker stereo/Cassette. Closed-end lease. \$524 due at signing, which consists of a refundable \$275 security deposit and first month's payment. There are also applicable taxes and fees. \$17,833 explicable taxes and fees. \$